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THE NEW YORKER

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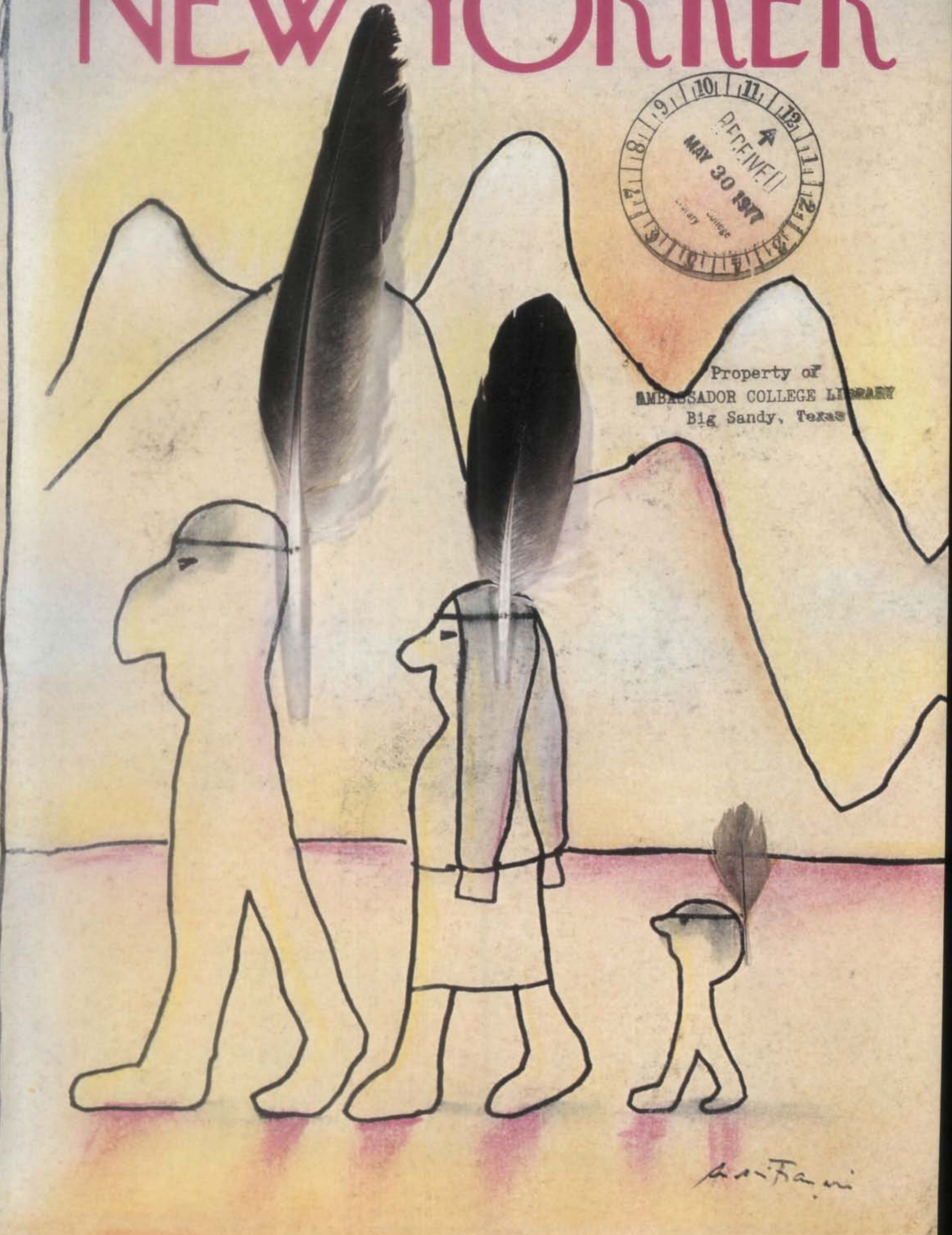

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Memorial Day, May 30. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check the newspapers before making plans.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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29	30	31	1	2	3	4

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Agamemnon—Andrei Serban's odd but often effective interpretation of the terrifying play by Aeschylus. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, May 25, at 2.)

American Buffalo—A garrulous melodrama about some small-time crooks in Chicago. The author is David Mamet, and the brilliant cast consists of Robert Duvall, Kenneth McMillan, and John Savage. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Anna Christie—O'Neill's early and silly melodrama makes a creaking vehicle for Liv Ullmann. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays and Memorial Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Memorial Day at 3.)

Annie—Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike, in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Ashes—This British import by David Rudkin tells of the unsuccessful efforts of a most engaging young couple first to conceive a child and later to adopt one—a sad situation, indeed, but an exhilarating play, for Mr. Rudkin is a true dramatist, who writes with feeling, wit, and style. The performances of Brian Murray and Roberta Maxwell as the husband and wife, and of John Tillinger and Veronica Castang as an assortment of other characters, are as close to perfection as makes no matter. Lynne Meadow is the excellent director. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel—Al Pacino is superb in a revival of David Rabe's passionate play about the U.S. Army in Vietnam. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 12.)

The Club—Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the singing, and especially the dancing, under Tommy Tune's direction is proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays, except May 31, through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Memorial Day.)

Creditors and **The Stronger**—Two one-act plays by Strindberg (translated by Palaemona Morner and R. Spacek), with John Heard, Geraldine Page, Rip Torn, and Amy Wright. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Dear Liar—Jerome Kilty and De Anne Mears in a revival of the two-character comedy adapted by Mr. Kilty from the correspondence of Mrs. Patrick Campbell and George Bernard Shaw. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, June 12.)

Dirty Linen—Tom Stoppard's playlet, which ought never to have left Mother England. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, May 28.)

Exiles—James Joyce's only play, written in 1914, is about the return home of an Irish writer and his wife after nine years in Rome, and about many other matters besides. The play is absorbing, in large part because of the ideas and feelings that preoccupied Joyce at the time, and it is competently presented with Alan Jordan and Stephanie Gordon in the leading roles. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 5.)

Gemini—In Albert Innaurato's very funny comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Anne DeSalvo, Jonathan Hadary, and Robert Picardo, among other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Happy End—Bertolt Brecht and Kurt Weill set this musical about a Salvation Army lass who loves a gangster in what was for them, in 1929, an imaginary Chicago. Meryl Streep is charming as the heroine, and Christopher Lloyd does well opposite her, but it is the marvellous score, including such songs as "Surabaya Johnny" and "The Bilbao Song," that makes the evening indelible. Translation by Michael Feingold, direction by Robert Kalfin. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I Love My Wife—Cy Coleman's winning music and Lenny Baker's clowning justify this mild musical examination of the sexual revolution in Trenton. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays and Memorial Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Memorial Day at 3.)

In the Summer House—A fine revival of Jane Bowles' fascinating play about the effort of a relentless middle-aged widow to control her daughter. There is a lot of writing, but

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COVER: *André François*

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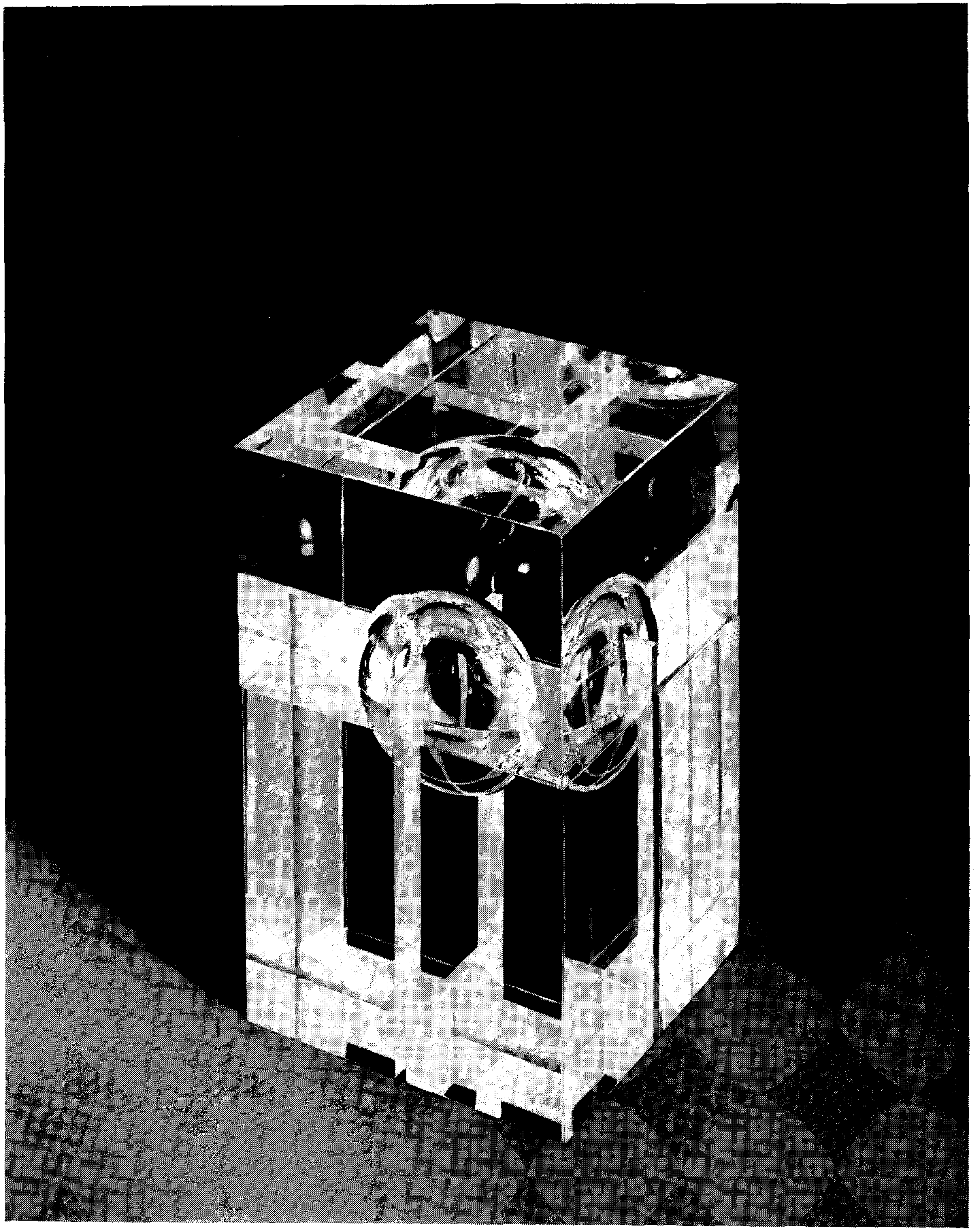
The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; William P. Buxton, Milton Greenstein, and Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90010; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, WIX OED. Vol. LIII, No. 15, May 30, 1977. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1977 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $20.00; two years, $35.00. In Canada and Mexico, one year, $22.00. Other foreign, $26.00.



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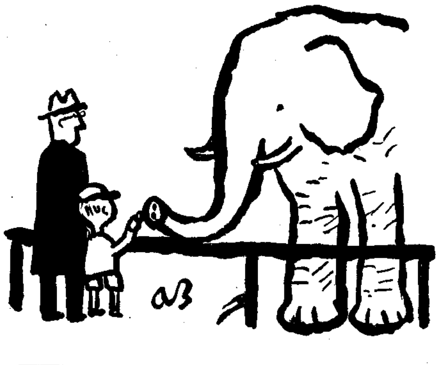
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



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much of it is of high quality, and the performances—especially those of Carolyn Coates, Kristin Griffith, and Leora Dana—are very good indeed. The action is set in southern California. Stephen Hollis directed. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesday through Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 29.)

I Was Sitting on My Patio This Guy Appeared I Thought I Was Hallucinating—A play by Robert Wilson, with music by Alan Lloyd. Lucinda Childs and Mr. Wilson are the entire cast. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The King and I—A joyous revival of the Rodgers and Hammerstein success of twenty-six years ago. Yul Brynner is better than ever as the King—and what songs! (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Last Street Play—A powerful, ironic tragedy, by Richard Wesley, set in a black neighborhood in Newark, and about the aimless, wasted lives of a group of men, once a teenage gang, whose dreams of past glory and present action lead to their downfall. The acting, under Thomas Bullard's direction, is very good, that of Yvette Hawkins, Morgan Freeman, Roscoe Orman, and Maurice Woods extraordinary. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Thursday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 29.)

Lily Tomlin in "Appearing Nitely"—Miss Tomlin does impersonations and tells homely jokes à la Will Rogers, but the performer continuously and exhilaratingly outwits the performance. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Macbeth—Orson Welles adapted and directed this version of the play for the Negro Federal Theatre Project in 1936, successfully moving its setting from Scotland to voodoo Haiti. This revival, directed by Edmund Cambridge, makes an invigorating theatrical evening. With Lex Monson in the title role, and Esther Rolle, Arthur French, and Leonard Jackson, among others. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 766-9334. Wednesday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 29.)

Mummenschanz—A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players—Andrés Bossard and Bernie Schürch, from Switzerland, and Floriana Frassetto, from Italy. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Oh! Calcutta!—A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays, except Thursday, May 26, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except May 25, and Sunday, May 29, at 3.)

On the Lock-In—The witty and gifted David Langston Smyrl wrote the music and words and also plays one of the prisoners who sing or recite their own stories in this virtually plotless show set in a prison. Under Robert Macbeth's subtle direction, the evening achieves cohesiveness and style, although much of the material is familiar by now. The singing and the music, by a three-piece combo, are delightful. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Otherwise Engaged—Tom Courtenay is the star of Simon Gray's comedy about a London publisher who asks less of life than life is determined to give him. An able cast backs up Mr. Courtenay, under the direction of Harold Pinter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays and Memorial Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Memorial Day at 3.)

Der Ring Gott Farblonjet—A lavish, strenuous, on-and-off amusing, and interminable prank by Charles Ludlam's prankish Ridiculous Theatrical Company. The title describes all. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 228-8558. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

The Shadow Box—An impressive Broadway début by a young playwright named Michael Cristofer. The subject of his play is the difficulty in our society of facing the intolerable fact that we die; contrary to what one might expect, the play is not in the least a gloomy one. The superior cast has been ably directed by Gordon Davidson. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays and Memorial Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Memorial Day at 3.)

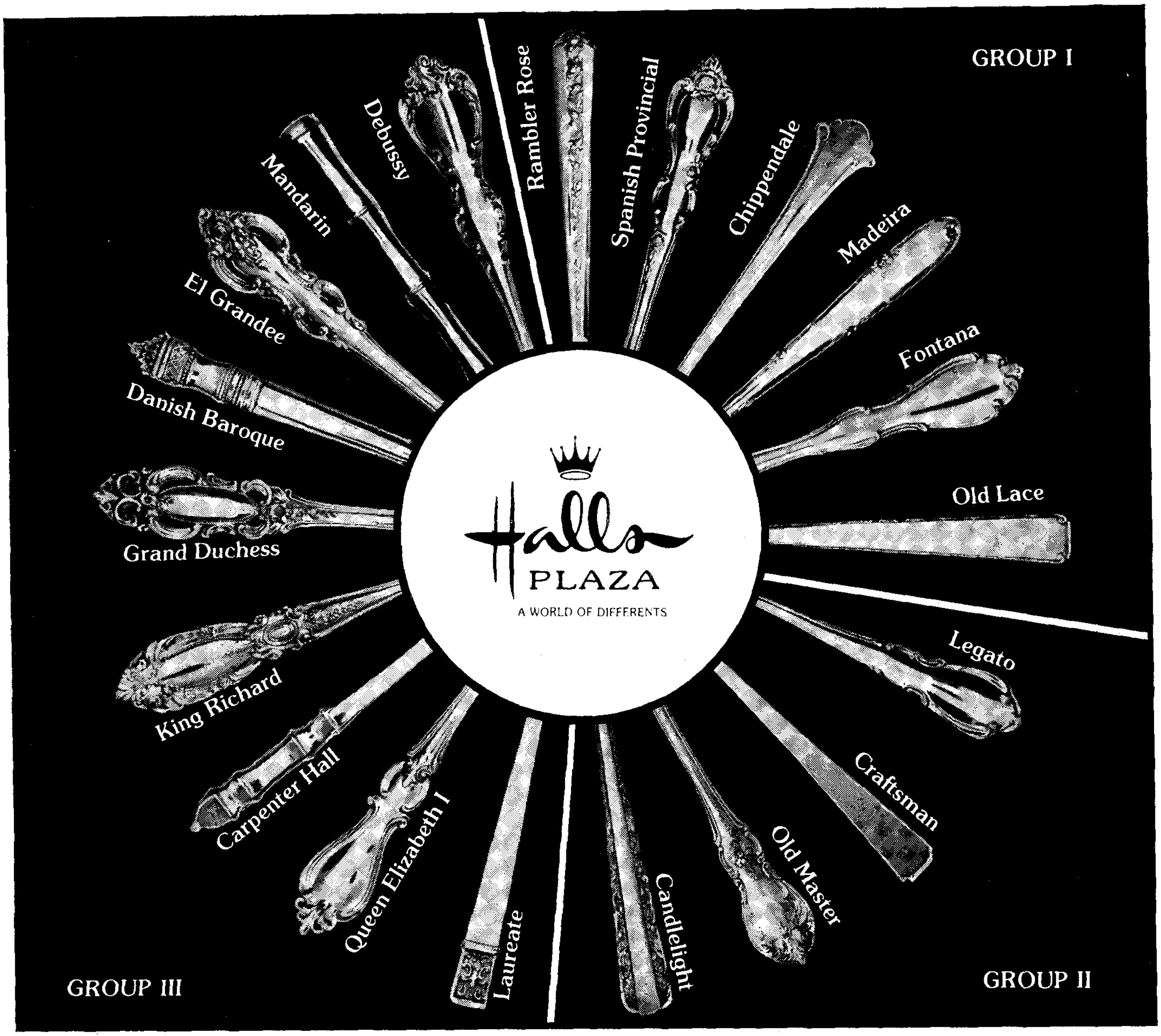
Side by Side by Sondheim—Thirty-odd ravishing songs by Stephen Sondheim, well sung by some English admirers of our local laureate. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sly Fox—A superb adaptation, by Larry Gelbart, of Ben Jonson's "Volpone." Uproarious shenanigans by, among others, Robert Preston, Jack Gilford, Bob Dishy, and John Heffernan. The direction is by Arthur Penn. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Starting Here, Starting Now—The agreeable songs of Richard Maltby, Jr. (lyrics) and David Shire (music) as very well sung, with a minimum of performance, by Margery Cohen, Loni Ackerman, and George Lee Andrews. It all adds up to an evening of tuneful merriment that is more cabaret than theatre. (Barbarann, 349 W. 46th St. 581-3866. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Your Arms Too Short to Box with God—A whirlwind of gospel-sing and (if there is such a thing) gospel-dance, taken by Vinnette Carroll from the Book of Matthew. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

Long Runs—**BUBBLING BROWN SUGAR:** Down Memory Lane in Harlem, which means the twenties, the Cotton Club, the Savoy, Ellington, Waller . . . A lane? A boulevard. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **CALIFORNIA SUITE:** Tammy Grimes, David McCallum, Joseph Leon, and Marge Redmond romp through four sketches whose setting is the Beverly Hills Hotel. Neil Simon is the author and Gene Saks the director, and it is a very funny show. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, Thursdays, and Memorial Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Memorial Day at 3.) . . . **CHICAGO:** A musical that has nothing to do with its name and that intermittently comes to life, thanks to Jerry Orbach. Bob Fosse directed and choreographed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EQUUS:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting dance of exploration through the mind of a boy who loves horses, worships the quality of "horseness," and commits a dreadful crime in the name of that worship. With Anthony Perkins, Ralph Seymour, and Beverly May. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays and Memorial Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Memorial Day at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,113 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE:** The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating result. Choreography by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30; special matinée Thursday, June 2, at 2.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **PIPPIN:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and Michael Rupert play Charlemagne and his son. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A new playwright named Bernard Slade has invented an Erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Sandy Dennis and Don Murray, directed by Gene Saks. Starting Monday, May 30, Hope Lange will replace Miss Dennis. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, Thursdays, and Memorial Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Memorial Day at 3.) . . . **SHENANDOAH:** Even thirty years ago, this would have been an old-fashioned musical. The star is William Chapman. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STREAMERS:** This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 5.) . . . **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently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Spanish Provincial
Chippendale
Mandarin
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El Grandee
Fontana
Danish Baroque
Old Lace
Grand Duchess
Halls
PLAZA
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Old Master
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Candlelight
GROUP III
GROUP II

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sunday, May 29, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except May 25, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE WIZ:** An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Sunday, May 29, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—The hundred-and-seventh edition of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's circus. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesdays through Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; Sundays at 11, 3, and 7:30; and Monday, May 30, at 1 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, June 5.)

Toller Cranston's The Ice Show—Starring Mr. Cranston, Jim Millns, and Colleen O'Connor. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 12.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, May 25, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Thursday, May 26, at 8: "Harlequinade" and "Symphony in Three Movements."... ¶ Friday, May 27, at 8: "Watermill" and "Who Cares?"... ¶ Saturday, May 28, at 2: "Swan Lake," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Western Symphony." ... ¶ Saturday, May 28, at 8: "Serenade," "Symphony in Three Movements," and "Who Cares?"... ¶ Sunday, May 29, at 1: "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2," "Bournonville Divertissements," and "Symphony in C." ... ¶ Sunday, May 29, at 7: "Coppélia." ... ¶ Tuesday, May 31, at 8: "Episodes," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Tzigane," and "La Valse."... ¶ Wednesday, June 1, at 8: "Chaconne" and "Union Jack."... ¶ Thursday, June 2, at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Chaconne." ... ¶ Friday, June 3, at 8: "Watermill" and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3."... ¶ Saturday, June 4, at 2: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Symphony in Three Movements."... ¶ Saturday, June 4, at 8: "Watermill" and "Who Cares?" (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, July 3.)

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday evening, May 25: "The Nutcracker."... ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, May 26-27; Saturday matinée and evening, May 28; and Tuesday evening, May 31: "Petrouchka," "Les Sylphides," and "Firebird."... ¶ Monday evening, May 30, and Wednesday evening, June 1: "Petrouchka," "Le Spectre de la Rose," and "Firebird."... ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, June 2-3, and Saturday matinée and evening, June 4: "Giselle." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, June 11.)

Martha Graham Dance Company—Wednesday matinée and evening, May 25: "Diversion of Angels," "Shadows," "Errand Into the Maze," and "Deaths and Entrances."... ¶ Thursday evening, May 26: "Diversion of Angels," "Primitive Mysteries," and "Deaths and Entrances."... ¶ Friday evening, May 27: "Plain of Prayer," "Frontier," "El Penitente," and "Dark Meadow."... ¶ Saturday matinée, May 28: "Plain of Prayer," "O Thou Desire Who Art About to Sing," "Shadows," and "Appalachian Spring."... ¶ Saturday evening, May 28: "Diversion of Angels," "Primitive Mysteries," and "Phaedra."... ¶ Monday evening, May 30: "Adorations," "Errand Into the Maze," "Phaedra," and "Appalachian Spring."... ¶ Tuesday evening, May 31: "Seraphic Dialogue," "O Thou Desire Who Art About to Sing," and "Deaths and Entrances."... ¶ Wednesday matinée, June 1: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Phaedra," "Frontier," and "Diversion of Angels."... ¶ Wednesday evening, June 1: "Shadows," "Phaedra," "Frontier," and "Diversion of Angels."... ¶ Thursday evening, June 2: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Lamentation," "Diversion of Angels," and "Deaths and Entrances."... ¶ Friday evening, June 3: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Primitive Mysteries," and "Phaedra."... ¶ Saturday matinée, June 4: "Adorations," "Errand Into the Maze," "Shadows," and "Seraphic Dialogue."... ¶ Saturday evening, June 4: "Plain of Prayer," "O Thou Desire Who Art About to Sing," and "Dark Meadow." (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, June 11.)

Paul Taylor Dance Company—A one-week engagement—Tuesday, May 31, at 7:30 (a benefit performance; for tickets, call TR 9-2236): "Cloven Kingdom," "Images" (première), and "Esplanade."... ¶ Wednesday, June 1; Friday, June 3; and Sunday, June 5, at 8: "Images" and two premières—"Polaris" and "Dust."... ¶ Thursday, June 2, and Saturday, June 4, at 8: "Cloven Kingdom," "West of Eden," and "Esplanade." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—The proprietor of this ground-floor loft is Rashied Ali, a respected, all-out musician who was John Coltrane's drummer during Coltrane's final, most exploratory period. Trumpeter **CLIFFORD THORNTON** leads his quintet through Saturday, May 28; on Tuesday, May 31, drummer **JOE CHAMBERS** will come in with a quartet that features **LARRY YOUNG** on organ. On Mondays, tenor saxophonist, composer, and arranger **FRANK FOSTER** presides over the **LOUD MINORITY**, a very loose, spirited, head-turning big noise (twenty-two free-lance musicians, some young and promising, others older and fulfilled). Many of the numerous soloists are impressive, but the real stars of this enterprise are Foster's vital, bluesy charts. Music from about ten. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

Ballroom, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (473-9367)—Except for two Ellington tunes—"Solitude" and "Mood Indigo"—**LEE HORWIN'S** repertoire needs tinkering with. Miss Horwin has a startlingly rich, deep voice, and one wonders why she is content to go with such weary cabaret conventions as "Non, Je Ne Regrette Rien," "Marieke," and "Forever Young" (perhaps there should be a two- or three-year ban on these songs), which are display pieces for vocal theatrics rather than for vocal ability. She goes on Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

Bar None, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is on hand from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—Situated amid the high-rise dorms of New York University, the pleasantly relaxed cocktail lounge of this restaurant lures in fine musicians and a healthy number of customers—many of them students. Pianist **MIKE ABENE** will work with a bassist on Friday and Saturday, May 27-28; on Wednesday, June 1, pianist **ROLAND HANNA**, who hunches over the keyboard, digs into each key, and coerces the music out, will arrive for a four-night stay. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—**MICHAEL CARVIN**, a fine young jazz drummer with a lot of rhythm-and-blues experience, heads up a quartet on Wednesday, May 25. Thursday through Saturday, May 26-28, trumpeter **TED CURSON** will lead his fire-breathing septet. Curson and his men—particularly **NICK BRIGNOLA**, who plays tenor, soprano, *and* baritone saxophones with admirable individuality, and **CHRIS WOODS**, a powerful alto saxophonist—are skillful, non-babbling soloists no matter how many choruses they take, and their music, which is only a couple of steps beyond old-reliable hard bop, sounds wonderfully contemporary. Tuesday and Wednesday, May 31-June 1, singer Diane Snow will be on hand with her trio. On Thursday, June 2, trumpeter **JOE NEWMAN** will bring in his quintet. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Here's the lineup: **TAJ MAHAL**, a fine, if not a particularly rough-hewn-traditional, folk-blues-and-rock performer who is an alumnus of the Folklore Society at Amherst College, is here through Thursday, May 26; Friday through Sunday, May 27-29, singers Country Joe McDonald and Valerie Carter will trade sets; on Monday and Tuesday, May 30-31, Kingfish, a West Coast rock band, will perform; and on Thursday, June 2, flutist **YUSEF LATEEF** will arrive with his R. & B.-rooted combo. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with an abundance of dark pine panelling, good musicians, and patrons who like to talk. Right now (through Saturday, May 28), guitarist **JIMMY RANEY** is working with bassist John Beal; on Monday, May 30, pianist **DAVE MCKENNA** will arrive. The Sunday chores are handled by **BARRY HARRIS** and his helpers. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH

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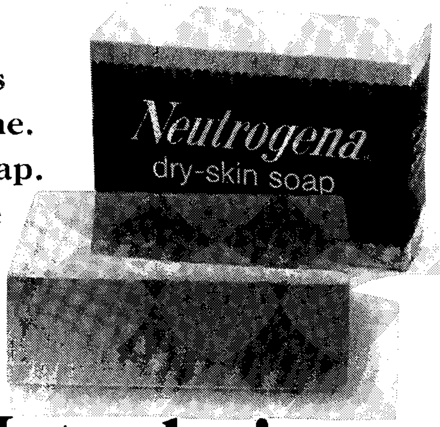

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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4-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, **BOBBY SHORT** performs traditional and very exuberant interpretations of classic popular songs, aided by his sidekicks, bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Gene Gammage. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Friday and Saturday, May 27-28. Dinner and supper.... **TEDDY WILSON**, who did wonders for Benny Goodman, Billie Holiday, and many others over the past forty years, does wonderfully well by himself, too, playing the piano in his restrained, elegant way in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine to one.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A row of neon beer signs hangs overhead; lots of young, kinkily dressed patrons, band members, and friends of band members hang around. On Tuesday, May 31, **PATTI SMITH**, the rock-and-roll singer and poet who helped put this place on the map, will begin an eight-night stint, with one show a night, at about nine. Music most nights from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

Cleo, 1 Lincoln Plaza, Broadway at 63rd St. (724-6301)—**MABEL MERCER** does the vocals, *Jimmy Lyon does the accompanying.* Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**ADAM MAKOWICZ** is a thirty-seven-year-old Czech-born Polish pianist who can play more notes than Art Tatum. He cannot, though, equal Tatum's touch, which remains an unclimbed pianistic peak. Blues pianist **SAMMY PRICE** performs Sundays. Music from eight to one. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band, which begins after nine-thirty, is a traditional (what else?) sextet, usually headed by Red Balaban (a bassist and the owner of the club). On Tuesday, May 31, **MAXINE SULLIVAN** will sing along with the regulars. Sunday, May 29, has been placed in the hands of Warren Vaché and a quintet, from eight-thirty. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Good things do come in small packages: five nights a week—Wednesday through Sunday, from ten to three—genuine swing music prevails inside this tiny bar. Drummer **SONNY GREER**, an eighty-one-year-old former Ellington associate (they started hanging out together in 1919); clarinettist and saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE**, sixty-eight and an ex-Ellington section man; and pianist **HOD O'BRIEN**, who has temporarily replaced Brooks Kerr, are the players. It's fun to watch them goad each other on; the music is a delight. Mondays and Tuesdays, pianist **AL HAIG**, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE**, and bassist Jamil Nasser get together at ten. On Sunday, May 29, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** will join up with Ted Curson's regular pianist **JIM MCNEELY** and bassist **JACK SIX** from five-thirty to nine-thirty. Weeknights, from six to nine-thirty, trumpeter Gene Roland, pianist Loumell Morgan, and bassist Morris Edwards collaborate.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Alto saxophonist **PHIL WOODS** and his trio perform Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. No music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**RUBY BRAFF** fills in for Roy Eldridge through Saturday, May 28; **JIMMY MCPARTLAND** will then take over for five nights, beginning Tuesday, May 31. They'll both be supported five nights a week by the resident blowers—pianist Johnny Morris, clarinettist Clarence Hutchenrider, bassist Ted Sturgis, trombonist Bobby Pratt, and drummer Ernie Hackett. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky heads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Larson's, 1160 Third Ave., at 68th St. (744-2540)—**ELLIS LARKINS**, now with a bassist (**BILLY POPP**) and a drummer (**JACK MCALLISTER**), is rising to new heights—his arpeggios sparkle, his chords are buoyant, his touch is as a butterfly. Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten to two. Dinner.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Alto saxophonist **BENNY CARTER**, one of the great soloists from the thirties and forties—he's nearly seventy but doesn't look it—is heading up a quartet that comprises pianist **RAY BRYANT**, drummer **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN**, and bassist **MILT HINTON** Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A *very* crowded and animated upper West Side bar right now, because on Wednesday and Thursday, May 25-26, and Sunday through Wednesday, May 29-June 1, **STUFF**, the rhythm-and-blues sextet that was formed here and played here for more than a year, will be back playing their near-endless jogging, repetitive riffs. Thursday through Saturday, June 2-4, the place won't exactly be desolate: percussionist **RAY BARRETTO** will be leading his band. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Saxophonist David Sanborn fronts a big band through Sunday, May 29. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** is at the helm of a septet that plays for dancing and listening Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Perhaps the nicest cabaret in town. Singer Cissy Houston is on hand through Sunday, May 29; on Wednesday, June 1, Judith Cohen, a short, wiry, frenetic singer and comedienne who has a devoted following that approves of everything she does, will come in. Shows at nine and midnight. Dining.

Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—A very big, square, but nonetheless warm downstairs room. The wonderful drummer **MAX ROACH** and his current fine sidemen—tenor saxophonist **BILLY HARPER**, bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN**, and trumpeter **CECIL BRIDGEWATER**—work out Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten to two-thirty.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—The **NEW CALIFORNIA RAMBLERS** are here Tuesdays, and they are probably the best of all the repertory groups. The splendid personnel includes **RICHARD SUDHALTER** on cornet (he is the leader, too) and the magisterial **JIMMY MAXWELL** on trumpet, **SAM PARKINS** on tenor saxophone, **MARTY GROSZ** on guitar, **VINCE GIORDANO** on tuba, bass, and bass saxophone, and drummer **TOMMY BENFORD**, who was there when Jelly Roll Morton and King Oliver and Armstrong were putting it all together. On Mondays, pianist **DAVE MATTHEWS** takes his twelve-piece band through some of his charts. On Wednesdays and Thursdays, alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ**, always worth hearing, guides a nonet. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Guitarist **JIM HALL** is here with his equally stunning co-melodic-soloist bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** and a drummer through Sunday, May 29; on Monday, May 30, **JACK WILKINS**, one of the most exciting young guitarists around, will lead a quartet; and on Tuesday, May 31, the insistently bluesy pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** will arrive with his trio. Music from nine-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, from ten on Fridays and Saturdays, and from eight on Sundays. Dinner.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Daphne **HELLMAN'S ANGELS** (harp, guitar, bass), powered by their nonpareil guitarist, **EDDIE BERG**, play in the bar Tuesdays from nine-fifteen to midnight. Downstairs, on Friday and Saturday, May 27-28, **RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK**, who is a walking reed section, heads up his sextet; on Friday and Saturday, June 3-4, percussionist **MONGO SANTAMARIA** and his group will take over the stage. Fridays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-thirty. Snacks.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Tenor saxophonist **PHAROAH SANDERS**, who is lately playing as much hard bop as mystical-enlightenment music, leads his quintet through Sunday, May 29; on Tuesday, May 31, pianist **CEDAR WALTON** will bring in his quartet. Mondays are **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Convenient to a New York City truck route but not much else, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets include sturdy, animated piano-bass duos that hold forth every night from eight until two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Nearly all the music is pre-fifties jazz in this the Columbia University branch of the Jazz Hall of Fame. The M.V.P.s: Mondays and Tuesdays, trumpeter Franc Williams' quartet; on Wednesdays, **JO JONES** is seated behind his drums and is very much in command of a quartet; Thursdays and Fridays, **GEORGE KELLY** leads his Jazz Sultans; and Saturdays and Sundays, four-string guitarist **TINY GRIMES** and his trio play lilting versions of "St. Thomas" and "Lady of Spain." Music from nine to one.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Interludes—The final offering in a varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536) will be by **SYLVIA SYMS** on Wednesday, May 25, at 5:45.

Joan Baez—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Thursday, May 26, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

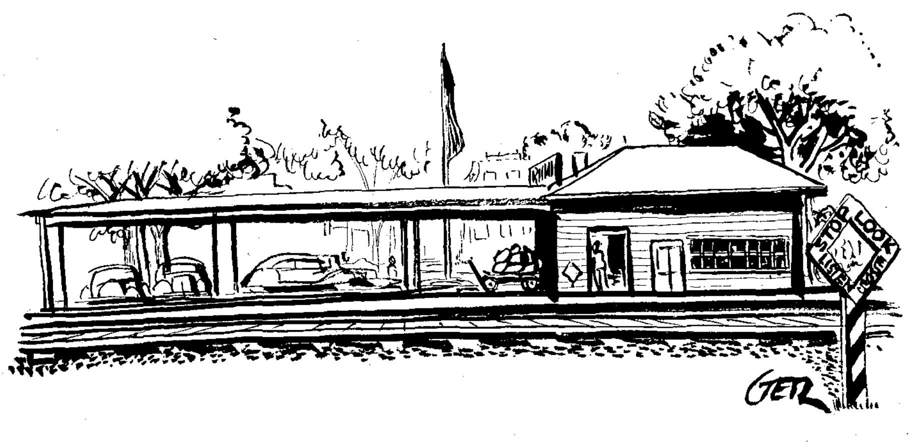
The Crusaders, Les McCann, and **the Brecker Brothers**—Palladium. Friday, May 27, at 8.

Arthur Prysock, Bobbi Humphrey, and **Ralph MacDonald**—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, May 27, at 8.

Don Shirley Trio—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday, May 27, at 8:30.

Archie Bell & the Drells, the Originals, and **Side Effect**—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, May 28, at 7 and 11.

Lee Konitz Nonet—New York Jazz Museum,



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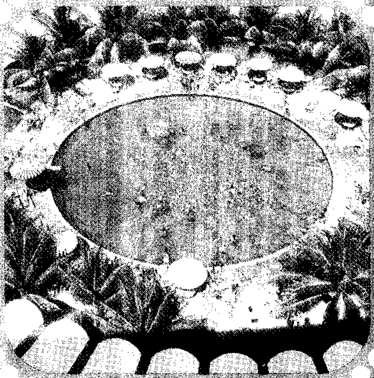

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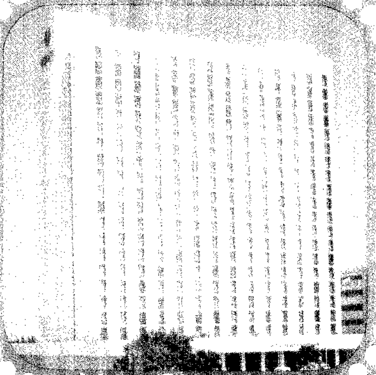

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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236 W. 54th St. 765-2150. Sunday, May 29, at 2, 3, and 4.

Clamma Dale—The first four in a series of eight benefit performances. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Tuesday, May 31 [preview]; Wednesday, June 1 [opening]; and Friday and Saturday, June 3-4, all at 10:30.)

Billy Joel—Carnegie Hall. Thursday through Saturday, June 2-4, at 8.

Leonard Raver—Organ, in a program of music, dance, and special effects called "Organism." (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Thursday, June 2, at 8; Friday and Saturday, June 3-4, at 8 and 10:30; and Sunday, June 5, at 8.)

Nektar and **Flame**—Palladium. Friday, June 3, at 8.

Maynard Ferguson, Tony Williams, and **Stuff**—Palladium. Saturday, June 4, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Kermit Adler—Watercolors of outsize clams on the half shell, potted plants, and other still-lifes in interiors. Through Saturday, May 28. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Yannis Amoryanos—Rather self-consciously naïve paintings of elephants and lions and tigers and zebras and giraffes at peace in a never-never land of blossoming flowers. Through June 10. (Clay, 1162 Madison Ave., at 86th St. Open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Carol Anthony—Old codgers with Willkie buttons in their lapels, pugnacious brats, and querulous old biddies, all made of linen mâché. A new crop of drawings is also on view. Through Saturday, June 4. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Romare Bearden—Twenty extraordinary collages in which black cutout figures, set against richly colored backgrounds, depict the Odyssey, from the fall of Troy to the homecoming. Through Friday, June 3. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Giorgio Cavallon—Large and colorful Abstract Expressionist paintings in which mathematical order and free, intuitive gesture are happily combined. Through Saturday, June 4. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

Miodrag Djuric Dado—Big, skillfully executed paintings of frightful monsters doing horrid things on a tortured landscape under a curiously pacific blue sky. Through June 30. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Richard Diebenkorn—Large oils that continue his imaginative "Ocean Park" series, with their wide areas of flat color and muted bits of action at the corners, plus works on paper in the same vein. Through Thursday, June 2. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Balcomb Greene—A retrospective made up of about fifty paintings, ranging from the pure abstractions of his early days to the ephemeral figures and almost monochromatic Maine landscapes characteristic of his more recent works. Through Saturday, May 28. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Chaim Gross—A show of small sculptures and drawings which is running concurrently with his retrospective at the Jewish Museum. Through July 1. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Walter Hatke—Skilled realist paintings of interiors, downtown vistas, and vacation retreats, plus a couple of preliminary drawings that somehow have more dash than the finished product. Through June 10. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Pierre Haubensak—Rectangular areas of various colors that have almost, but not quite, blended into a monotone, superimposed on larger rectangular areas of another tone. Through June 10. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Saturdays.)

Michael Heizer—Sculptures, in granite, steel, and wood, by this artist who works in circles and sections of circles. Several of these are massive works, quite imposing in the way they are assembled. (The largest, made of zebrawood, from Ghana, was bought by the Rijksmuseum Kröller-Müller and has been shipped to Holland, somewhat to the relief of the gallery staff and the neighbors upstairs, because the zebrawood, while stunning to look at, has an aroma that is—well, pungent.) Through June 11. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Helen Hoie—What appear to be collages incorporating furls of transparent fabrics and fragments of paper are actually oil paintings, done in soft colors. Through June 30. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Fereydoun Hoveyda—Arabesques and organic-looking designs of a marked Art Nouveau cast worked out in découpage, plus two heads of Andy Warhol done in the same technique. Through Saturday, May 28. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Paul Klee (1879-1940)—Twenty-six drawings and watercolors executed during the last decade of his life, many of them looking as fresh and as impudent as the day they were set down. Through July 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Vitaly Komar and Alexander Melamid—Joint works, conceptual in nature, by two Russians. Through June 24. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Kate Millett—Brush-and-ink drawings on rice paper of erotic female nudes by this pioneer in the feminist movement. Through June 18. (Wauters, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Minoru Niizuma / Herbert Schneider—Marble sculptures. / Collages. Through Saturday, May 28. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Maurice Prendergast (1859-1924)—A loan show of nearly ninety works stretching over his entire career. Included are many sparkling watercolors and numerous oils that have been buried for years in museum basements. Through Saturday, May 28. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Emilio Sanchez—Architecture of the Caribbean portrayed in simplified, hard-edged draftsmanship and in bright colors—oil or watercolor—by an artist who doesn't travel a great deal but sees a great deal when he travels. Through June 8. (Griffin, 850 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

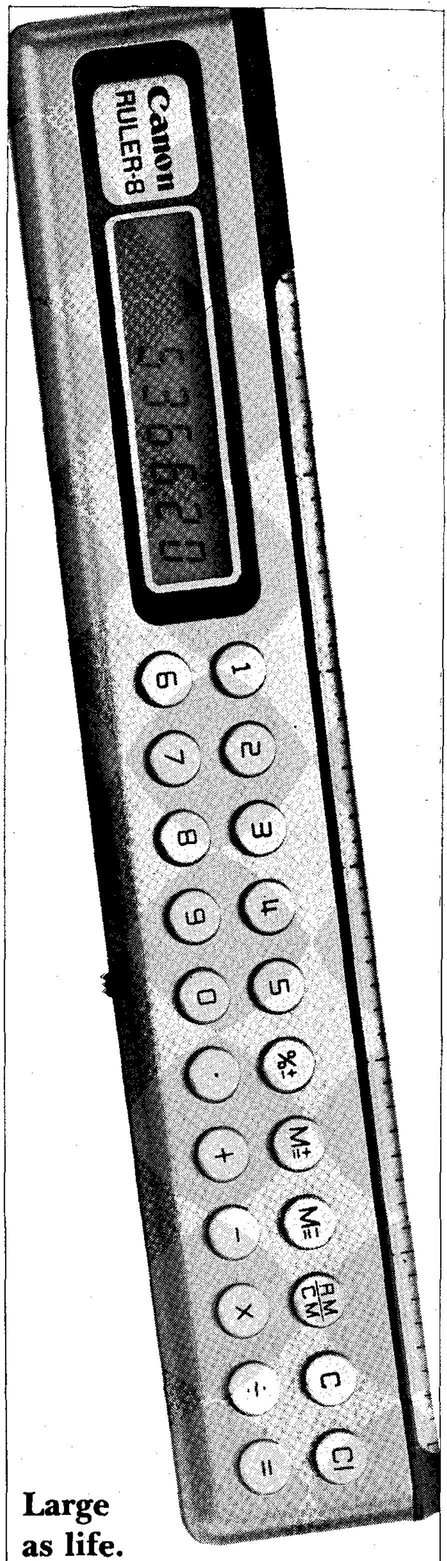
David Shapiro—Large paintings peppered with small geometric shapes and other devices, giving the overall impression of the visa stamps in an overworked passport. Through Saturday, May 28. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

Sandi Slone—Large color-field paintings; first solo show in New York. Through June 15. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Closed Saturday, May 28.)

Cristóbal Toral—Impeccably executed realist paintings, aglow with varnish and verisimilitude, by a Spanish painter of considerable wit. Through Friday, May 27. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

A Separate Reality—This entertaining show ranges from a fifteenth-century German painting of St. Ursula and her virgins at sea, looking cool and confident even though their galleon is besieged by demons, to a present-day painting by De Es Schwertberger of a stone humanoid who is cracking up; there are forty-nine works, and they all have mythic themes. Included is an earnest triptych called "The Passion of Carrie Nation" by Edward Laning; a watercolor of a succubus by Ralph Barton; and a couple of misty nudes by Eilshemius. Through June 17. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **center for inter-american relations,** 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Examples of eighteenth-century Latin-American decorative art, including pieces that were used in the home (furniture, silver), in churches (a cardinal's hat), and for personal adornment (silver sandals, a crown). Through Aug. 7. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **hutton,** 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Captivating examples of works by the Blaue Reiter artists, who included Kandinsky, Nolde, Klee, and Macke. Through June 10. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **lefebre,** 47 E. 77th St.: Selected works by artists of the gallery, including Antes, Hartung, and Jorn. Through June 24. . . . **mc kee,** 140 E. 63rd St.: Paintings done between 1946 and 1960 by Guston, Rothko, Kline, Baziotes, and Still. Through Saturday, June 4. . . . **nicholls,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Cartoons and magazine-cover designs by Charles Addams, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, Mary Petty, George Price, Charles Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson, Richard Taylor, and Barney Tobey. Through July 29. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **noyes, van cline & davenport,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: A show called Celestial Phenomena includes panels that might have been stripped off the moon's surface, by Steve Agin; a lighted wall sculpture of a solar eclipse, by Joseph Scala; and a shaped canvas of brilliant receding stripes, by James Martindale. Through Friday, May 27. . . . **perls,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: The current exhibit includes a splendid Modigliani portrait (of green-eyed Marie Vasilieff), a colorful Vlaminck landscape, and a small wooden Calder stabile done in 1943, when all our metal was going into arms. Through Friday, May 27. . . . **shepherd,** 21 E. 84th St.: About eighty nineteenth-century French paintings (all of them predating Impressionism). Through July 15. . . . **stone,** 48 E. 86th St.: Photo-Realist paintings, mostly involving cockeyed mirror reflections by Richard Estes; box constructions housing tiny, neatly tied-up cotton pouches by Rosamond Berg; and recent drawings in the Francis Bacon style by Robert Quigley. Through Saturday, May 28. . . . **touchstone,** 118 E. 64th St.: Drawings, including what appear to be samplers made up of lines of unintelligible writing superimposed on one another, by Frances Heatherington; small stones whose striations are continued in paint on the paper they are affixed to, by David Phillips; and drawings of wire mesh, out of which a layer of real wire mesh seems to have grown, by Charlotte Shoemaker. Through Wednesday, June 1. . . . **wildenstein,** 19 E. 64th St.: About ninety works make up a show that is a benefit for and on loan from the University of Rochester's art gallery. Included are paintings (by El Greco, Ingres, Luks, and others), medieval



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sculptures, and decorative objects. Through Saturday, May 28.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Jean-Paul Agosti—Watercolors, mostly of toys and studio paraphernalia, that have some of the precision of mechanical drawings but a good deal of life in their coloring. First one-man show in New York. Through June 17. (Jackson, 521 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday, May 28.)

Robert Arneson—Giant ceramic heads, three of them self-portraits, two caricaturing the gallery owner, and others depicting friends and fellow-artists of the Bay Area. Through Saturday, May 28. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Open Saturdays at noon.)

Max Beckmann (1884-1950)—Mostly portraits of friends and people he admired by this German Expressionist, who preferred to work from memory and a few scribbled notes rather than have people sit for him. Through June 10. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Watercolors and drawings. Through June 11. (Carus, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Marc Chagall—This ageless romanticist has just turned ninety, and the floating lovers, the benign donkeys, and the astral phenomena he paints today are just as rich in color and spirit as the ones he took to Paris with him when he left Russia. The birthday show is divided into two parts, shown simultaneously. One would be hard pressed to tell offhand what is new and what is old. Through June 11. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Chuck Close—Gigantic paintings of heads, copied pore by pore, hair by hair, from color photographs. Through Saturday, June 4. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday, May 28.)

Jillian Denby—Paintings of nudes. Through June 9. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Sari Dienes—Free-form ceramic works with abstract designs worked into the surface. Through June 11. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays, except Memorial Day, through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Dominic L. Di Mare—This beachcomber, a former fisherman, works with the finest of combs, and arranges his gleanings—delicate bones, pebbles, shells, feathers, twigs—on handmade paper, where they are incorporated in elegant constructions called sculptural paper. Through June 22. (Duhl, 31 W. 54th St. Opens at noon.)

Toni Dove / Carl Nicholas Titolo—Birds of the region and icy mountain ranges superimposed in watercolors on large-scale maps of partly real and partly imaginary coastal areas, by a granddaughter of Arthur G. Dove. / Surrealist miniatures, mostly of circus scenes, done in mixed mediums and in almost microscopic detail. Through Friday, June 3. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Chuck Forsman—Outdoor scenes by a Colorado painter. Through Thursday, June 2. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Clayton Gorder / K. S.-Ringi—Abstract paintings based on jukebox forms. / Large paintings gleaming with what appear to be orderly assemblages of tiny medals, clocks, flags, bits of jewelry, and so on. Through June 11. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

James Hayward and John Miller—Paintings by two California Minimalists. Hayward does color-field canvases, mostly in shades of gray, and Miller's canvases are covered with an overall pattern of diagonal bars. Through Friday, June 3. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday, May 28.)

Edward Hopper (1882-1967)—Paintings, drawings, and etchings, dating from his earliest works—sketches of his parents, for instance—which reveal the solidity of his background as a draftsman, and going on to the later, distinctive cityscapes and lonely houses with the celebrated Hopper hush upon them. Through June 8. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Robert Kaupelis—Abstract paintings by an N.Y.U. art professor whose compositions have some of the same linearity and mysterious charm associated with Diebenkorn's work. Through Saturday, May 28. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Daniel Lang / Mary Joan Waid—Landscapes done with a dramatic sense of color. / Outsize details of flowers—the stamens and pistils as well as the petals—depicted in soft pastels. Through Thursday, June 2. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Eliza Moore—Paintings and wall constructions (sticks, cardboard, strips of Plexiglas) concerned with the sky, which is sometimes the background for UFOs that might be birds. Through Friday, May 27. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Louise Nevelson—A dozen of the twenty drawings that this sculptor made one day in January for a television show. Through June 10. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

Theodore Wolff / James Fetterman—Paintings of imaginary cities. / Pencil studies of figures. Through June 8. (Addison Greene, 1093 Second Ave., at 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the MIDTOWN, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings by four guest artists: David Cobb Kupferman, Meyer Tannenbaum, Mary L. Buckley, and Ruth Cobb. Through Saturday, June 4. . . . ZABRISKIE, 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures done about fifty years ago by Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Emile Branchard, Elie Nadelman, and others. Through June 17. (Closed Saturdays.)

Sculpture—Works by Caro, Ginnever, Witkin, and others juxtaposed with photographs of sculptures by Russian Constructivists, who seem to have had a recognizable influence on some of our contemporary artists. Through Wednesday, June 1. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Carl Andre—In one room, steel plates about a foot long are laid out on the floor in rows of prime numbers (through thirty-one), and in another room, six rectilinear arrangements of thirty plates each. Through Saturday, May 28. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Robert Benson—Large, irregularly shaped pieces, each made of five segments of laminated plywood fitted together. Through Saturday, June 4. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Louise Fishman—Abstract rectangular forms are more or less incised on heavy paper to which many layers of paint and beeswax have been applied and scraped off. Through Thursday, June 2. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Wallace French—One vast wall construction, seven feet tall and twenty-eight feet long. Through Saturday, May 28. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

Marco Gastini—This artist works in white on white with a few threadlike lines of black as accents. Through Saturday, May 28. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Will Insley—Architectural drawings, done with a razor-edged ruling pen, in which layer after layer of sunken chambers appear in imaginary buildings. Through Saturday, June 4. (Protetch, 157 Spring St.)

Ronald Mallory—Beautiful expanses of roseate clouds, so pretty that the artist, as an antidote, named them after obscure medieval poisons—fugu, yatrin, coiine. Through Saturday, June 4. (Bonino, 98 Prince St.)

Rosemary Naegele—Expertly rendered realist paintings of summerhouses, cityscapes, the Brooklyn Bridge, and aerial views of Italian villages and American heliports. Through Thursday, June 2. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

Blinky Palermo (1943-77)—The last work of this young German painter, whose real name was Peter Heisterkamp and who somehow acquired the nickname of Sonny Liston's fight manager, was a group of fifteen abstractions (some of them multiple pieces), derived from Western Indian motifs and painted in acrylic earth colors on aluminum. He dedicated them to the people of New York City shortly before his death early this year in Ceylon. Through June 25. (Friedrich, 141 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Mel Ramos / George Chemeche—Large de Kooning-like female figures on which almost saccharine cover-girl heads have been incongruously superimposed. / What appears to be a single wall-sized work is in fact sixty separate paintings of leaves, flowers, grass, and other flora bunched together like patches of sod on a lawn. Through Saturday, June 4. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Milton Resnick—Thickly painted oils. Through Saturday, May 28. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Phillip Rivlin—Abstract paintings simply done on canvas-covered wooden panels that have been shaped into what in each instance seems to be the uniquely apposite shape for that composition. Through June 22. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St.)

Andra Samelson—A series of abstract paintings in which one can trace the progression from scattered designs on sparsely covered canvases to a solid central figure dominating the picture plane. Through Saturday, May 28. (Duffy-Gibbs, 157 Spring St.)

Richard Van Buren—Wall sculptures made of polyester resin, some of it colored and some of it transparent and laced with marble dust, bits of alabaster and terra-cotta, and so on. The twenty-four pieces in one set look like so many lollipops stuck in the wall. Through June 8. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Athos Zacharias—This painter works on the grid principle, but reverses the process; he develops a modular form, usually abstract, and makes a grid pattern of it, rather than bending its form to suit the grid. Through Wednesday, June 1. (Yu, 393 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **BOWERY**, 135 Greene St.: A group show of works by new members of this artists' coöperative includes two relaxed-looking life-size female nude sculptures by Pamela Endacott; a boldly handled figurative composition by Peter Rappoli; and a portrait of an artist named Puls by Peggy Woods. Through Wednesday, June 1. (Opens at 1.) . . . **CALDWELL**, 383 West Broadway: Paintings by gallery regulars Frances Barth, Robert Swain, and others. Through Saturday, June 4. . . . **55 MERCER STREET GALLERY**: Domelike floor pieces carved from laminated cedar by Ursula von Rydingsvard; large plaster works that look like a giant's yo-yo by Ulrich Niemeyer; and abstract paintings in broad stripes by Andreas Brandt. Through Wednesday, June 1. . . . **LANDMARK**, 469 Broome St.: A show of drawings by seventeen artists includes abstracts by Budd Hopkins and Phoebe Helman; Constructivist-looking brush-and-ink works by Steven Sloman; charcoal depictions of water plants by Sideo Fromboluti; and studies of her own body by Joan Semmel. Through June 11. (Opens at 11:30.) . . . **SOLWAY**, 139 Spring St.: Drawings by six artists, including Gary Kuehn and Joan Snyder. Through June 18.

OTHER GALLERIES

Herbert Aach—A double exhibition by a color-field painter: Gouaches at Gramercy Fine Arts, 112 E. 10th St. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8; through June 15.) . . . ¶ Stained acrylics on canvas at Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St. (Starts Thursday, May 26.)

Faith Bromberg / Victor Elmaleh—Bright-colored free-association paintings. / Delicate, postcard-size abstracts, some based on marine forms and some on landscapes. Through Saturday, May 28. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Opens at noon.)

John Avery Newman—Elongated wooden structures that interrupt the usual passageways leading across this exhibition space. Through Friday, May 27. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St.)

Fine Arts Building, 105 Hudson St.—**SRAGOW** is showing a startling illusionary feat—a game of rummy played on a real card table by spectral hands projected from a film made by Bill Lundberg; the viewer can either sit at the table, and feel creepy, or watch from the sidelines. Through Saturday, May 28. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **ARTISTS SPACE** has Super-8 films taken by such artists as William Wegman, Laurie Anderson, Vito Acconci, and Dennis Oppenheim, and they are shown, free, Wednesdays through Saturdays from 2 to 6 and, except Thursdays, from 7 P.M. to 10:30. The films range from two minutes to an hour, but most of them are around ten minutes. Through Saturday, June 4.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Dean Brown (1936-73)—Small-scale dye-transfer prints of Alaskan and Southwestern landscapes dominate this exhibit. Through Saturday, May 28. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Nadar (1820-1910) / **Edward Steichen** (1879-1973)—Portraits of artists, writers, and composers in nineteenth-century Paris. / Portraits also, these centering on notables in twentieth-century New York. Through June 25. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

Irving Penn—A crumpled package of cigarettes, a mud-covered glove, and other discards found in the streets figure in the twenty-eight platinum prints on exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Deborah Turbeville—Black-and-white prints by a photographer whose works are regularly seen in *Vogue*. Through June 11. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: "Photonotations II," an exhibit of photographs by painters and sculptors—Duchamp, Diebenkorn, and Wesselmann among them. Through Saturday, June 4. (Closed Saturday, May 28.) . . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: A retrospective exhibition of prints by Josef Sudek (1896-1967), including scenes of his native Czechoslovakia. Through July 3. . . . ¶ More than a hundred vintage prints from the Julien Levy collection, including works by Atget, Gertrude Käsebier, and George Platt Lynes. Through Sunday, May 29. (Open Sundays.) . . . **LIGHT**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Works that combine color photographs of forest scenes with twigs, leaves, and clumps of earth from the scenes pictured, by Alan Sonfist; large-scale prints of industrial sites, by Grant Mudford; and landscapes and garden scenes, by Josef Sudek. Through Saturday, May 28. . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: An exhibit of photographs devoted entirely to the American county courthouse. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times. . . . **PFEIFER**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Prints of the pioneer days in the American West by Curtis, Muybridge, Watkins, and lesser-known photographers. Through June 30. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: "Unposed Portraits," a show of works by nine contemporary photographers, including Mark Cohen, Robert Frank, and Danuta Otfinowski. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

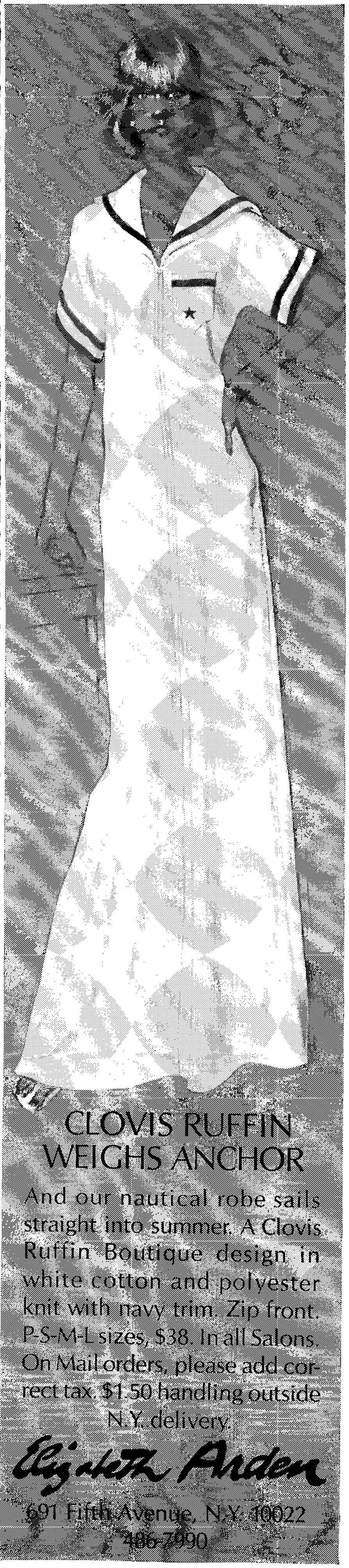
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The recently acquired David portrait of Lavoisier is on view in the reopened Wrightsman galleries of eighteenth-century French furnishings. . . . ¶ An exhibit covering nearly every aspect of the career of Edgar Degas, from early portraits to pastels of dancers and bathers. Also works by other artists (Ingres, Delacroix, Renoir, Hokusai) which are said to have influenced Degas. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ More than a hundred and fifty works on loan from museums in the Soviet Union. Dating from the fourteenth century to the present, they include icons, portraits, landscapes. Through June 26. . . . ¶ A sumptuous exhibit of clothing and accessories from Russia that focusses on the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and ranges from regional peasant costumes to the wedding dress of Catherine the Great. Through Aug. 30. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Irving Penn. Through June 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Recently acquired works in a broad range of styles by Morris Louis, Roy Lichtenstein, John Clem Clarke, Susan Rothenberg, and others. Starts Thursday, May 26. . . . ¶ A selection from the museum's collection of British drawings dating from the turn of the century to the present, with examples by Walter Richard Sickert, Henry Moore, David Hockney, and others. Through May 31. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Group show centering on pictures of courthouses. Through July 10. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the works of Kenneth Noland includes more than a hundred paintings, plus a recently completed sculpture on exhibit for the first time. Through June 19. (Open daily. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays and Memorial Day, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The centerpiece of Robert Irwin's retrospective of paintings, sculptures, and photographs is a gauzy fabric stretched the length of the fourth floor (the partitions have been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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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removed) and suspended from the ceiling to eye level. Through Sunday, May 29. . . . ¶ Selections from the bequest of Lawrence H. Bloedel include paintings by Loren MacIver, Milton Avery, and Larry Rivers. Through June 19. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Group show of portraits. Starts Thursday, May 26. (Open daily. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays and Memorial Day, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—"Circa 1910," an exhibit that takes a look at the art world in the years preceding the Armory Show. On view are works by, among others, Robert Henri, Max Weber, and Imogen Cunningham, as well as films and decorative pieces. Through June 8. (Open Mondays, except Memorial Day, through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of prints in which a single theme is elaborated into a series. There are twelve artists, including Brice Marden, Sol LeWitt, Alice Martin, and Sylvia Mangold. Starts Saturday, May 28. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays and Memorial Day. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhaustive array of maps, ranging from a 1507 world map to maps made by computers. Through Aug. 7. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays and Memorial Day, 11 to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts and scores by, among others, Elizabeth Bishop, Alan Hovhaness, Ada Louise Huxtable, John McPhee, Howard Nemerov, Anne Tyler, and John Updike. Also paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Lennart Anderson, Paul Resika, Susan Smyly, and others. Through June 12. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A display of Chinese pottery that was made for the Japanese market between 618 and 1644. All the pieces, which include tea-ceremony utensils and vases, come from collections in Japan. Through June 26. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of the prominent American sculptor Chaim Gross includes as well drawings, watercolors, prints, and tapestries. Starts Thursday, May 26. (Open every day except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.) A complement to this exhibition is a showing of twenty sculptures, plus drawings, at the Forum Gallery, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A survey of the library's medieval and Renaissance illuminated manuscripts. . . . ¶ A display of some of John Ruskin's correspondence, manuscripts (one written and illustrated when he was nine), drawings, and personal possessions. . . . ¶ Forty-five books (including the only complete copy of "Morte d'Arthur") printed by William Caxton. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Through July 30.

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—The current show here is called "Grass," and that's just what it is—a surprising variety of articles made of grass. (Bamboo is a grass, which helps.) Through June 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A small exhibit marking the fiftieth anniversary of Lindbergh's flight: a model of his plane, photographs of his takeoff from Roosevelt Field, newspaper clippings, flying gear of the period. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Diaries kept by writers (Virginia Woolf, Sean O'Casey, Herman Melville, and William Inge among them) from the seventeenth century on make up the latest show from the Berg Collection. Through Sept. 16. (Open every day except Thursdays, Sundays, and Memorial Day. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—An exhibit that re-creates, through photographs, architectural models, and drawings, the history of housing for blacks in New York. Through June 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic Promenades—At Avery Fisher Hall—Andre Kostelanetz conducting "Promenade à la Danse" Wednesday through Saturday, May 25-28, at 8:30 (with ballerina Martine van Hamel and a ballet ensemble, and Heidi Lehwalder, harp). . . . ¶ Judith Somogi conducting "Promenade Pastorale" Tuesday through Thursday, May 31-June 2, at 8:30 (with John Browning, piano). . . . ¶ Gunther Schuller conducting "Rags, Jazz and Nostalgia" on Friday and Saturday, June 3-4, and Tuesday, June 7, at 8:30 (with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano).

Boston Musica Viva—Richard Pittman conducting the second of two concerts, this one with *Elsa Charlston, soprano. (Kaufmann Concert* Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, May 26, at 8.)

Smith College Chamber Singers—Iva Dee Hiatt directing a concert of sacred music from the thirteenth century to the present. Edwin London will direct one of his own works. (Brick Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 91st St. Thursday, June 2, at 8. Admission is free but contributions are accepted.)

RECITALS

Ana Maria Trenchi de Bottazzi and Hugo Goldenzweig—Piano, four hands, with Alejandra Dondines and the Grupo de Danzas Folkloricas Argentinas. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 25, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, May 25, at 8, a program of French music; and Thursday, June 2, at 8, postponed from May 18, a program of Czech music.)

League-ISCM—The final concert of the season, this one played by Robert Black, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, May 26, at 8.)

Michael Newman—Classical guitarist. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 27, at 8.)

New York Renaissance Band—A program called "Master Works of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries." (St. James Chapel, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, May 29, at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

David Davis—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, May 31, at 8.)

New World Consort—A program entitled "Music of Medieval Jewry." (Universalist Church of New York City, 4 W. 76th St. Saturday, June 4, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the performance.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Texas, Wednesday, May 25, at 5:30 (twi-night doubleheader). . . . ¶ Chicago, Friday, May 27, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, May 28-29, at 2. . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Montreal, Monday, May 30, at 1:05 (doubleheader), and Tuesday, May 31, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Philadelphia, Friday, June 3, at 8:05, and Saturday, June 4, at 2:05.

Crew—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Thursday through Saturday, June 2-4.)

Marathon Race (F.)—The Bonne Bell Mini Marathon, of ten thousand metres, with more than a thousand women participating, will start at noon on Saturday, June 4, at the Central Park West Drive, at W. 72nd St., and finish (puff, puff) at W. 67th St., near the Tavern-on-the-Green.

Racing—At **BELMONT** (if there is any **BELMONT**, what with the strike): Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 30. The Acorn, Saturday, May 28; the Metropolitan Handicap, Monday, May 30; the Peter Pan, Wednesday, June 1; and the Hempstead Handicap, Saturday, June 4. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Monday, Sept. 5. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays and Memorial Day at 12:05.) . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK-AT-ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, May 31. The Jersey Derby, Monday, May 30. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights at 7:45, from Wednesday, June 1, through Monday, Sept. 5. The Longport Handicap, Saturday, June 4. . . . **BOWIE,** Md.: Weekdays at 1, from Tuesday, May 31, through Saturday, July 23.

Pro Tennis—World Team Tennis—New York Apples vs. San Francisco, Tuesday, May 31. . . . ¶ New York Apples vs. Soviet Union, Saturday, June 4. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. Matches begin at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 725-0070.)

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, June 18. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 7:30, except Memorial Day, when post time will be 2:15; through Saturday, Nov. 19. . . . **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK,** East Rutherford, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, July 30.

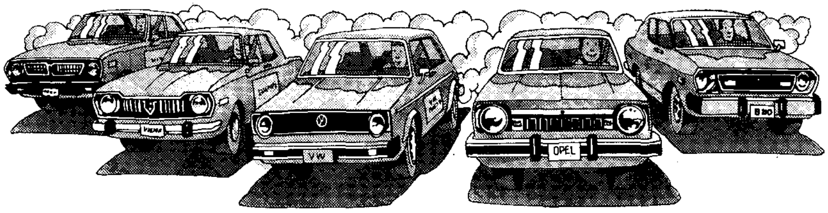
ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

The Great Outdoors—Starting Friday, May 27, and continuing through Sunday, June 12, the semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit will be on view daily, from noon until sundown. . . . ¶ On Saturday, May 28, at noon, a bicycle marathon around Central Park (sponsored by the Pepsi-Cola Company) will get under way at Fifth Avenue and 72nd Street. It will finish at the same place twenty-four hours later. For information, call 472-1003. . . . ¶ On Sunday, May 29, at 5, the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, *conducted by Richard Woitach and with* Judith Raskin, soprano, will give a concert on the Central Park Mall.

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, May 25, at 10:15 and 2: Russian works of art, among them icons, bronzes, silver, enamels, and porcelains; from several collectors. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 26, at 2: Modern Mexican paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints, including four frescoes by Diego Rivera; from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 31, at 11 and 2: American and French paperweights, belonging to Paul Hollister and others. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 1, at 10:15, and Thursday, June 2, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese snuffbottles, ceramics, and other works of art; from many sources. Exhibition starts Thursday, May 26. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 1, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century decorations, from several collectors. Exhibition starts Thursday, May 26. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** 502s Park Ave., at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, May 25, at 10:30: West Mexican figures and vessels and other pre-Columbian art, belonging to Millard Sheets and other collectors. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 26, at 10:30: Nineteenth-century European paintings, from the estate of Margaret Dunlap Behn and from other sources. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 26, at 8: Natural history books and autographs, from the Grolier Club and from other sources.

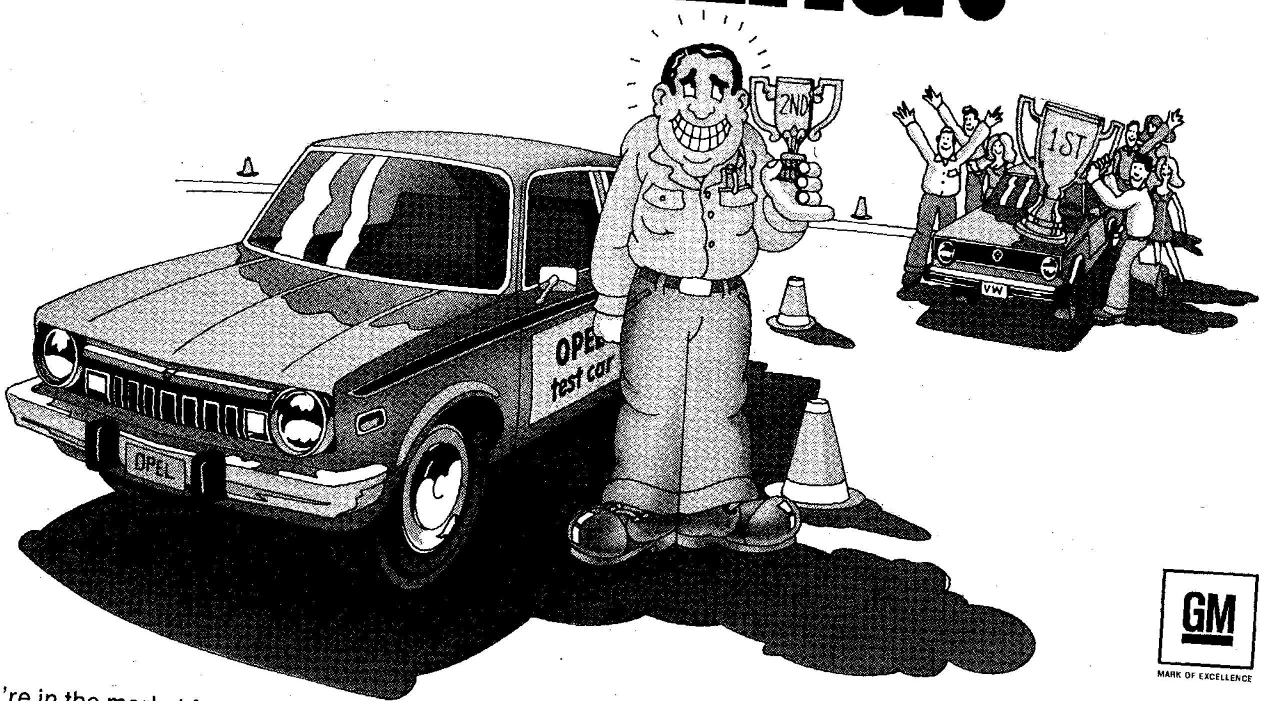
Thrilling conclusion of


VW
OPEL
B210

Buick Opel 5-Car Showdown.

Opel finishes...

uh...2nd.



GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

If you're in the market for a small imported car, you're probably looking at cars like the VW Rabbit, the Toyota Corolla, the Datsun B-210 and the Subaru DL.

But how about the Buick Opel? That's what we thought. And that's the trouble. We know the Opel is a little dynamo of a car. But apparently very few of you even know it exists. Much less what it can do.

Thus, The Buick Opel 5-Car Showdown. In which we pitted our tough, talented Opel against four of its better known competitors in daring, fender-to-fender comparisons. Comparisons that would answer a lot of the questions that are probably on your mind. Like which car accelerates quickest? Which cars get the best EPA mileage ratings? Which corners flattest? Which is quietest and roomiest inside? Stuff like that.

To make sure the results would be fair and unbiased, we enlisted the aid of an independent engineering firm and an editor from *Car and Driver* magazine to oversee the procedures and review the data. All test cars were equipped as much alike as possible: all had 4-speed manual transmissions, available air conditioning, radial tires and a healthy complement of options. And the tests were conducted at the General Motors Desert Proving Grounds in Mesa, Arizona.

You may have seen our ads in your local newspaper, where we've been reporting the Showdown results on a regular basis. But in case you haven't or have missed some, here's what we've been up to.

SHOWDOWN #1: HUMAN ENGINEERING

Rabbit jumps ahead, takes first place.

	Interior Noise	Interior Room *	Total Showdown Points
	(Showdown Points)		
1. VW Rabbit (1600cc) Hatchback 2-dr. Sedan	5	5	**10**
2. Toyota Corolla (1600cc) Deluxe 2-dr. Sedan	5	4	**9**
3. Buick Opel (1800cc) Deluxe 2-dr. Coupe	5	3	**8**
4. Subaru DL (1600cc) Deluxe 2-dr. Sedan	5	2	**7**
5. Datsun B-210 (1350cc) Deluxe 2-dr. Sedan	5	1	**6**

*Using EPA procedures we calculated front and rear seat volume estimates. (Head x shoulder x leg room). A total passenger volume estimate resulted.

Here we focused on an area of traditional weakness in small, imported cars: creature comfort. In other words, how quiet, how roomy, and how generally good our test cars are at making life pleasant for their occupants.

The Interior Noise Test turned out to be too close to call, so we awarded each car five first-place points. But Rabbit's good showing in the Interior Room contest gave it first overall in the initial showdown. Opel, as you can see, finished third here.

So while we weren't exactly thrilled with Opel's third place finish, we did manage to beat two of our better-known competitors.

SHOWDOWN #2: UTILITY

Opel bounces back to grab victory.

	Trunk Capacity *	Pulling Power **	Parking Lot Maneuverability ***	Total Show-down Points
	(Showdown Points)			
1. Buick Opel	3	5	5	**13**
2. VW Rabbit	5	3	3	**11**
3. Toyota Corolla	2	4	4	**10**
4. Subaru DL	4	2	2	**8**
5. Datsun B-210	1	1	1	**3**

*Results based upon mfr. est's provided by the EPA.

**Measured pulling capabilities for (1) 30 mph (3rd gear) and (2) 55 mph (4th gear)

***Results based upon: (1) Measuring steering effort with the car standing still. (2) Measuring steering effort with the car moving at 10 mph. (3) Mfr. published turning diameters (Subaru measured)

The function of this Showdown was to test functionality: which car has the biggest trunk, which car is easiest to park, which has the best pulling power. The results were most gratifying.

The Rabbit, with its hatchback, easily took trunk capacity honors. But our intrepid little Opel outmaneuvered all the others in parking ease (where we measured two kinds of steering effort and calculated turning diameter) and received the highest grades in what the engineers call "gradability" (or what you'd probably call "pulling power").

And that pulled Opel into a first-place tie with Rabbit after two showdowns. Most gratifying, indeed. Especially for a little car you might not even have been considering.

SHOWDOWN #3: OPERATING EFFICIENCY

Toyota and Datsun tie for first; Opel—Gulp!—Last.

This was not our favorite event. Opel, with the biggest engine (1800cc) of all five cars, showed 27 miles per gallon* (based on EPA combined estimates: 55% city/45% highway). But it wasn't good enough.

Opel's bigger gas tank helped it do well when we measured Range (or how far a car can go on a full tank of gas), but not as well as Subaru and Toyota, who tied for first. And when we compared recommended maintenance schedules for 37,500 miles of normal driving, Opel (8 recommended visits) finished behind Rabbit (6 visits), and Datsun and Toyota (7 each).

All of which adds up to a first-place tie between Toyota and Datsun, with Opel—ahem—bringing up the rear, and dropping to third overall after three showdowns.

As we said, this was not our favorite event.

	Combined Mileage Est. *	Combined Range Est. *	Recommended Maintenance Stops ***	Total Showdown Points
	(Showdown Points)			
1. Toyota Corolla (EPA est. 39 hwy/28 city/32 comb.) (13.2 gal. tank)	4	5	4	**13**
1. Datsun B-210 (EPA est. 41 hwy/29 city/34 comb.) (11.6 gal. tank)	5	4	4	**13**
2. Subaru DL (EPA est. 41 hwy/28 city/32 comb.) (13.2 gal. tank)	4	5	2	**11**
3. VW Rabbit (EPA est. 37 hwy/24 city/28 comb.) (11.0 gal. tank)	3	2	5	**10**
4. Buick Opel (EPA est. 36 hwy/23 city/27 comb.) (13.7 gal. tank)	2	3	3	**8**

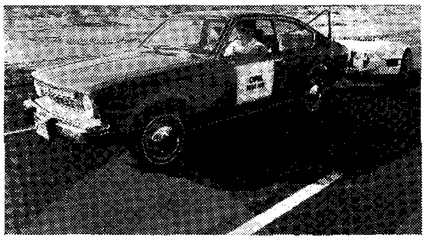
*Based upon EPA combined estimates (55% city/45% hwy). All vehicles equipped with standard 4-speed manual transmissions. Actual mileage may vary with driving habits, the condition of the car and its equipment.

**Based upon multiplying EPA combined mileage est. by gas tank capacity as published by each manufacturer. Actual range may vary.

***Based upon the number of recommended maintenance stops as outlined by the mfr. The number and type of recommended inspections, adjustments and replacements would vary by visit. The less frequent the number of dealer visits, the higher the score.

SHOWDOWN #4: ACCELERATION, PULLING POWER, CORNERING FLATNESS, STEERING QUICKNESS

The fourth event was close; Rabbit and Opel outrun the pack.



This, however, could very well be our favorite event. Because the first thing most people want to know about any car is, "What'll she do?"

How fast does it accelerate? How's it corner? How sensitive is the steering? And—for Opel—the answer to all of these questions is, "Quite well, thank you."

So well, in fact, that our surprising little Opel was barely nosed out by a car much ballyhooed for its prowess in these areas, the VW Rabbit.

Our Acceleration Test clocked three capabilities (0-55 mph, 20 to 35 mph., and 30 to 70 mph.), and Rabbit beat the clock every time. But Opel—yes, Opel—pulled down a solid second place.

In the Gradability test, (the ability to climb a hill) Opel finished second. But Opel showed the way around turns, exhibiting (along with Datsun) the least body lean in the Cornering Flatness Test (assuming, of course, that flatter is preferred—if not, switch the order in the chart); and tied with Toyota, Rabbit and Datsun for first place when we measured Steering Sensitivity or quickness.

	Acceleration *	Pulling Power **	Cornering Flatness ***	Steering Quickness ****	Total Showdown Points
	(Showdown Points)				
1. VW Rabbit (1600cc) (1945# Avg. Curb Wt.)	5	5	4	5	**19**
2. Buick Opel (1800cc) (2193# Avg. Curb Wt.)	4	4	5	5	**18**
3. Toyota Corolla (1600cc) (2190# Avg. Curb Wt.)	3	3	3	5	**14**
4. Subaru DL (1600cc) (2031# Avg. Curb Wt.)	2	3	4	4	**13**
4. Datsun B-210 (1350cc) (2047# Avg. Curb Wt.)	1	2	5	5	**13**

*Based upon: (1) 0-55 mph (2) 20-35 mph (3) 30-70 mph

**Based upon pulling capabilities for: (1) 30 mph (3rd gear) and (2) 55 mph (4th gear)

***Based upon opinion that less lean is preferable to more lean

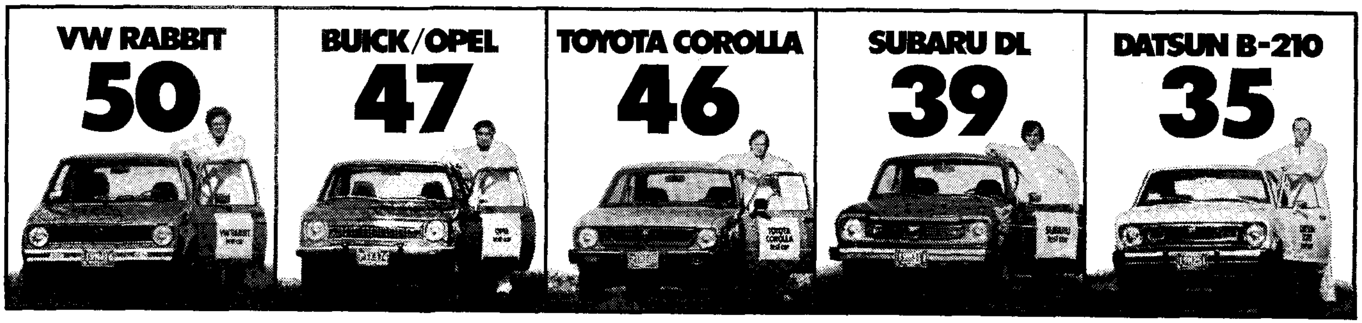
****Based upon: (1) measuring lateral acceleration and (2) calculating the resultant circle diameter (per 100 degree steering wheel angle @ 30 mph)

AND THE WINNER IS...

Let's put it this way: we didn't win. Well, alright, if you insist, we'll put it this way: Rabbit won.

But not by much. As you can see in the final point totals, the VW only beat our Opel by three points (with Calif. emission equipped cars: four points). And Opel did finish ahead of three highly regarded opponents in the areas we tested.

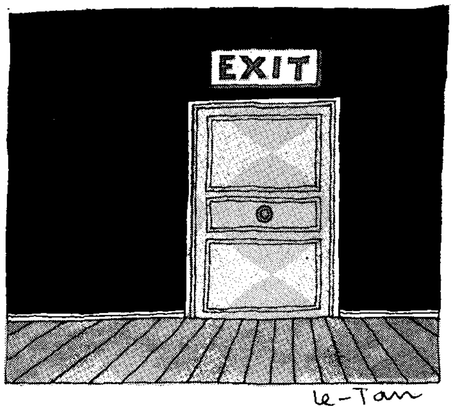
So if the point of this whole 5-Car Showdown was to convince you that our Opel could hold its own against better-established competitors . . . that Opel should definitely be considered when you wander out to shop . . . well, we think we've made it. Results will vary in California.



THE BUICK OPEL 5-CAR SHOWDOWN.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			25	26	27	28
29	30	31	1	2		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through May 31: "Welcome to L.A."
From June 1: To be announced.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through May 31: "The Late Show" and "Next Stop, Greenwich Village."
From June 1: To be announced.

Jean Renoir Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 10th. (873-8702; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Tenderness of the Wolves."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 31: "Fun with Dick and Jane."
From June 1: To be announced.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Slap Shot."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Annie Hall."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Day of the Animals."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Between the Lines."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
To be announced.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through May 26: "Looking Up."
From May 27: "Annie Hall."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Cría!"

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through May 26: "Annie Hall."
From May 27: "The Sting."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"3 Women."

59th St. East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through May 31: "Fun with Dick and Jane."
From June 1: "The Savage Is Loose."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Cousin Angelica."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Jabberwocky."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Nasty Habits."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Lovers Like Us."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Cinderella 2000" (X-rated).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"We All Loved Each Other So Much."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Cousin, Cousine."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Black Sunday."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Rocky."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Annie Hall."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Cinderella 2000" (X-rated).

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Star Wars."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Greatest."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Car."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Day of the Animals."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"The Greatest."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
To be announced.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Annie Hall."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Late Show."
Theatre 2: "Fun with Dick and Jane" and "The Front."
Theatre 3: "Cinderella 2000" (X-rated).
Theatre 4: "Woodstock."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through May 26: "Raggedy Ann & Andy."
From May 27: "The Sting."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Smokey and the Bandit."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through May 31: "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution" and "Rooster Cogburn."
From June 1: "The Domino Principle" and another feature, to be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Annie Hall."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Black and White in Color."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Man on the Roof."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Godfather" and "The Godfather, Part II."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
May 25: "Badlands" and "Fat City."
From May 26: "Equinox Flower."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Welcome to L.A."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Annie Hall."
Theatre 2: "The Greatest."
Theatre 3: "Black Sunday."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Jail Bait."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through May 31: "Fun with Dick and Jane" and "The Front."
From June 1: "Bound for Glory" and "Lenny."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

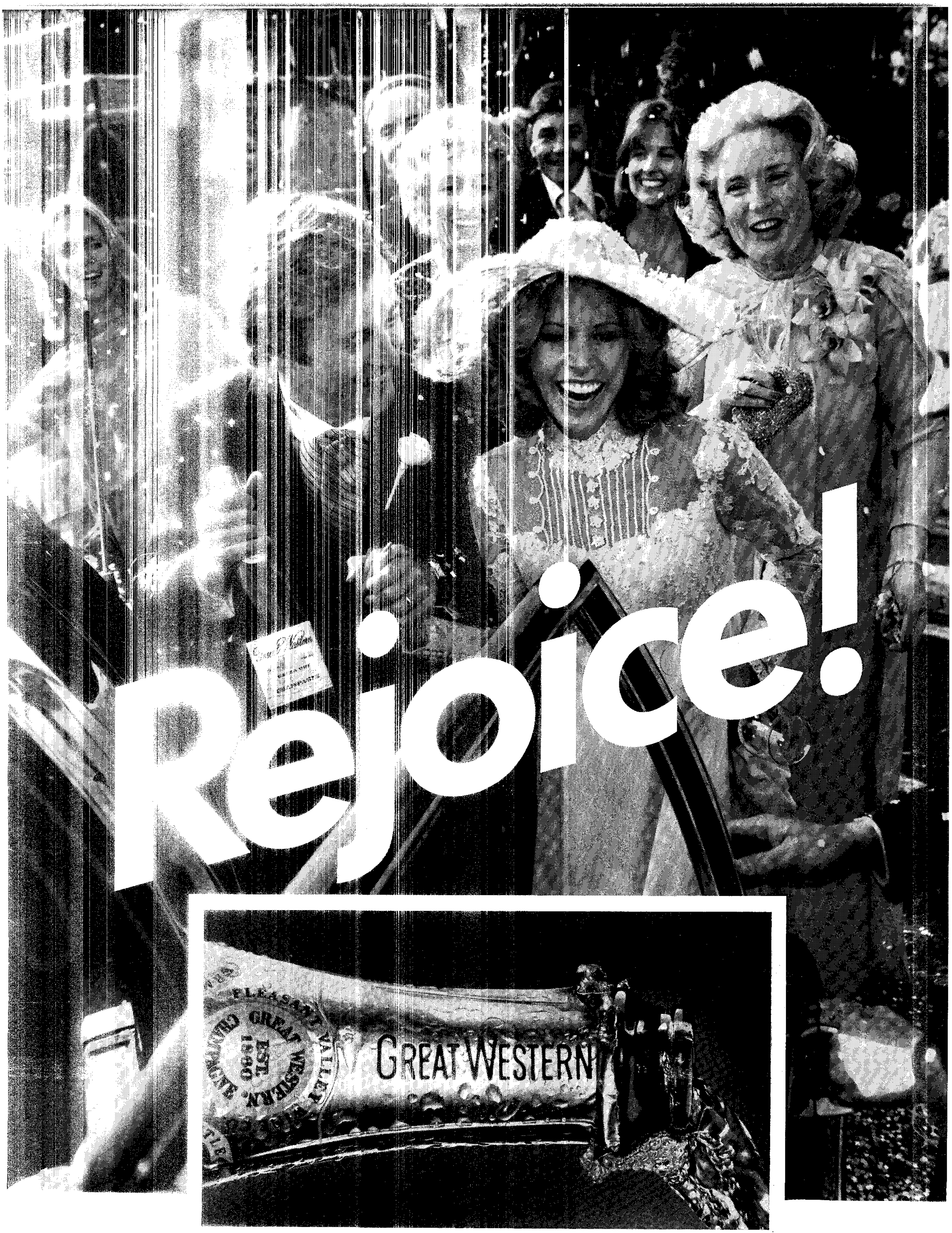
Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
May 25: "Diabolique" (1955), in French, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse; and "Le Corbeau" (1943), in French, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, with Pierre Fresnay and Ginette Leclerc.
May 26: "Psycho" (1960), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Anthony Perkins, Vera Miles, John Gavin, and Janet Leigh; and "Diabolique."
May 27: "Invasion of the Body Snatchers" (†); and "Psycho."
May 28: "Forbidden Planet" (1956), directed by Fred M. Wilcox, with Walter Pidgeon, Anne Francis, and Leslie Nielsen; and "Invasion of the Body Snatchers." (†)
May 29-30: "It Came from Outer Space" (†) and "The Creature from the Black Lagoon." (†)
May 31: "Long Pants" (†); and "The Navigator" (1924), directed by Buster Keaton and Donald Crisp, with Mr. Keaton, Kathryn McGuire, and Noble Johnson.
June 1: "WR—Mysteries of the Organism" (†) and "Cul-de-Sac." (†)
June 2: "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" (1974), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Jean-Claude Brialy, Monica Vitti, and Adriana Asti; and "WR—Mysteries of the Organism." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
May 25: "Mademoiselle" (1966), directed by Tony Richardson, with Jeanne Moreau; and "The Bride Wore Black" (1968), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jeanne Moreau.
May 26: "Anna Karenina" (1935), directed by Clarence Brown, with Greta Garbo and Fredric March; and "The Lady with the Dog" (1960), in Russian, directed by Josef Heifits.
May 27: "State of the Union" (1948), directed by Frank Capra, with Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Angela Lansbury, Adolphe Menjou, and Van Johnson; and "Platinum Blonde" (1931), directed by Frank Capra, with Jean Harlow, Robert Williams, Loretta Young, Claude Allister, and Halliwell Hobbes.
May 28: "Romeo and Juliet" (†); and "Brother Sun, Sister Moon" (1973), directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Graham Faulkner as Francis of Assisi.
May 29: "Cover Girl" (1944), directed by Charles Vidor, with Rita Hayworth, Gene Kelly, and Phil Silvers; and "Funny Face" (1957), directed by Stanley Donen, with Audrey Hepburn, Fred Astaire, and Kay Thompson.
May 30: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "Oh! What a Lovely War." (†)
May 31: "Lancelot of the Lake" (1975), in French, directed by Robert Bresson, with Luc Simon; and "The Rise of Louis XIV." (†)
June 1: "The Jazz Singer" (†) and "Yankee Doodle Dandy." (†)
June 2: "La Petite Marchande d'Allumettes" (†), "A Day in the Country" (†), and "Picnic on the Grass." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through May 26: "F for Fake" (1977), directed by, and with, Orson Welles; and "Mr. Arkadin" (1955), directed by Orson Welles, with Mr. Welles, Michael Redgrave, Akim Tamiroff, Mischa Auer, and Katina Paxinou.
May 27-28: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Malcolm McDowell; and "Performance" (1970), directed by Donald Cammell and Nicolas Roeg, with Mick Jagger and James Fox.
May 29-30: "Modern Times" (1936), and "City Lights" (1931), both films directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin.
May 31: "The Importance of Being Earnest" (†) and "The Romantic Englishwoman." (†)
June 1-2: "Fritz the Cat" (†) and "Heavy Traffic." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
May 25: "The Hidden Fortress" (1958), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Samurai Saga" (1959), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki, with Toshiro Mifune.
May 26-28: "Tange Sazen" (1963), in Japanese, directed by Seiichiro Uchikawa; and "Three Ronin" (1969), in Japanese, directed by Hideo Gosha.
May 29-30: "The Lower Depths" (1957), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Sansho the Bailiff" (1954), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi.
May 31-June 1: "The Ceremony" (1971), in Japanese, directed by Nagisa Oshima.
From June 2: "Zatoichi at Large" (1973), in Japanese, directed by Kazuo Mori; and "Samurai Rebellion" (1967), in Japanese, directed by Masaki Kobayashi, with Toshiro Mifune.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through May 28: "Mildred Pierce" (1945), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Joan Crawford, Jack Carson, Zachary Scott, and Ann Blyth; and "Johnny Guitar." (†)
May 29-31: "Autumn Leaves" (1956), di-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GREAT WESTERN

The Great American Champagne

GREAT WESTERN—Winner of 9 Medals in European competition.
For over 100 years, the most honored American champagne.

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO., HAMMONDSPORT, N.Y. 14840

rected by Robert Aldrich, with Joan Crawford, Cliff Robertson, Vera Miles, and Lorne Greene; and "Flamingo Road." (†)

From June 1: "Daisy Kenyon" (1947), directed by Otto Preminger, with Joan Crawford, Dana Andrews, and Henry Fonda; and "Rain" (1932), directed by Lewis Milestone, with Joan Crawford and Walter Huston.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

May 25: "The Stranger" (1946), directed by Orson Welles, with Mr. Welles, Edward G. Robinson, and Loretta Young; and "Touch of Evil." (†)

May 26-28: "Kitty Foyle" (†) and "Roxie Hart." (†)

May 29-30: "Private Lives" (†) and "Marie Antoinette." (†)

May 31: "Girl of the Golden West" (†) and "I Married an Angel." (†)

June 1-2: "The King and I" (1956), directed by Walter Lang, with Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner; and "Anastasia" (1956), directed by Anatole Litvak, with Ingrid Bergman and Yul Brynner.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through May 29: "Americaner Shadchen" (1940), in Yiddish, directed by Edgar G. Ulmer, with Leo Fuchs, Judith Abarbanel, and Yudel Dubinsky; English subtitles. Showings at noon, 2, and 4.... ¶ Starting May 31: "Super Vision," a video program. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evening). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Méliès, Vertov, Vigo, Keller, Hill, Benning, Buñuel, Rosselini, and others. Showings May 25 at 7 and 8:30; May 26-27 at 7 and 9; May 28 at 2:30, 5:30, 7:30, and 9:30; May 29 at 8; May 31 at 7 and 8:30; and June 1-2 at 7 and 9.

FILM FORUM, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—May 26-29: "The City" (1939), directed by Willard Van Dyke and Ralph Steiner; "The River" (1937), directed by Pare Lorentz; and "Pie in the Sky" (1934), directed by Elia Kazan, Ralph Steiner, Irving Lerner, and Leo Hurwitz.... ¶ Starting June 2: "The New School" (1973), a Cuban film, in Spanish, directed by Jorge Fraga; English subtitles. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art auditorium is closed for renovation until June 9.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

ANNIE HALL—Woody Allen's newest film—very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton, for whom Mr. Allen has written a splendidly funny and loving part. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/25/77.) (34th St. East, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, Little Carnegie, and Loews 83rd Triplex.... ¶ Baronet; through May 26.... ¶ Fine Arts; starting May 27.)

BADLANDS (1973)—Set in South Dakota at the end of the fifties, Terrence Malick's début picture is about an emotionless young killer (Martin Sheen) and his fifteen-year-old girl friend (Sissy Spacek), who go on a murderous spree. The young lovers are psychologically aberrant, and their moral vacuum spreads over the flat, dead landscape. An intellectualized movie—shrewd and artful, carefully styled to sustain its low-key view of dissociation—but so preconceived that there's nothing left to respond to. (Cinema Studio; May 25.)

BETWEEN THE LINES—Directed by Joan Micklin Silver, from a screenplay by Fred Barron, about a spirited underground Boston weekly called the *Back Bay Mainline*. Mrs. Silver's style is anecdotal and illustrative, crammed with good characters. The plot is engagingly unaggressive and unsystematic, leading to a slimy climax in which the newspaper is bought by a ruthless smoothie in a tie and a suit who is ready to sack and replace the whole raffish staff. The rebel, nicely, is the receptionist, whose habit is to be courteous to everybody, but who knows a rank herring when she sees one. An endearing picture. (5/9/77) (Sutton.)

BLACK AND WHITE IN COLOR—Directed by Jean-Jacques Annaud: at first anecdotal, then ironic and sharp and charming. The scene is West Africa in 1915, when the local French and German garrisons learn that they are at war. The hero is a good-looking, decisive French geographer called Hubert (Jacques Spiesser), who turns a tribe into a pukka regiment. Highly recommended. In French. (5/23/77) (Paris.)

BLACK SUNDAY—What if a terrorist Black September group were to try to blow up the eighty thousand-odd spectators and the President at a Super Bowl game in Miami? Robert Shaw plays, very well, an Israeli tracking down the assassins; an emaciated Bruce Dern plays one of the would-be killers. The effect of this best of the batch of what-if films is So what? Directed by John Frankenheimer. (4/4/77) (Loews Tower East, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

BOUND FOR GLORY—As Woody Guthrie, David Carradine has an ornery intransigence that gives the film a core, and the re-creation of the late thirties is superbly lighted and shot (by Haskell Wexler). There's real love in director Hal Ashby's staging of the incidents, and the entire film shows taste and good will. Though it doesn't build dramatically—it straggles just when you want it to soar—it's by no means a negligible piece of work. (12/13/76) (Olympia; starting June 1.)

THE CAR—With James Brolin, Kathleen Lloyd, and John Marley; directed by Elliot Silverstein. (86th St. East.)

COUSIN ANGELICA (1974)—Carlos Saura's wonderful picture is the first film made in Spain from the position of the people who lost the Civil War. It happens in two interwoven epochs: the outbreak of the war and the seventies. José Luis López Vázquez plays both the boy and the middle-aged man, in a reflection of the way we all embody the selves we will be at eight or forty-eight or eighty. His beloved is Angelica (María Clara Fernández), first seen (in 1938) as a little girl in a sailor suit who is the child of Francoist parents, later (in the seventies) seen as a daughter of the original Angelica. Happiness billows through this picture, a sanctified fancy about memory. In Spanish. (5/23/77) (D.W. Griffith.)

COUSIN, COUSINE—Jean-Charles Tacchella's cheerful film about a big family and two Rabelaisian apostates within it. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON (1954)—The amusingly slimy monster—a sort of rubbery, leering frog that stands upright, like a man—has obscene intentions on the fainting heroine (Julia Adams). This third-rate horror film from Universal came out in 3-D, and kids seemed to adore the amphibious villain. Jack Arnold directed; with Richard Carlson, Richard Denning, Antonio Moreno, Nestor Paiva, and Whit Bissell. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 29-30.)

CRÍA!—With Geraldine Chaplin and Ana Torrent, directed by Carlos Saura. In Spanish. (Plaza.)

CUL-DE-SAC (1966)—A slapstick comedy of horrors about an ugly, bald, whimpering, middle-aged homosexual (Donald Pleasence) whose beautiful young French wife (Françoise Dorléac) dresses him up in her nighties. This strange form of connubial bliss is interrupted by an American gangster (old gravel-voiced Lionel Stander himself). Roman Polanski directed this freak show. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 1.)

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY (1937)—Jean Renoir's short (thirty-seven-minute) film from a de Maupassant story is one of the two or three greatest short-story films ever made—a lyric tragedy that ranks with his finest work. Jeanne Marken and Sylvia Bataille are the mother and daughter who are seduced on a family outing on the banks of the Marne; Renoir himself plays the role of an innkeeper. Music by Kosma. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 2.)

DAY OF THE ANIMALS—With Christopher George, Leslie Nielsen, and Linda Day George; directed by William Girdler. (Eastside Cinema, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

THE DOMINO PRINCIPLE—With Gene Hackman, Candice Bergen, Richard Widmark, Mickey Rooney, Edward Albert, and Eli Wallach; directed by Stanley Kramer. (Playboy; starting June 1.)

EQUINOX FLOWER (1958)—Directed by Yasujiro Ozu. In Japanese. (Cinema Studio; starting May 26.)

FAT CITY (1972)—A film about a boxer, though not about boxing, directed by John Huston from Leonard Gardner's novel. (Gardner wrote the script.) The hero, wonderfully played by Stacy Keach, is an out-of-training fighter who is just about to hit thirty: we see him staring at his life, and it seems to singe his eyeballs. The fat city of the title is the world of limitless booze and broads and money that men down on their luck plunder in their dreams. Tough, eloquent script, beautiful muted colors—mostly photographed in Stockton, California. (Cinema Studio; May 25.)

FLAMINGO ROAD (1949)—Joan Crawford's heroines have a few too many ups and downs. This time, she's involved with Zachary Scott, the same heel who betrayed her in "Mildred Pierce," and she's implicated in murder again, and with the same director, Michael Curtiz, but the script lacks the mythic overwrought James M. Cainisms of the earlier film. It's merely tediously overwrought. With Sydney Greenstreet, Gladys George, David Brian, Gertrude Michael, and Fred Clark. (Thalia; May 29-31.)

FRITZ THE CAT (1972)—An X-rated cartoon, full of good humor, bad taste, randiness, benign ethnic jokes, and other staples of New York wit. The rating is a pity; everyone who is officially underage according to the rating system knows more about Robert Crumb's famous Fritz than his parents are likely to. The New York landscapes are drawn with great delicacy, and the New York animalized characters with purple amplitude; the voices are human. Directed and scripted by Ralph Bakshi. This is one of the few full-length cartoons with an ear as accurate as a good play's. (Cinema Village; June 1-2.)

THE FRONT—The writer, Walter Bernstein, had a nifty comedy idea—to make a movie about the blacklisting in the entertainment industry during the McCarthy era, centering on a political innocent who fronts for blacklisted writers—but he didn't develop its comic potential. Woody Allen gives the film its only spark. He plays Howie, a restaurant cashier and small-time bookie who becomes a front; the funniest, most original scenes show the stirrings of literary vanity within this nonwriter. Most of the film, though, is set up like a wartime anti-Nazi melodrama; it's the good guys versus the bad guys, and Howie becomes the Everyman who has to learn to choose sides. The pacing of the director, Martin Ritt, is off, the sequences don't flow, and the film seems sterile, unpopulated, and flat. (10/4/76) (Quad Cinema.... ¶ Olympia; through May 31.)

FUN WITH DICK AND JANE—A nitwit mixture of counterculture politics, madcap comedy, and toilet humor. George Segal and Jane Fonda are Dick and Jane of the children's primers, grown up, married, and living beyond their means in a suburban-palatial L.A. dream house; when he loses his executive job they turn to robbery. Excruciatingly badly directed by Ted Kotcheff. (2/28/77) (Quad Cinema.... ¶ Gramercy, 59th St. East, and Olympia; through May 31.)

GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST (1938)—Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, and Walter Pidgeon—MacDonald being the good girl and Eddy the bandit in this hoary old tale, here produced as a fairly boring musical with a score by Gus Kahn and Sigmund Romberg. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 31.)

THE GODFATHER (1972)—A wide, startlingly vivid view of a Mafia dynasty, in which organized crime becomes an obscene nightmare image of American ruthlessness. The movie is a popular melodrama, but it expresses a new tragic realism, and it's altogether extraordinary. Francis Ford Coppola directed; Marlon Brando and Al Pacino are the stars. (Paramount.)

THE GODFATHER, PART II (1974)—The daring of

Part II is that it enlarges the scope and deepens the meaning of the first film. Visually, Part II is far more complexly beautiful than the first, just as it's thematically richer, more shadowed, fuller. The completed work, contrasting the early manhood of Vito (Robert De Niro) with the life of Michael, his inheritor (Al Pacino), is an epic vision of the corruption of America. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola; the script is by Coppola and Mario Puzo. (Paramount.)

The Greatest—The career of Muhammad Ali, from his 1960 Olympic victory to the 1975 fight in Zaire against George Foreman. With Ali playing himself, directed by Tom Gries. (Loews Ciné, Waverly, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Heavy Traffic (1973)—Ralph Bakshi, begetter of "Fritz the Cat," wrote and directed this outrageous and sombre full-length cartoon about life in Manhattan. It was conceived in love and loathing, and executed with a savage gift that is often disruptingly funny. The graphics elide from animation into realistic acting, and actual sets are mixed with photographed city backdrops that sometimes have haunting effects created in the darkroom. (Cinema Village; June 1-2.)

I Married an Angel (1942)—Rodgers' and Hart's sophisticated musical comedy was purchased for Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy when their popularity in stale-whipped-cream operetta was waning, but then M-G-M chickened out, removed the sophistication, and turned the musical comedy into something as bland as operetta but without its energy. This disaster was their last film together. W. S. Van Dyke directed; the cast includes Binnie Barnes, Janis Carter, Mona Maris, and Edward Everett Horton. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 31.)

The Importance of Being Earnest (1952)—Oscar Wilde's deliriously convoluted, perfect comedy. This English production, directed by Anthony Asquith, is a bit stagy but marvellously acted, especially by Edith Evans, Joan Greenwood, Margaret Rutherford, and Michael Redgrave. (Cinema Village; May 31.)

Invasion of the Body Snatchers (1956)—A B-picture classic. This plain and inexpensive piece of science fiction employs few of the resources of the cinema (to put it mildly), but it has an idea that confirms everyone's suspicions. People are being turned into vegetables—and who can tell the difference? Kevin McCarthy and Dana Wynter, who try to cling to their animality and individuality, seem inexplicably backward to the rest of the townspeople. With Carolyn Jones, and Sam Peckinpah (who worked on the script) in a few bits. Directed by Don Siegel. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 27-28.)

It Came from Outer Space (1953)—Sci-fi set in the Arizona desert, originally from Ray Bradbury. A spaceship lands and buries itself in the desert, and starts mysteriously to change people's characters. Good stuff about personality takeover, which is one of the metaphysical preoccupations of S.F. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 29-30.)

Jabberwocky—Blithely announced as "at last, a film for the squeamish," this is an agreeably deranged English film, directed by Monty Python's Terry Gilliam, with Python's Michael Palin playing a dim-looking youth called Dennis Cooper. It is set, vaguely, in the Middle Ages, which is to say in the middle of demolition, muddle, and mayhem. The villain is the Jabberwocky, who looks batlike, in a cobwebby way, below, but has a fishy face. Highly recommended. (5/9/77) (Cinema I.)

Jail Bait (1972)—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (Reviewed in this issue.) (New Yorker.)

The Jazz Singer (1927)—A mediocre, mostly silent picture, but Al Jolson's songs (plus a bit of spoken dialogue) amid the heart-tugging conflict-of-generations plot stirred audiences. It certainly doesn't look like a revolutionary film, but it heralded the new era of talkies. Alan Crosland directed, from Samson Raphaelson's play. With May McAvoy. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 1.)

Johnny Guitar (1954)—A very rum Western, with cockeyed feminist attitudes expressed by Joan Crawford as a gambling-house owner. Directed by Nicholas Ray at his most delirious, which at least makes his work more of a fling than usual, if not distinguished. With Ernest Borgnine and John Carradine. Enjoyable. (Thalia; through May 28.)

Kitty Foyle (1940)—Ginger Rogers won the Academy Award for best actress for her "serious" performance in this movie, in which she plays a white-collar girl whose baby dies. In a long career of giving pleasure, this is just about her worst acting, and the movie, adapted by Dalton Trumbo and Donald Ogden Stewart from Christopher Morley's novel, is dreary and undistinguished. Sam Wood directed. With Dennis Morgan, James Craig, Gladys Cooper, Florence Bates, and Eduardo Ciannelli. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 26-28.)

The Late Show—The writer-director, Robert Benton, has followed the rules of the detective-movie genre, but he's also added something: the detective (Art Carney) is overweight, old, and scared. Lily Tomlin is the woman who hires him; Eugene Roche is a fence who loves his stolen goodies; Bill Macy is a scrounging bartender; Joanna Cassidy is a lying, cheating charmer; Howard Duff is a penny-ante detective; and John Considine is a sleekly handsome strong-arm man. They're all originals. (2/7/77) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through May 31.)

Lenny (1974)—The earnest Bob Fosse film starring Dustin Hoffman is for audiences who want to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saintly gadfly who was martyred for having lived before their time. Hoffman makes a serious, honorable try, but he's the wrong kind of actor to play Bruce. Hoffman is a nice boy; Bruce was uncompromisingly not nice. Valerie Perrine is touching as Honey, and Gary Morton has a fine bit as the type of comic who knew how to keep his public happy. (Olympia; starting June 1.)

Long Pants (1927)—This Harry Langdon comedy, directed by Frank Capra, wasn't the box-office hit that "The Strong Man" of the year before had been, and it has its dull side, but it's a well-made, close-knit picture, with several inventive sequences. Langdon, with his futile gestures, is a perplexing mixture of the infantile and the effete. Here, he plays a meek, dim-witted small-town boy who yearns for romance and gets it with his first pair of long pants. When he first sees the scheming dame he falls for, she's sitting in an open car, and he circles around her on his bicycle, helplessly infatuated and trying to impress her by his prowess. He abandons his steady girl and follows this villainess to the city. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 31.)

Looking Up—With Marilyn Chris, Dick Shawn, Doris Belack, and Harry Goz; directed by Linda Yellen. (Fine Arts; through May 26.)

Lovers Like Us—With Catherine Deneuve, Yves Montand, and Tony Roberts; directed by Jean-Paul Rappenau. (Columbia I.)

Man on the Roof—Based on a Maj Sjöwall-Per Wahlöö book. With Carl-Gustaf Lindstedt, directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Cinema 3.)

Marie Antoinette (1938)—A resplendent bore. M-G-M built a grand ballroom that was several feet longer than the original at Versailles, and Adrian designed twelve hundred and fifty gowns, as well as costumes for two poodles. The effort to create a sympathetic interpretation of Marie that would be suitable for Norma Shearer—M-G-M's "first lady" and, as Irving Thalberg's widow, a large stockholder—resulted in a lugubriously noble central character. Since King Louis XVI (Robert Morley) wasn't much of a love interest, Shearer was given Tyrone Power (as a Swedish count) for a bit of romance; meant for leavening, this doomed affair only adds to the soggy weight. W. S. Van Dyke directed; with John Barrymore, Gladys George, Anita Louise, and Joseph Schildkraut. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 29-30.)

Nasty Habits—At its best, a movie of high wit and inspired silliness. Adapted from "The Abbess of Crewe," Muriel Spark's 1974 Watergate travesty set in a convent, the film features a coiffed little wolf pack—Glenda Jackson as Nixon, Geraldine Page and Anne Jackson as Haldeman and Ehrlichman, and, in an inspired bit of casting, Sandy Dennis as their flunky, John Dean. As Kissinger, Melina Mercouri doesn't help much, but the scenarist, Robert Enders, has added a Gerald Ford figure—Anne Meara, who is such a brassy, good-humored top banana that everything she does is funny. The script tapers off toward topicality and obviousness, but Michael Lindsay-Hogg's directing has a balmy gracefulness to it. With Edith Evans. (2/21/77) (Cinema II.)

Next Stop, Greenwich Village (1976)—Paul Mazursky's wonderful autobiographical lyric satire about a young comedian's life in the Village in the early fifties. With a tip-top cast headed by Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Chris-

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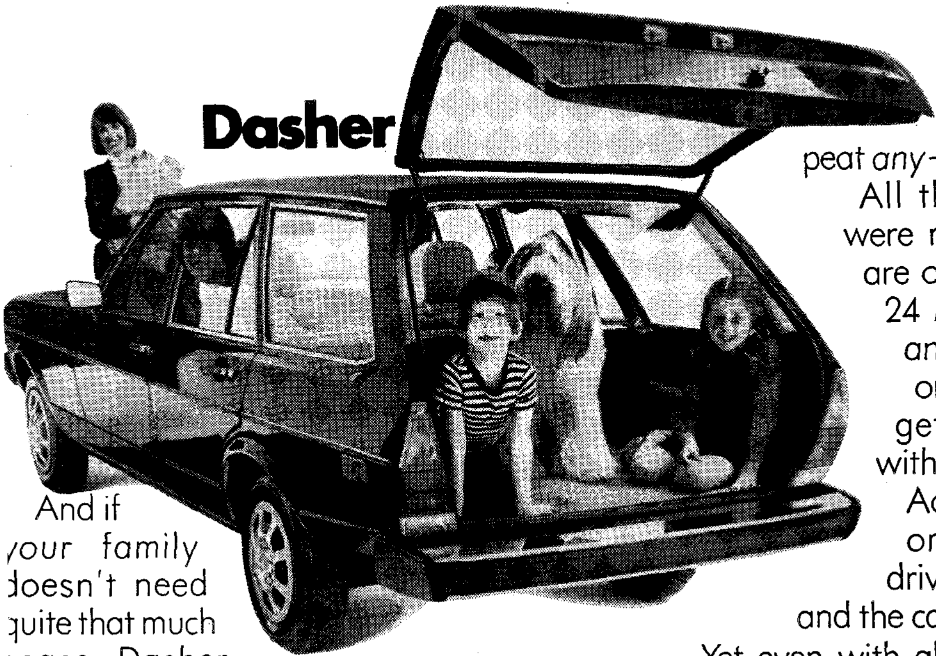

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topher Walken, and Antonio Fargas, and with Shelley Winters giving her first full-scale performance that works on all levels. (2/2/76) (St. Marks Cinema; through May 31.)

Oh! What a Lovely War (1969)—This musical lampoon of the First World War is meant to stir your sentiments, evoke nostalgia, and make you react to the obscenity of battles and bloodshed, and apparently it does do all that for some people. With John Mills, Maggie Smith, Sir Laurence, Sir Michael, Sir John, Sir Ralph, et al. Richard Attenborough directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 30.)

La Petite Marchande d'Allumettes (1928)—Jean Renoir's silent poetic fantasy, derived from the Hans Christian Andersen story "The Little Match Girl," has the qualities of an avant-garde film, yet with the innocence of D.W. Griffith's "Broken Blossoms." The girl (Renoir's first wife, Catherine Hessling) falls asleep in the Christmas snow and dreams of a handsome officer, who carries her into the clouds. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 2.)

Picnic on the Grass (1959)—Jean Renoir, but at neither his best nor even his second-best. His themes are reduced to crotchets in this story about a scientist (Paul Meurisse) who preaches artificial insemination until he catches sight of Catherine Rouvel bathing nude. Some sequences were filmed at Les Collettes, the home where Auguste Renoir spent his last years. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 2.)

Private Lives (1931)—Early talkie attempt at glittering theatrical sophistication, and, somehow, M-G-M brought it off this time. This version of the Noël Coward play was made soon after the play came out, and perhaps the play's style and excitement carries the cast along. Norma Shearer isn't so bad, and Robert Montgomery is very, very good. It was a dazzling success. Sidney Franklin directed; with Reginald Denny. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 29-30.)

Raggedy Ann & Andy—An animated musical feature, directed by Richard Williams. (Guild; through May 26.)

The Rise of Louis XIV (1966)—Rossellini's beady-eyed and graceful chronicle about the growing up of a young monarch from a boy written off as nothing much more than an unambitious young debauchee into one of the most skillful absolutists in European history. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 31.)

Rocky—A low-budget winner—a romantic fable about a Philadelphia palooka who gains his manhood, written by and starring muscle-bound Sylvester Stallone, who is repulsive one moment, noble the next. The picture is poorly made, yet its naive, emotional shamelessness is funny and engaging. John G. Avildsen directed; with Talia Shire, Carl Weathers, Burt Young, and Burgess Meredith. (11/29/76) (72nd Street East.)

The Romantic Englishwoman (1975)—Michael Caine is the pulp-writer husband, and Glenda Jackson is the discontented wife, and this is another flaccid essay on infidelity, with prissy-mouthed Helmut Berger as the gigolo-intruder. The director, Joseph Losey, persuaded Tom Stoppard to do the rewrite on Thomas Wiseman's adaptation of his own novel, and Stoppard has given the dialogue a few Noël Cowardish bitch-nifties, but not enough to keep the viewer's blood coursing. It's a mystification melodrama with leftish overtones; the title is ironic—the film's oblique message is that the bourgeois wife consumes everything, even her lover. (12/8/75) (Cinema Village; May 31.)

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Romeo and Juliet (1968)—Franco Zeffirelli throws Shakespeare into the generation gap. His version features teen-agers and sword fights and extravagant grand passions. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 28.)

Rooster Cogburn (1975)—Just about the worst. A Western shoot-'em-up, with John Wayne wallowing in the role of the one-eyed U.S. marshal carried over from "True Grit." Katharine Hepburn—her role lifted bodily from "The African Queen"—plays the schoolteacher-daughter of a missionary to the Indians. When Wayne and Hepburn spar, it's mortifyingly blunt vaudeville, and their inevitable mutual admiration comes all too coyly soon. Stuart Millar directed, from a script written by the producer Hal Wallis, his wife, Martha Hyer, and others; they all hid—as well they should have—under the pseudonym Martin Julien. (11/3/75) (Playboy; through May 31.)

Roxie Hart (1942)—Roxie (Ginger Rogers) is the 1926 sensation of Chicago—a flapper on trial for her life who has the time of her life while on trial. She is coached and defended by Adolphe Menjou—"Roxie's simple, barefoot mouthpiece"—in sequences that may be the funniest courtroom buffoonery ever filmed. The scriptwriter, Nunnally Johnson, provided a loving, satiric look at the speakeasies, floozies, and tabloids, with a glance at the forsaken rural boredom. (Roxie's farmer father, summoned to the long-distance phone and informed that she has been arrested on a murder charge, returns to the rocker on his porch, rocks for a while, and then says to his wife, "They're going to hang Roxie." The mother murmurs approvingly, "What did I tell you?") William Wellman directed, in a fast, broad, spirited style (though the end is the kind of studio factory finish that no director can do anything with). The cast is first-rate: Iris Adrian is Two-Gun Gertie ("Got a butt, buddy?"); the reporters and photographers include Lynne Overman (whose vocal inflections could do as much for dialogue as Lee Tracy's), Phil Silvers, George Montgomery, and Spring Byington as a sobsister. Sara Allgood is the prison matron, Nigel Bruce is a theatrical agent, and George Chandler is Roxie's husband. Even Jeff Corey turns up in a bit. Adapted from the Maurine Watkins play "Chicago," which was also filmed in 1927, with Phyllis Haver in the lead. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 26-28.)

The Savage Is Loose (1974)—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson, as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. (59th St. East; starting June 1.)

The Seven-Per-Cent Solution—A civilized light entertainment, with Nicol Williamson's Sherlock Holmes and Alan Arkin's Sigmund Freud pooling their deductive skills to solve the mysterious kidnapping of one of Freud's patients (Vanessa Redgrave). Chief among the performers, who seem to be having an actor's holiday, is Laurence Olivier, in high form as the criminal mastermind Prof. Moriarty; the others include Robert Duvall as Dr. Watson, Joel Grey, Anna Quayle, Samantha Eggar, Georgia Brown, Jeremy Kemp, and Charles Gray. Nicholas Meyer adapted his 1974 best-seller; Herbert Ross directed. (11/1/76) (Playboy; through May 31.)

Slap Shot—Fast, noisy, profane comedy set in the world of minor-league ice hockey. The director, George Roy Hill, gets you laughing, all right, but you don't necessarily enjoy yourself. What holds the film together is the warmth supplied by Paul Newman, who, as Reggie, a player-coach, gives the performance of his life—to date. (3/7/77) (Murray Hill.)

Smokey and the Bandit—With Burt Reynolds, Sally Field, Jerry Reed, and Jackie Gleason; directed by Hal Needham. (Music Hall.)

Star Wars—With Mark Hamill, Harrison Ford, Carrie Fisher, Peter Cushing, and Alec Guinness; directed by George Lucas. (Loews Orpheum.)

The Sting (1973)—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (Baronet, and Guild; starting May 27.)

Tenderness of the Wolves (1973)—Directed by Ulli Lommel. In German. (Jean Renoir Cinema.)

3 Women—Robert Altman's dream film about three women whose identities merge, one into another, and flow together. Shelley Duvall plays a beautiful know-it-all girl who is an attendant in a health spa for the aged. Sissy Spacek plays the novice she breaks in, and Janice Rule plays a silent artist who paints lunging profile figures on the sides of swimming pools. (4/18/77) (Coronet.)

Touch of Evil (1958)—The original 108-minute version, not often exhibited, of Orson Welles' marvellously garish thriller about drugs and police corruption in a border town. Welles, padded and false-nosed, plays a bloodhound detective. The cast, assembled as perversely as in a nightmare, includes Marlene Dietrich as the madam of a Mexican bordello, Charlton Heston, Joseph Calleia, Akim Tamiroff, Joseph Cotten, Janet Leigh, Zsa Zsa Gabor, and Mercedes McCambridge. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 25.)

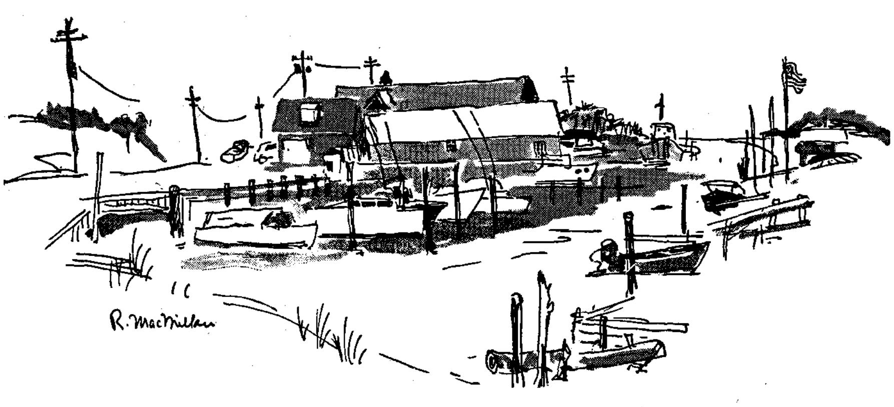
We All Loved Each Other So Much—With Vittorio Gassman, Nino Manfredi, Stefania Sandrelli, and Aldo Fabrizi; directed by Ettore Scola. In Italian. (Beekman.)

Welcome to L.A.—The writer-director, Alan Rudolph, is literary in a sub-literate way; he overvalues mournful poetic thoughts. And Richard Baskin, whose suite of rock songs "City of the One Night Stands" was the starting point for this sick-soul-of-Los Angeles movie, growls his guru-wisdom lyrics on the sound track. Their whimsical, laid-back alienation is stagnant and irritating; the picture seems drugged. Keith Carradine, Geraldine Chaplin, Lauren Hutton, Harvey Keitel, John Considine, Sissy Spacek, Sally Kellerman, and others perform attentively, but they're undirected. (3/21/77) (Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Art; through May 31.)

Woodstock (1970)—Michael Wadleigh's three-hour account of the Woodstock Festival, with half a million good-humored kids up there on screen. Wadleigh has a kind eye and an exuberant style; the triple-image editing is particularly effective on such groups as The Who. Jimi Hendrix makes "The Star-Spangled Banner" sound like an air raid. (Quad Cinema.)

WR—Mysteries of the Organism (1971)—Controversial, comic collage-movie by Dusan Makavejev that mixes and parodies left-wing politics and Wilhelm Reichian psychology; the point of view is so unstable that it seems to be more sophomoric than anything else. With the gifted actress Milena Dravic, as well as Jackie Curtis and Tuli Kupferberg. A Yugoslavian film. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 1-2.)

Yankee Doodle Dandy (1942)—The astonishingly versatile James Cagney as George M. Cohan in a big, enjoyable musical well directed by Michael Curtiz. With Walter Huston. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 1.)



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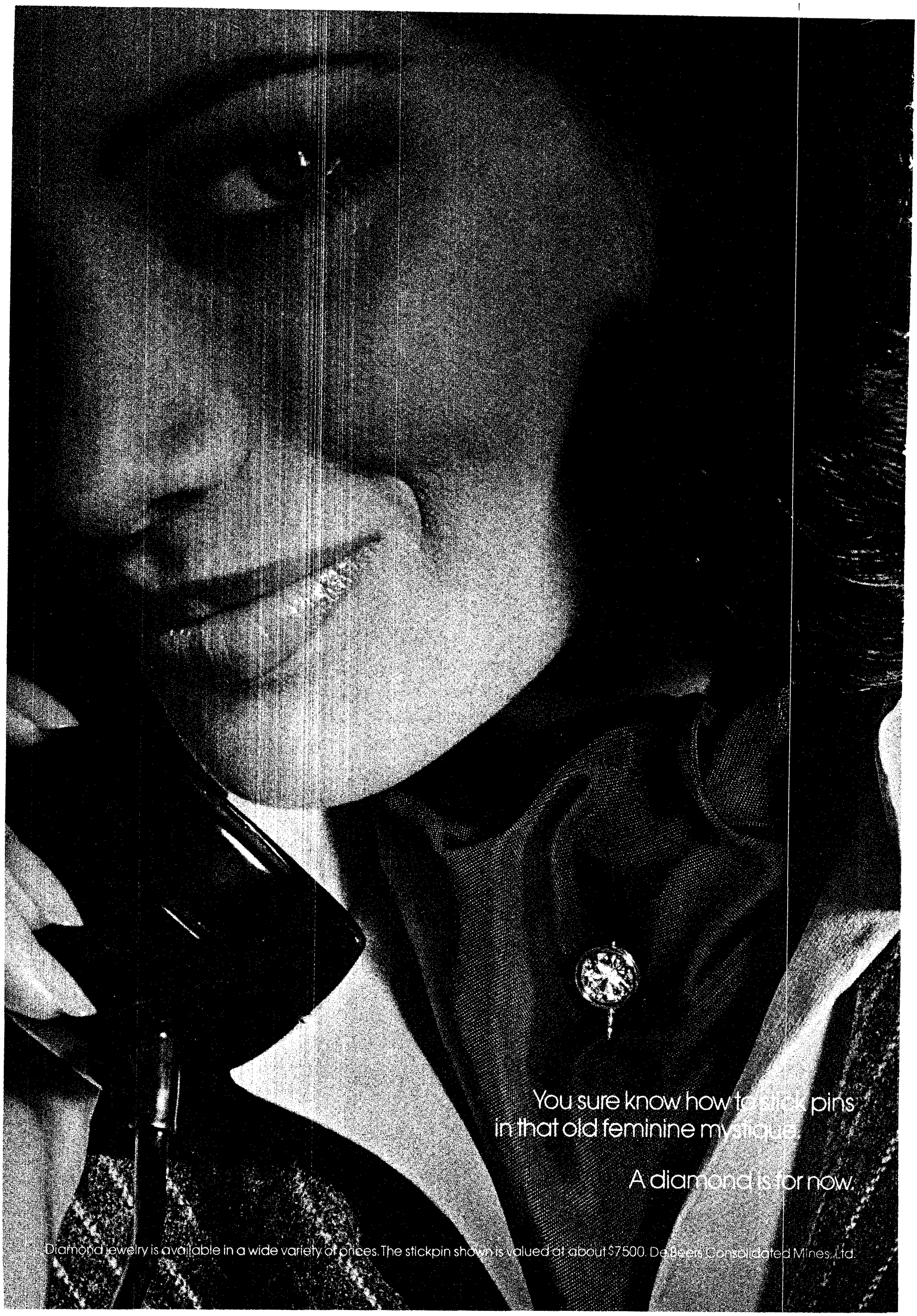
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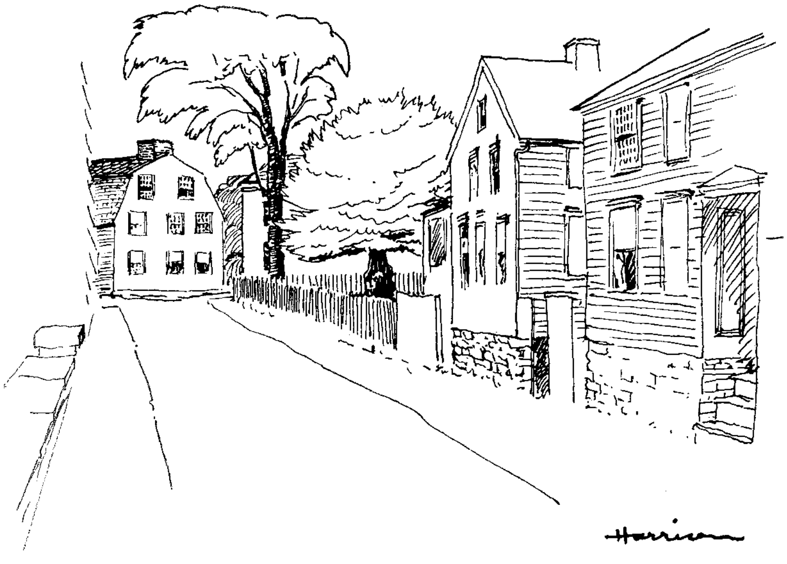
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

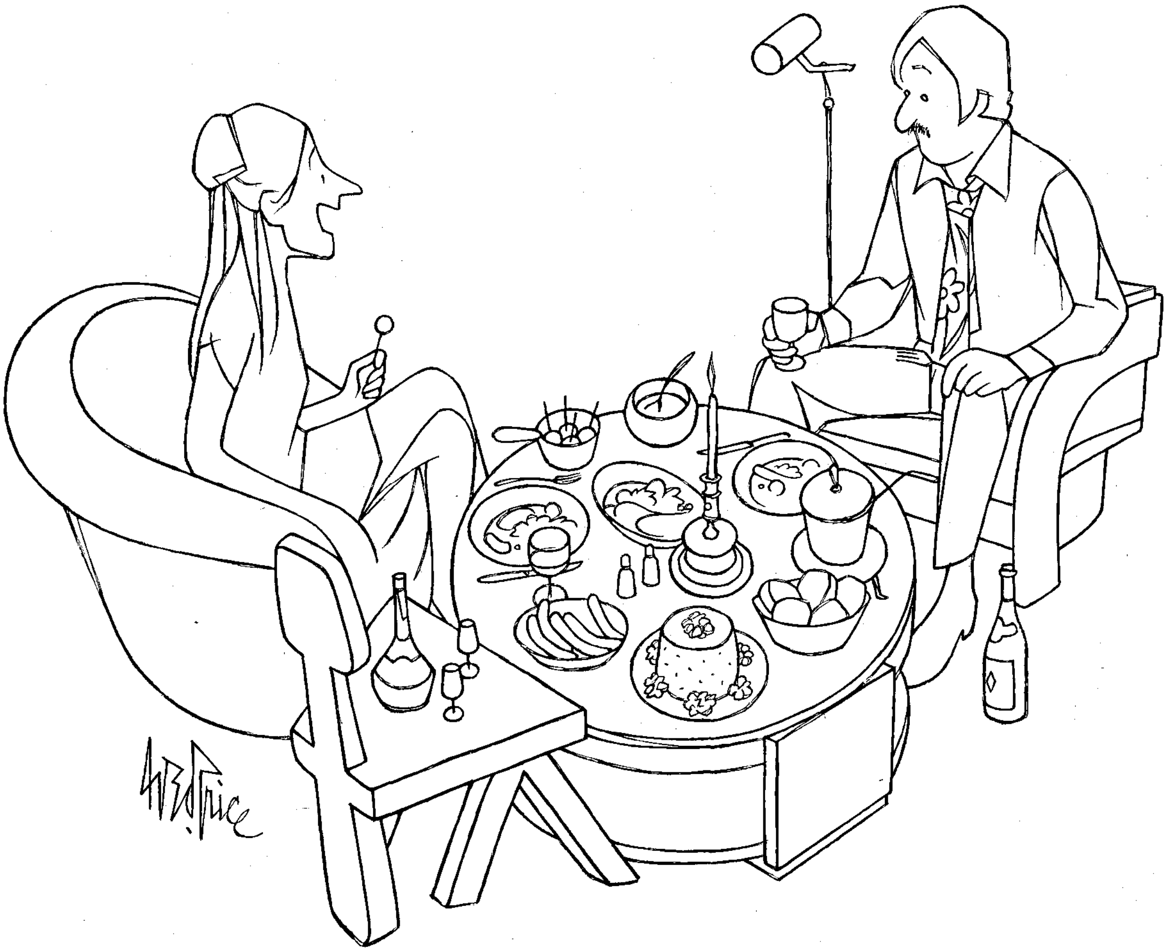
Notes and Comment

RECENTLY, the Supreme Court decided that the Constitution does not protect children from teachers who wish to use physical force to discipline them. (One of the boys who lost the case was said to have been struck more than twenty times with a paddle for being "slow to respond to his teacher's instructions.") Since the decision, a number of teachers' groups have announced that they are well satisfied with it. "Teachers want corporal punishment retained as an option," said the executive director of the Houston Teachers Association. "No one likes to see [his] options limited." A spokesman for the American Federation of Teachers said, "Teachers want to maintain a healthy atmosphere and they need options." "Options" is a neutral-sounding word, but common sense told us that where these teachers were concerned we would not want to be on the receiving end of any exercised options. These teachers were using the word "options" as a cool synonym for "weapons." They were talking the same language as the people who want the United States to hang on to the "option" to blow up everybody in the world, or the people who wanted President Carter to keep quiet about human rights in order to reserve his "option" to toy dangerously with the subject when the Soviets get on his nerves. By "options," these teachers seemed to mean an arsenal of choices to be evaluated not by their rightness or wrongness but by their power to threaten; and by "a healthy atmosphere" they seemed to mean a balance of terror, with unruly students held in check by the spectre of paddles stockpiled in the principal's office. The paddles themselves were talked about as if their size and specifications were at issue. The *Times* reported that in Dade County, Florida—where the case that reached the Supreme Court originated—the paddles must be of wood and must not exceed two feet in length, four inches in width, and one-half inch in thickness. It would not be surprising to hear some teachers ask for more efficient paddles and to see them produce, in support of their request, aerial photographs of playground May Day parades showing defiant manifestations of lateness and poor attitude.



In reality, there is no balance of terror between adults and children. There is an enormous imbalance, with adults holding most of the power and children feeling most of the terror. The teachers who want the "option" of physical violence—not for self-defense but to enforce their rules—are talking as if, deprived of paddle technology, deprived even of the use of their bare hands, they could not find any other means of terrorizing children. This is not true. In Detroit, for instance, some of the public schools have been punishing students for "misbehavior" by a method called "dry lunch." The students are not allowed to have hot lunches or any drinks from the school cafeteria; they may bring lunches from home, but no drinks, and neither may they use the drinking fountain. Parents, too, have developed ways of terrorizing children without hitting them. A friend of ours told us that not long ago he found a home movie that his parents had made of him when he was five. At the beginning of the movie, he is sitting in a chair, smiling into the camera. During the movie, his parents tell him over and over again, "Bad boy, bad boy," and at the end of the movie he is crying. He does not now remember whether he was being punished for wrongdoing or whether his parents simply wanted a cute movie of him crying.

People talk about child abuse as if it were something sensational and aberrant (vicious beatings, the use of children in pornography), and they idealize "normal" childhood. The Supreme Court's majority opinion in the school-discipline case said that the Eighth Amendment protects prisoners but not schoolchildren from "cruel and unusual punishments," because "the prisoner and the schoolchild stand in wholly different circumstances, separated by the harsh facts of criminal conviction and incarceration." But childhood, which is marked by systematic humiliations, large and small, is much more like incarceration than it is like a state of autonomous power against which adults must defend



"Try some of that green, gooey stuff. I gave it my best shot."

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themselves and their rules with unlimited "options."

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Washington Privacy

DOWN in Washington, seven blocks from the Capitol, Robert Smith is putting together the June issue of *Privacy Journal*, an eight-page newsletter that calls itself "An Independent Monthly on Privacy in a Computer Age" and is the most interesting publication to come out of the capital since I. F. Stone's walloping *Weekly*. This is Stone's opinion, too—he dropped in on Smith a few weeks ago, clapped him on the shoulder, and gave him the name I. F. Smith. Smith's newsletter has a circulation of a rather select fifteen hundred—editorial writers, federal officials on the Assistant Secretary level who are responsible for some of the government's computer systems (the United States government now has twenty-seven hundred different computer systems), editors of the computer-industry trade press, speech writers for government men and business leaders, civil-liberties lawyers, and, in Smith's phrase, "the hard-core privacy community." What makes the journal so interesting is an attractive combo of three factors—the beat that Smith covers, the way he covers it, and the fact that, at thirty-six, Smith, an easygoing, friendly Harvard grad from East Providence, Rhode Island, with a law degree from Georgetown University, in Washington, has achieved an ambition that a lot of journalists are still wistfully promising themselves when they reach retirement age: Smith works out of a room over the garage in back of his house which he has fixed up to his liking. It's got a lot of natural light, a couple of battered old wooden desks, pictures of Abe Lincoln and J.F.K., and a little black woodburning stove called a King 624, which sits on a bed of bricks and throws out a lot of heat in the winter. Scotch Taped to a filing cabinet are a few newspaper and magazine items that have caught his eye—"SMITH'S TROUBLES MOUNTING," for instance, and "Tennis and the privacy of my own office are the only things that really relax me." There's a fortune-cookie fortune pasted to one of the desks: "SOMETIMES THE BEST GAIN IS TO LOSE." Seven blocks from the Capitol, Smith is a country editor with his own paper who can prop his feet on his desk and never bother about what a publisher or an advertiser might want him to print. He's his own publisher, and the *Journal* carries no ads and supports itself entirely on subscriptions—fifteen dollars a year for private citizens, forty-five for officials and institutions.

Privacy in a computer age is a brand-new subject—how to cope with the many ways that exist now for people to keep tabs on each other and pry into each other's business. At Georgetown University, students have to insert their credit-card I.D.s in a slot before the doors of their dormitories will open. The information bank on which the system operates can be changed daily, so that if a student is kicked out one day, the doors will refuse entry the next. The system does have its drawbacks, because of what is called piggybacking—a human activity that always goes on in front of doors. When several people converge on a dormitory door, the first one opens it up with a credit card and then politely holds the door open for the other people. Although the university claims that the new system has reduced thefts in the dorms, it could lead to an invasion of privacy. The computer logs the numbers of all the students entering each dorm, and keeps a record of who's going where. This information, if university officials should take a mind to, could be passed on to parents.

"There *are* going to be more situations like this in the next few years—there have to be," Smith told us as we pulled up a chair in his comfy office on an afternoon when all the azaleas in Washington were in bloom. "Devices like the credit-card door opener are developed for a specific need and manufactured in quantity, and then they have to be marketed. Probably some overzealous computer salesmen took them around to the campuses, and college security directors said to themselves, 'That looks good!' There's a machine that's supposed to detect psychological stress by evaluating modulations of a person's voice—it's being marketed as a lie detector. A subject need never know when it's in use. A guy in Seattle has now come up with a battery-operated stress evaluator the size of a hand-held calculator. When I ran a story about this device, I got a letter from Brazil asking where it could be purchased. I ignored the letter, although one of the services the *Journal* normally performs for its readers is searching through our files for all the material we have on any subject. When I printed a list of the headings in our files, the first two requests I had for searches came from the Department of Defense and I.B.M., both of which were on the list. They wanted to know what I had on them—which was cute, because when the Department of Defense gets Freedom of Information Act requests from people for their files, it has been saying that it doesn't understand why people want their own records.

"A lot of firms—fast-food outfits, some drug chains—now routinely give standard polygraph tests to prospective employees as a preventive check on pilferage. A private polygraph operator puts kids who want to work for a company on his machine for a short time, then charges the company ten to twenty dollars. Once the kids are hired, they're told that the tests will be readministered every six months—and then they're also asked whether they think their colleagues are taking things. There was a case in Ohio a year or two ago of a kid who was fired as a retail clerk when his company used polygraph tests to try to catch an embezzler. This kid hadn't taken the money, but he thought he knew who had, so when he was asked if he was the culprit he blipped the machine when he said no. The union got him his job back, in I guess the only way possible—it went out and found out who had really stolen the money. So you can see that many concepts that don't involve keeping information confidential—the traditional definition of privacy—now belong under the rubric of privacy. The questions that are coming up now have to do with the accuracy of the information about people that's flooding into computers, who has access to it, and when it gets destroyed. On access, let's talk about the Transaction telephone, a new A.T. & T. device being installed by places that take credit cards. When the business wants to check whether your card's any good, it just puts the card into the new phone, which then flashes green or amber.

"We seem to have a hysteria to gather information. And the normal procedure seems to be to compile it, issue a press release about it, and then make no social changes. The County of Los Angeles made a survey showing that a lot of kids in the county's school systems tested positive on t.b. skin tests. There wasn't much in the way of timely followup, but the survey presumably provided work for a number of social scientists. The Department of Agriculture—this is one of my favorites—spent a hundred and thirteen thousand dollars to survey more than two thousand women and conclude that mothers prefer to buy clothes for their children which don't need ironing. Another survey turned up the fact that the average hospital stay in this country is fifty per cent longer in the East than in the West. What's going to happen to all this information, who will have access to it, is an interesting question, and one that the courts take sharply differing views on. On the Supreme Court, there's a Rehnquist trend—Justice Rehnquist takes the position that if it doesn't happen in the bedroom you're not entitled to privacy protection. The countertrend was represented by the late Judge Craven, of the Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals. He proposed the concept of 'personhood,' which seems to mean the right to do what you want to do without being hassled. Myself, I don't oppose computers, but I think the problem of the age isn't to gather any more information but to make use of what we already have. Computers, you know, put out so much heat they can be used as a substitute for a heating plant, and, in fact, some buildings have been designed to use the computer as a furnace. That means you start collecting information to keep the computer churning just to keep you warm."

Smith covers his beat in the I. F. Stone tradition, assuming that there are no secrets in Washington about what any agency is up to—that everything's on the record somewhere, and it's just a matter of knowing where to look for

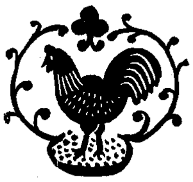
"Stevie Cauthen isn't sitting around watching the tube."

it. Information about new C.I.A. technology, for instance, may be on the record of a congressional committee hearing in which an earnest C.I.A. man is describing new devices to convince the right-wingers on the committee that his agency is doing a good job. Smith also goes to computer conventions and listens to the speeches, with special attention to the asides—the anecdotes, the documentation. And his readers are constantly sending him tips. Smith—his full name, which he uses on the masthead, is Robert Ellis Smith—is a former president of the *Harvard Crimson* and a former editor of the *Southern Courier*, a weekly newspaper that was set up to cover the civil-rights movement in the South and flourished for a few years in the sixties. He later worked for the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, as assistant director of its Office for Civil Rights during the early seventies, and while he was at H.E.W. he put himself through law school nights. A few years ago, he founded a privacy newsletter for the American Civil Liberties Union. When its money ran out, he launched his own. *Privacy Journal* has been a success—so much so that Smith has just started a second newsletter, *Americans Abroad*. It offers the more than six hundred and eighty thousand American civilians who live outside the States tips about what's happening at home. This is a joint venture with his sister, Georgia Regnault, who lives in Holland. She's going to do the marketing. If *Americans Abroad* takes off, Smith's next project—one he's long had in the back of his mind—is a newsletter for the left-handed.

We asked Smith whether any privacy questions had arisen in connection with the Carter energy proposals. "From the privacy angle, they look pretty good," he said. "There don't seem to be any serious threats to people's relationships with each other—nothing that will require them to be processed and dehumanized. The proposals look better than the Nixon proposals following the oil embargo. One of those would have allowed federal inspectors to drop in on gas stations. Then, when there was a big push for car pools, a number of radio stations and government agencies gave out data forms to try to get computerized matchups of interests. Nobody had to fill out the forms, but, of course, many people did—people like to answer questions, they're flattered by the attention. The questions were about hours of work, what football and baseball teams people liked, what their religion was. This meant that there was a huge data bank about habits that might be of interest to potential employers—or even burglars. Here in Washington, 'employers' could mean the federal government itself, since that's the major industry in town. The one thing whose efficacy I'm dubious about in the Carter proposals is the plan to increase the gas tax in order to promote car pooling and the use of mass transit. A lot of people are going to be willing to pay an extra fifty dollars a year for the privilege of driving to work by themselves. That's because a lot of people have their families at home and work in offices where the partitions don't run all the way to the ceiling. Driving to and from work is the only privacy many people have."

Second Lady's Lunch

JOAN MONDALE was in town the other day, to take part in a number of activities involving the arts. The wife of the Vice-President has let the word go forth that she is particularly keen on contemporary art and contemporary artists—an attitude not entirely without precedent in the higher reaches of American government but rare enough to be flabbergasting—and one of the purposes of this trip was for her to meet key figures of the New York art world. After visiting several galleries in the SoHo area, she accompanied a group of about twenty artists, dealers, and assorted culturati to lunch at Ballato, the fine old Italian restaurant on East Houston Street, which in recent years has become a favorite art-world hangout. Going to lunch with artists is sometimes risky, but we can report (for we were there, and mindful of the honor) that the Second Lady carried it off with élan.



The seating arrangements were a triumph of tact. Mrs. Mondale sat at the midpoint of a long, narrow table, with Robert Rauschenberg on her right and Jasper Johns and Louise Nevelson directly across from her. On her left was Leo Castelli, whose gallery represents both Rauschenberg and Johns. He had worked closely with Mary Ann Tighe, Mrs. Mondale's assistant for the arts, in planning the lunch, and was its host. At our end of the table we noted Ileana Sonnabend, who represents Rauschenberg and Johns in Paris and a great many other notable artists in New York; Roy Lichtenstein, the most urbane artist in the room; Barbaralee Diamonstein, who has her hand in so many art-world projects that we won't even start to list them; James Rosenquist, sporting a navy-blue blazer, a white shirt, and a black bow tie; and Mrs. Castelli. The other end of the table looked equally illustrious, although not so heavy on artists. We were pleased to observe that Mrs. Mondale directed a fairly large part of her attention to our end, and that John Ballato, the distinguished-looking, white-bearded *padrone*, did much of his alert hovering in our vicinity. John Ballato and his staff saw to it that all wineglasses (except those of four Secret Service men who sat at an adjacent table) remained brimful of chilled Villa Antinori, and that everyone properly dissected the heart of his or her stuffed artichoke.

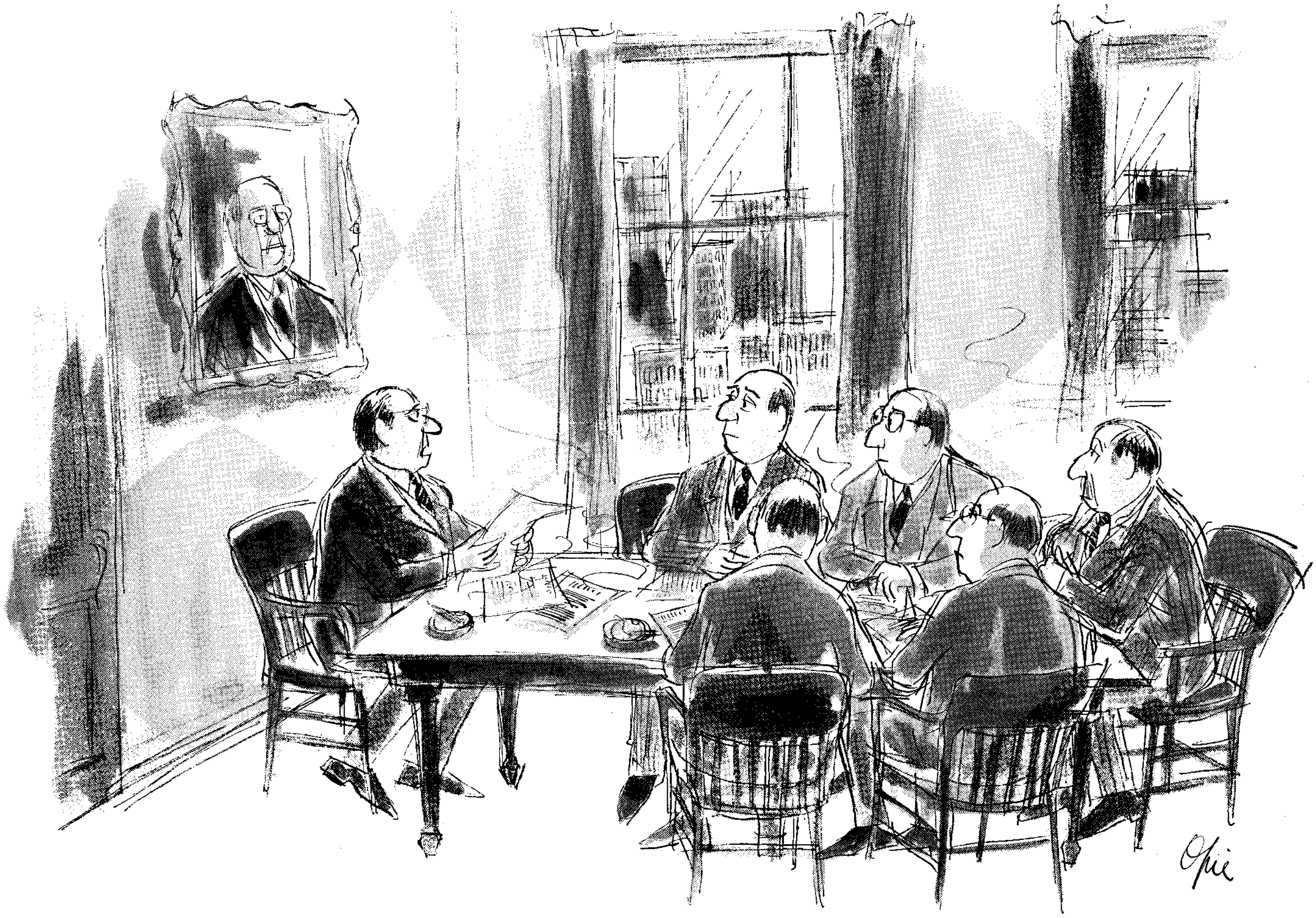
Mrs. Mondale is a strikingly attractive and stylish woman, with an animated manner of speaking and listening, and her interest in the arts is no new thing. She worked for nine years as a tour guide at the National Gallery, in Washington, while her husband was in the Senate, and she herself is an accomplished potter. A collection of works by contemporary artists (including most of those present at the lunch) now hangs in the Vice-Presidential residence on Massachusetts Avenue, and a reproduction of Rauschenberg's "Signs" decorates the jacket of her recent book, entitled "Politics in Art." About halfway through lunch, Mrs. Mondale rose and made a gracious little speech, in which she said she wanted contemporary artists to feel that the door was open to them in Washington. She also said she hoped that the artists and others present would use this opportunity to tell her what the government could do to help them, or, if they did not have their thoughts together on this issue, that they would write to her about it later.

When she sat down, to general applause, Louise Nevelson got up and rapped on her wineglass. Louise Nevelson is always a great sight, and she was especially impressive on this occasion: she wore a long brocaded outer garment over a pair of Scaasi silk trousers and a woodsman's flannel shirt. "I want to stand up," she announced.

"Don't stand up so high," said Jasper Johns.

"Shut up, Jasper," she said.

Louise Nevelson then said that the artists present were in a sense the senior citizens of the art world and didn't really need help (for some reason, this went unchallenged), but that in the name of all the younger artists who did need it she and the others at the table



"Let's not speak disrespectfully of the retired, Rickhauser."

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welcomed Mrs. Mondale's interest, and that the New York artists, for their part, would certainly keep the door open to Mrs. Mondale.

"It's her door, Louise," said Robert Rauschenberg.

Roy Lichtenstein said, from his chair, that he was too shy to make a speech, but he thanked Mrs. Mondale for coming. From her chair, Ileana Sonnabend indicated that she was much too shy to say anything. Conversation became general again, and livelier than ever. The Antinori flowed. Roy Lichtenstein told us about a group photograph of seventeen New York artists which had recently been taken at the Museum of Modern Art for *Vogue*—Leo Castelli had fussed so much over the artists, he said, telling them where to stand, that Barbara Rose, the critic, finally said, "Leo, it's not the Last Supper."

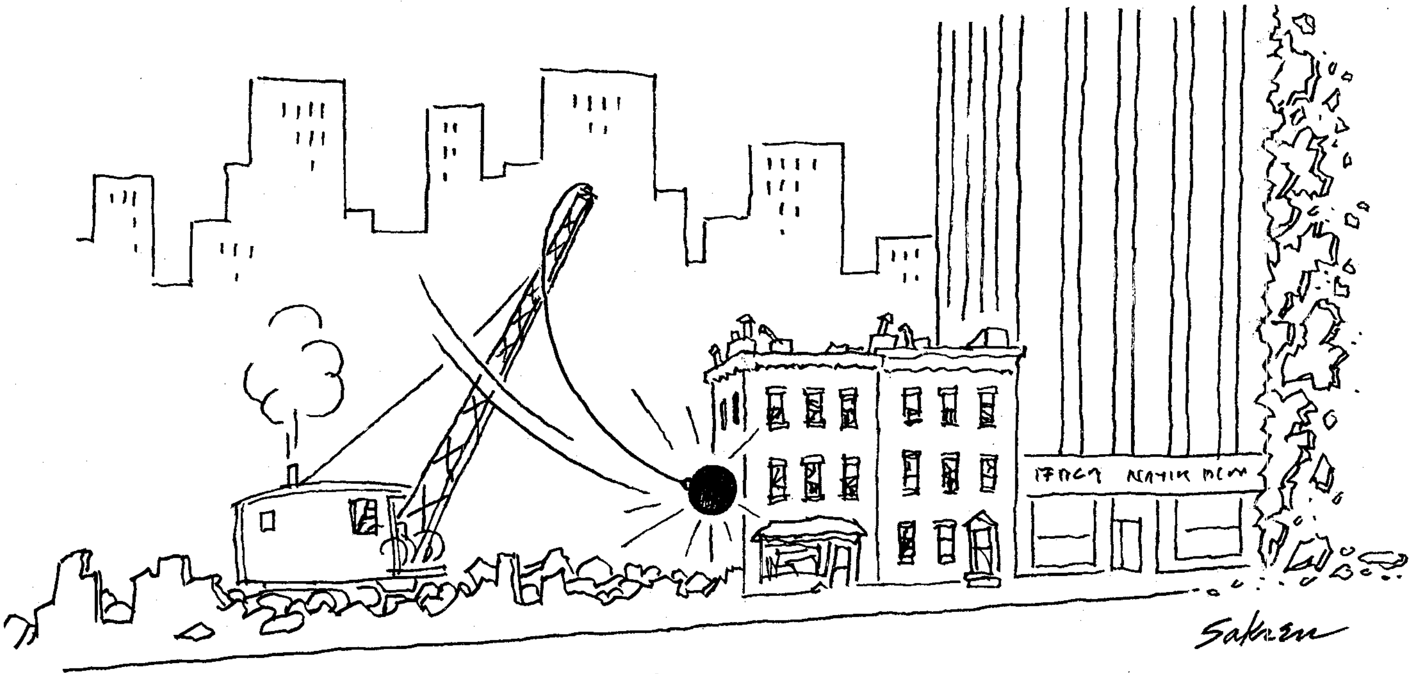
James Rosenquist informed us that he had worn a black tie because he wasn't wearing trousers, but this turned out to be an exaggeration. Mrs. Mondale said it was too bad that the custom of having Cabinet members' portraits painted would no longer be observed—now they would hang framed photographs instead. "Maybe they should use microfilm," said Jasper Johns.

Wall Street Garden

HIGH atop an old building on Wall Street, Steve Pendergrast, who is the New York representative of J.R. Brittenum & Company, a Little Rock municipal-bond brokerage firm, is planting his spring garden. Pendergrast doesn't need much space to conduct his business—all he really needs room for is a telephone and a couple of ticker-tape machines—so when he set up shop he rented what the building calls Penthouse C, a plywood-panelled room about the size of a trailer which sits on the roof of the building. To get to it, you take an elevator to the top floor, walk up a flight of stairs, then walk outside across a couple of duckboards. Penthouse C is surrounded by a lot of tarred roof and tarred parapet. Steve Pendergrast is a relaxed just-turned-forty-one Tennessean who is very good at his work and has been working in New York for the past seven years. Since almost all of Pendergrast's work is done on the phone, and since the phone isn't always ringing, Pendergrast has time to sit and look out the windows or do something else. Last year, Pendergrast decided to give himself something to look at out his windows. And, Pendergrast says, because he's a Southerner, planting a garden was the obvious thing to do. "If you have a Southern background, you just have to have a garden," he says. "When spring comes, you have to get a crop in. It's a genetic thing. And this place is a natural for it. It's already been levelled."

Last year, Pendergrast started out small. He and his secretary, Elaine Cariello, built four plywood planters about four feet long, two feet wide, and three feet deep, and bought a few plants and seeds. "Our principal crops last year were roses and basil—my secretary's Italian. We had a Peace rose, an Oregold, a Climbing Crimson Glory, a Tropicana, and one that died. I forget its name—I suppressed it when it died. But we also had some tomato plants, a couple of squashes, and some marigolds and some daisies. And, of course, the ever-present—as I think of it—mint. We already have a terrific crop of mint this year. It's going crazy. Running amok."

This year, the municipal-bond mar-



ket is a little slow right at the moment, so while Pendergrast waits for the market to drop to the point where he'll want to start doing some serious buying, he is making more elaborate garden plans. He has pushed his two desks and his phone and his boxes of Moody's *Municipal & Government Manual* to one side of the penthouse and has been constructing a gigantic plywood box, which he calls his indoor growth chamber. He has rigged up a row of fluorescent lights across the top of the box and is planning on four rows of alternating fluorescent tubes and incandescent bulbs. The lights already installed give off a hell of a lot of candlepower, and, according to Pendergrast, "four of those units are guaranteed to raise the dead." The indoor growth chamber is for germinating. During the long, cold winter, Pendergrast and his secretary pored over seed catalogues (the one he likes the best is from Wayside Gardens, in Hodges, South Carolina—a beautiful catalogue full of color photographs, which costs a dollar—but he's also partial to Amos Pettingill's catalogue from White Flower Farm, in Connecticut, which is written in a homey style), and then they ordered a hundred and seventeen different kinds of plants: enough for a two-acre garden, he figures. The penthouse has a tiny anteroom, with a coatrack and a washbasin, and now it is full of big bags of dried blood (a terrific source of nitrogen for plants), cottonseed meal, bone meal, phosphate rock and lime, cow manure, and alfalfa—for Pendergrast's garden, high atop an old Wall Street building full of bond salesmen, options salesmen, and futures salesmen, and within sight of the South Street Seaport, is an organic garden. He gives his plants no artificial nutrients, and when his roses get aphids he washes the leaves with a mild solution of Ivory Flakes. "Ivory is almost a hundred-per-cent pure, so it's O.K. to use it," he says.

Under the lights of the indoor growth chamber Pendergrast has started a number of seeds in a mixture of topsoil and sphagnum moss. They're planted in cardboard egg cartons. He's got butterfly flowers, a small, bushy, variegated pink flower; passion-flower vines; freesia; stephanotis, a waxy vine with fragrant white starlike flowers (used in bridal bouquets), which he's going to train up an outside wall of Penthouse C; miniature day lilies; and a number of others. Next week, he'll be planting other seeds outdoors in his planters: ornamental cotton (in honor of the South), zinnias, and marigolds (Gigantea and Super Jack and Burpee's Naughty Marietta, a yellow-and-dark-red marigold). Also chives, tarragon, Italian parsley, roquette, and true lavender. For the expanded outdoor garden, Pendergrast is building four trapezoidal boxes six inches deep, which he will arrange with a space in the center for an irregular-shaped fountain. "The fountain will be kind of fernied up and ancient-looking, if we can manage it," he says. "The idea is to make it look as if the water were springing out of the black parapet at the edge of the roof. Then we'll get some Featherrock, that lightweight lava stone, and landscape it around the fountain." The trapezoids will be planted with grass. "This is something I saw in Italy," he says. "Gardens that were laid out simply and were mostly just grass, although usually with some variation in contour. We'll grow the plants in pots, and as they come into bloom we'll put the pots out on the grass." Across the street, there's the top of a light-brown stone building that blossoms at the final story into pillared arches and colonnades. It looks like a Romanesque monastery. Another old building nearby gleams with red, green, and white marble and has rams' heads inset just under the cornice. Pendergrast is now thinking about installing a grotto and a rock garden.

In one corner of the roof, there will be a pyramid of three tiers of strawberries—Midland, Sparkle, Ozark Beauty, Sweet Sue White, and Alpine—covered by a net to keep birds off. Next year, if all goes well, *fraises des bois*. Pigeons, sparrows, and wrens visit the roof, and migrants in season, so Pendergrast's also planting things for the birds. There will be a row of small trees in another corner: dwarf Japanese maples, Austrian pines, and a couple of white birches. Some of the other plants on the roof this summer will be sweet william, iris, hay-scented ferns, lily of the valley, three kinds of sweet violets, bleeding heart, lady's slipper, shooting star, edelweiss, more tomatoes, and garlic. Propagating will take place on the roof of Penthouse C.

Pendergrast has a tie line to Little Rock on his phone. Whenever he talks to the fellows in the home office, they ask him about his garden. It's got so now they're bragging to him about their Arkansas gardens. "Want to buy some of those Massachusetts H.F.A. bonds?" one of them asked last week, then said, "Steve, I had three columbines at my place come out over the weekend all at once."

A GIRL SKATING

I GREW up in the shadow of a great man—James Honnimer, the famous American poet. My family lived on a college campus, and Honnimer was its sensation. His classes had to be divided into sections; his readings caused traffic jams on the local roads. When he came back from collecting the awards he was always winning, the receptions in his honor were held in the chapel, since no one's house was big enough. When he played tennis, his court was lined with students who loved to watch their hero sweat like other men; and when he went off campus, you could feel the change—something had stopped happening.

When I was young, Honnimer was always on hand as the birthday-party entertainment. He loved a gathering of children—especially the bright offspring of his academic colleagues. If the fathers would not let themselves be made fools of, Honnimer would. He got down on all fours and growled like a bear. He let children ride on his back, and he swung them in his arms until their heads almost touched the ceiling. He could imitate the standard barnyard animals, and he could trumpet like an elephant. He taught children how to hang from doorjambs by their fingertips. Most of all, he liked to make up stories. At any birthday party, you would find him on the couch, surrounded by children, whose feet barely cleared the seat cushions. His children's books started out as stories told at these parties, and after they were published, he read from them aloud and showed the pictures. I hated him.

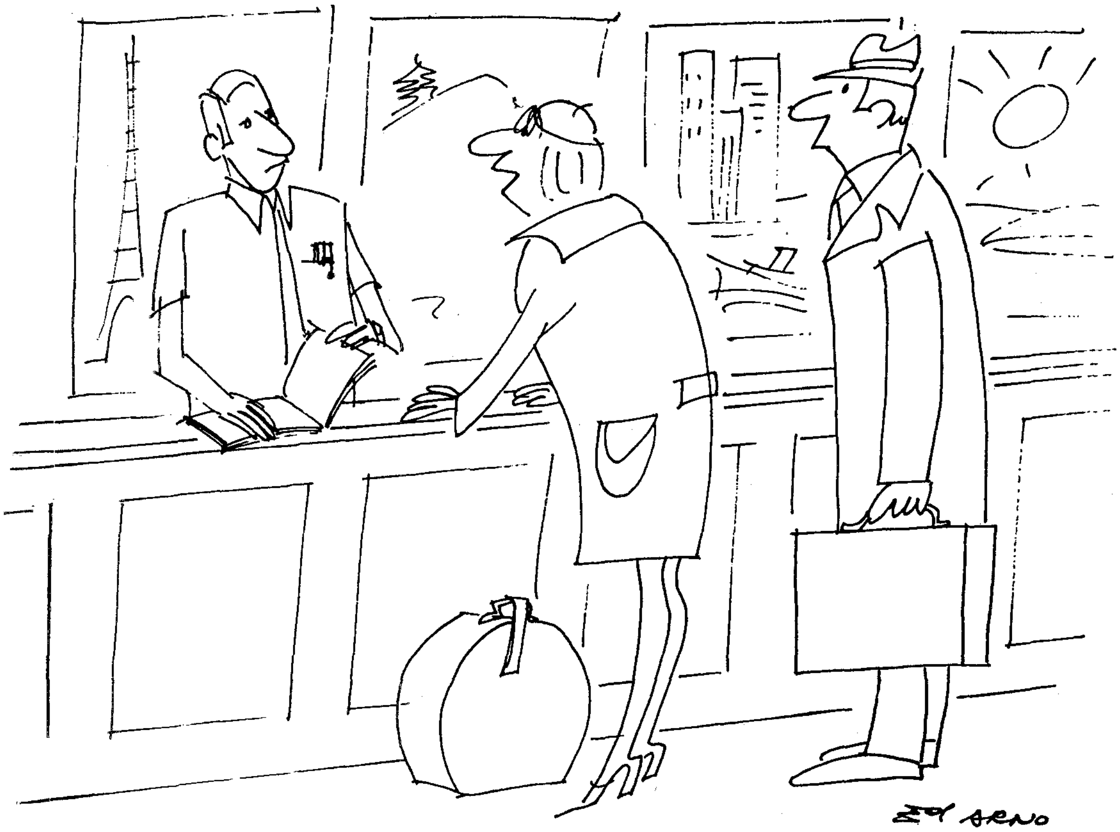
I was the only child of two professors. My father taught advanced mathematics; he was Honnimer's chess partner. My mother taught botany, and she supplied Honnimer with the Latin names of flowers that he used in his poems. We were a quiet family. Honnimer mistook that quietude for sadness; he wrote that we were sad. So into our house he brought noise: big gestures, fierce opinions, his large laugh. My parents, who were extremely fond of him, did not mind having their peace disturbed in this way, and the calmness of their lives seemed to soothe him. They were not silent people, but they had the tidy, orderly habits of scientists. Their colleagues encouraged their own children to display emotion, lest they suffer from repression in later life. My parents would not have minded a demonstrative child, but I was not one. I was a tidy, orderly child.

The stories I was read as a little girl that impressed me most were stories about Indian children, who did not cry when they were hurt. Instead, they were brave and fleet, and learned to make useful implements out of willow twigs. I was let loose to wander in the woods and pastures that bordered the campus, where I spent as much time as possible practicing to be an Indian.

My parents were bookish, and so was I, but they taught me all the other things they had loved as children. I learned to swim, fish, and sail. On weekends, my mother took me bird walking; and when I could read and write, my parents presented me with a pair of child's field glasses and a notebook in which to start my life list. Honnimer knew all this and found it enchanting.

I was the child he loved best, and there was no escaping him. When he read to a group of children, I was the one he read for. I never sat on the couch with him, but in my own chair or on the floor in the corner. When he came to the house, he tried to draw me out by asking what birds I had seen, or he made up a bird and asked me what it was. In the spring and summer, he brought me birds' eggs and feathers, bouquets of wild flowers. This upset me in a way that I did not understand. It made me uneasy that he knew about my collection of birds' eggs, my shoebox of feathers, and my book of pressed flowers. I did not see why he should bother to know anything at all about me. He was an adult, and I was a child. His attentions made me more quiet and solemn than I generally was. When I did not respond as other children did, Honnimer was further delighted by what he called my "infant seriousness."

Everyone else adored him. He and his wife, Lucy, were the most popular couple on the campus. Lucy had blond hair and wore cashmere sweaters. She often went to his lectures and sat in the front row, smiling up at him. When he ran out of cigars, he would look down at her and she would hand him one. She either could not have or did not want children. The two of them kept three large black cats, one of whom produced a litter a year. There was a waiting list for these kittens and also an unofficial lottery to see who got to drive with Honnimer when he took his sports car to the next county to be serviced. If Lucy went with him, they always left



"About that seven-day whirlwind trip you arranged for us. Where were we?"

a few disappointed students hanging around the parking lot, watching Honnimer and Lucy drive off with the top down—Honnimer in his Army jacket, Lucy with a silk scarf over her hair. Undergraduates fell in love with the idea of them.

Honnimer crept up on me little by little. When I went out with my fishing gear or field glasses, he always spotted me. He was either in his car on the same road or crossing my path on his way to the tennis courts. I became so used to these encounters that I started to expect them. As soon as I saw Honnimer, I saw myself: a long-legged, black-haired child wearing khaki shorts and carrying a fishing rod. I could scarcely take my field glasses off their peg without thinking about myself.

Besides learning how to be an Indian, I taught myself to ice-skate. My parents started me on the college pond, holding out a broom handle for me to steady myself with. As soon as I got my balance, I began to watch the better skaters. I studied what they did and imitated it. Once you get the feel of ice, it doesn't fight you.

When the ice on the pond got mushy or started to crack, my parents gave me bus fare to go to the rink in town. There the townies sat in the bleachers, drinking hot chocolate and kissing. My peers shouted and fell down on the ice. In the center of the rink, away from falling children, the serious skaters worked out. I hung around the perimeter, watching. I did not want to be taught to skate. I wanted that mastery all to myself. The things you teach yourself in childhood are precious, and you have endless patience for them. My parents knew that I skated, but they knew that I did not want to be encouraged or given fancy sweaters for Christmas. I did not want them to witness my achievement, or comment on it, or document it. I did not want praise for effort.

My colleagues in childhood were the precocious children of intellectuals—ferocious, noisy kids who learned calculus at the age of nine and were trilingual at ten, sources of pride to their parents. My parents, I felt, were simply pleased with me. They were interested in my pastimes but kept their distance. We had three sets of amusements: mine, theirs, and ours. My father loved to go fishing and taught me to tie flies. In the spring, we trekked to a trout pool and spent the day in water up to our hips, pushing gnats out of our eyes. My mother took me bird walking, and from her I learned my orderly habits of observation and notation. But they left me alone, liking to be left alone themselves.

I would have felt my life to be entirely unremarkable and happy if it had not been for Honnimer. He was studying me. He knew what sort of dolls I liked—ones with real porcelain heads, hands, and feet. He knew about my collection of arrowheads and animal bones, and that I had tried to carve myself a bow from a willow branch. He dedicated a children's book to me. He used my name in a poem, "A Day in Pastures with Bernadette Spaeth." When he came to play chess with my father, he watched my every gesture. He singled me out. I felt that there was nothing worse he could do.

At fifteen, I was a relatively accomplished skater. I went to the rink every afternoon and to the pond every weekend, always at odd hours to avoid crowded ice. For playing around, I liked the pond. I liked to see trees when I spun. For serious skating, the rink was best.

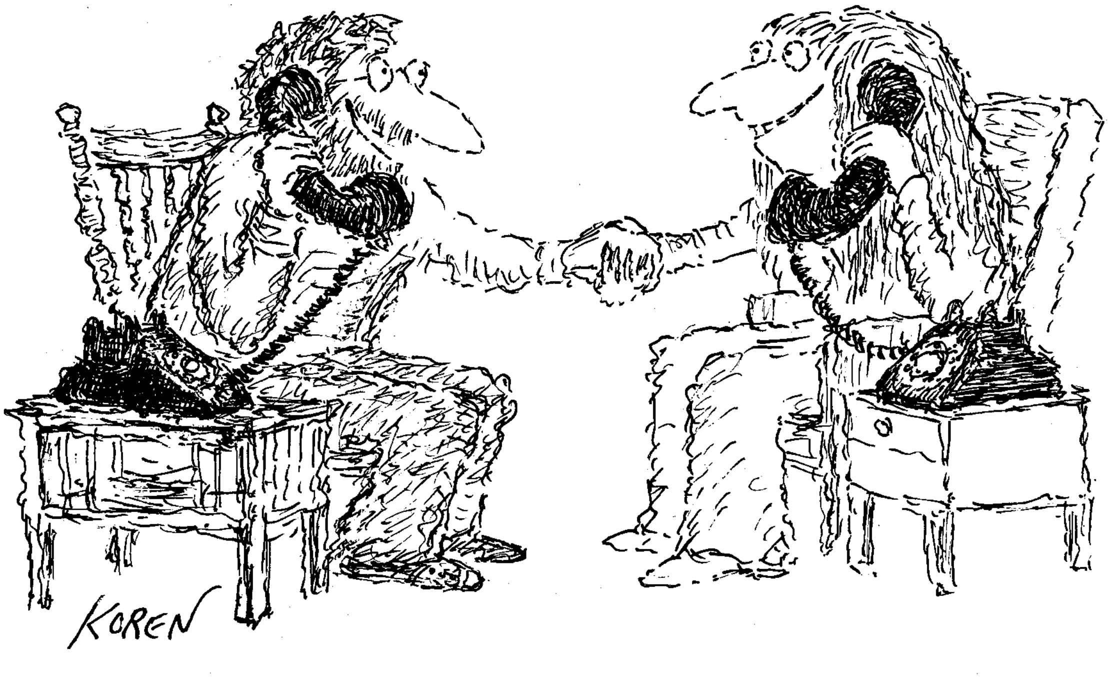
One afternoon at the rink, I saw an older girl doing a complicated turn. I shut my eyes and tried to duplicate it in my mind. Then I looked up. Almost hidden in the darkness at the top of the bleachers was Honnimer, staring at me. You are the inspiration for a poet, he seemed to say. If you think you are being spied on, tell your parents. They will think you are silly and hysterical. They will tell you how great art is made.

Of course he wrote a poem called "A Girl Skating." That was the title of his next collection, which my parents kept on the table in the study, with all his other books. My parents admired his work and did not mind his writing about their daughter. They knew that his Bernadette was not me but a transformed Bernadette.

There was no way I could duck him. If I withdrew, I felt him appreciating my withdrawal. If I stayed away from anywhere he might be, my absence interested him. If I ever spoke to him, he listened intently, as if my voice revealed some new side of my nature. Everywhere I turned, Honnimer was there. He was visiting my parents the night of my senior prom. As I came down the stairs, I saw the familiar plume of his cigar smoke above the wing chair. I was only a girl going to a prom, but that prom, I knew, would live forever. If I forget the color of my dress, I have Honnimer's poem to look it up in.

I felt that I had another life besides the one I was living—a life in Honnimer's mind—but no idea what that life consisted of. Certain bonds are primitive, and so was Honnimer's with me. He counted on the kind of pull you feel toward someone who has seen you asleep or dreamed about you and told you so. He made me wonder what he knew. He deprived me of the right to know when I was alone.

His last book was called "The Black Bud." I had just started my final year of college when it came out. Honnimer had his publishers send it to me. I kept it on my desk for weeks, unread. It reminded me that for three years I had been praying—praying that Honnimer would



never come to read his poems at my college. It reminded me of the intense, literary girls who had tried to grill me about him; of the freshman-English instructors who had sought me out; of the general assumption that I had been, and was still, Honnimer's lover.

I finally read the poems late one night. I did not understand modern poetry, and I especially did not understand Honnimer's. The black bud seemed to be a young girl. In the title poem, as I understood it, the poet took the bud home with him and kept it close to see what sort of flower it would form. In another, the bud emerged—half flower, half girl wearing a dress that I realized was the one I had worn to my parents' Christmas party the year before. In the last poem, the poet took the flower to what appeared to be a motel, and removed its petals, one by one. At that time in my life, I had not yet been in love. I had never had a lover or a love affair. Honnimer's poems made me feel how my legs might move, what words I might say, how my mouth might look after hours of kissing. I could not accomplish the end of my own innocence. Honnimer had done it for me.

"Wow! If you think you're an irate citizen, just listen to this irate citizen!"

HE shot himself ten days after my twenty-second birthday. My parents sent me the clippings of his obituaries, a few of which quoted from "A Day in Pastures with Bernadette Spaeth" and some poems in "The Black Bud" to show Honnimer's poetic journey from light to darkness. I read these clippings in a cottage overlooking Casco Bay—I had been given a fellowship to study flight behavior in young seabirds—and when I finished reading, I took my parents' letter, my field glasses, and a notebook and went down to my observation point, an outcropping of rocks near a cormorant's nesting ground.

The letter said that Honnimer had been increasingly depressed. He and Lucy had separated. He began to cancel classes—something he had never done in all his years of teaching. When he came to play chess with my father, he was distracted and quiet. Finally, the only person he seemed to want around was my mother, who took him dinner and sat with him. The last day of his life he had spent at the Bergmeister Collection—a small and beautiful group of paintings left to the college by a tin magnate. Honnimer shot himself at home, my parents said, leaving no note.

The last time I saw him was at the Bergmeister Collection. Each time I came home from college, I traced my childhood. I went to the town rink. I sat in the tree where I had read "Biography of a Grizzly." I went fishing and to my favorite spot in the pasture to watch hawks. Then I went to the Bergmeister Collection.

Bergmeister had left the college some Dutch florals, some English landscapes, a big Corot, examples of the Hudson River school, a German altarpiece. In one very dark room hung four small paintings—two Sienese, two Tuscan. These were the paintings I always came to greet and say goodbye to. One was a Pietà, one a Crucifixion. Two were Nativities. In these the baby Jesus looked elderly, and Mary looked childlike beside him. All four paintings were framed in gilt and lighted by brass lamps. The figures were painted on backgrounds of gold leaf. Each figure had a halo of worked gold. If you looked at these paintings for a while, the room around you appeared to take on the texture of black velvet. You had to blink to get the gold out of your eyes. You turned away, into that black velvet, and waited for another painting to gleam at you out of the darkness. Those pictures called you close to them.

I was standing in front of the Pietà, gazing at the stylized, grief-stricken faces, which never looked to me like the faces of real people until I moved close enough to see the tiny details, like the teardrop on Mary's face. I turned away, toward one of the Nativities, and realized that someone was standing next to me. It was Honnimer.

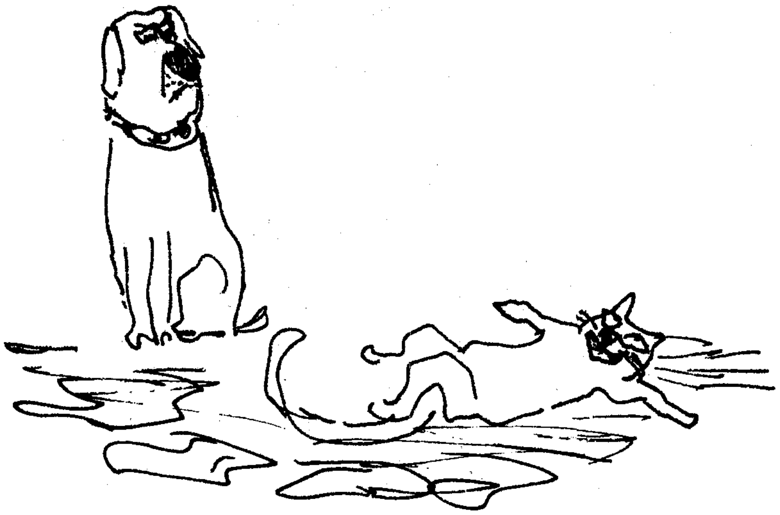
"They're my favorites, too," he said.

I could barely see him. My eyes would not adjust to the darkness. My heart sounded very loud to me, and the tips of my fingers were suddenly cold.

Slowly he took shape: his long, fine nose; his oval eyes, which in the light were hazel; his crisp mane of hair and beard. He was very near me. I could smell the spice that cigar smoke leaves on clothes, and I was more frightened than I had ever been. What could I have said? He moved closer. He said: "I know you're going back to school soon. I always miss you, but I keep you by me in my mind." Then he bent down and kissed me on the forehead. He seemed to stand beside me for hours, but it must have been seconds. Then he was gone, leaving a warm circle where his lips had been. As soon as I was sure he was out of the building, I walked home, rubbing the spot on my forehead where he had kissed me.

—LAURIE COLWIN

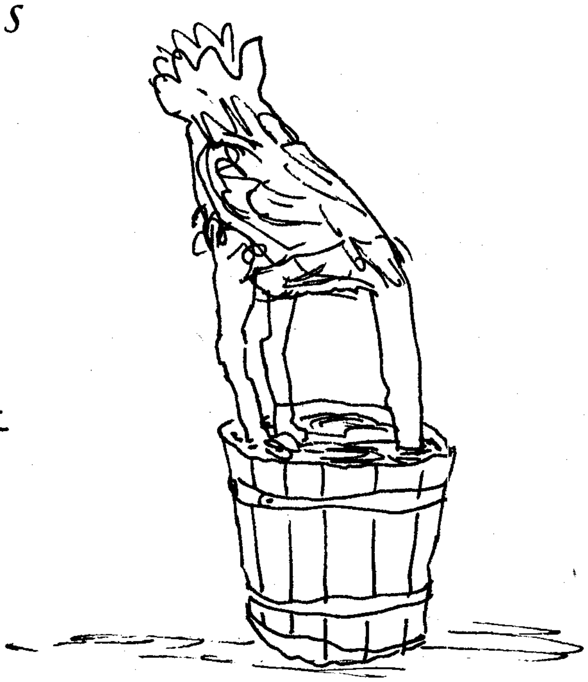
ANIMAL FLOWERS



CATNIP AND DOGWOOD

A cat's quite different from a dog
And you name it differently, too;
A library cat might be Catalogue,
And a Siamese Fu Manchu.
Dogs usually have humdrum names
Like Molly, Blacky, Biff, and James.

Cats eat catnip excitedly,
Get drunk, and jump around,
But a dog can sniff at a dogwood tree,
And sniff and sniff quite diligently,
Sit down and never budge—
And be as smug and sober as a judge.

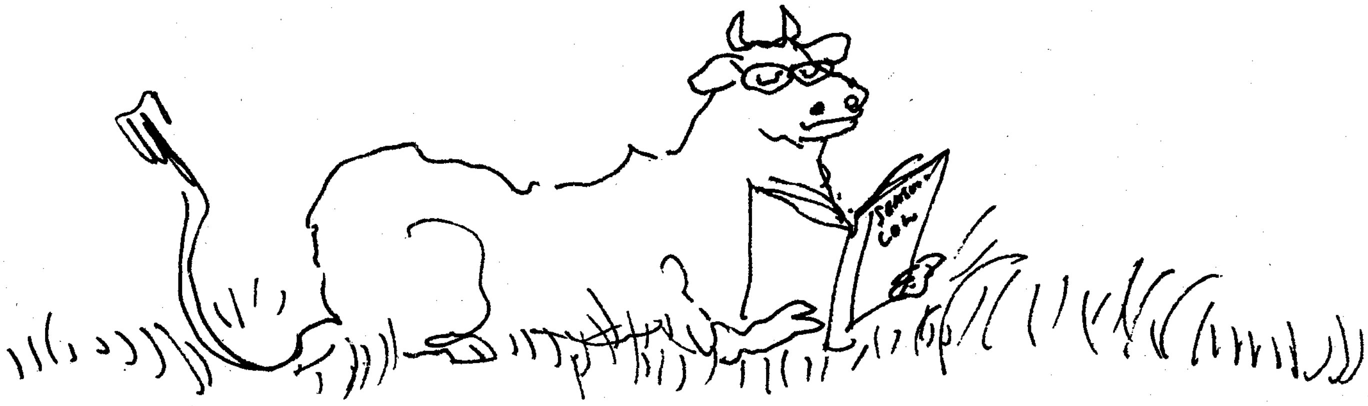


OSTRICH FERN

What likes to thrust its head in the sand,
And stands—but never takes a stand—
The picture of neutrality
Escaping from reality,

Withdrawn to a degree . . .
The ostrich—is it he?

An ostrich *fern*? It's like an ostrich. Sort of.
Two legs, though, it doesn't have the support of.

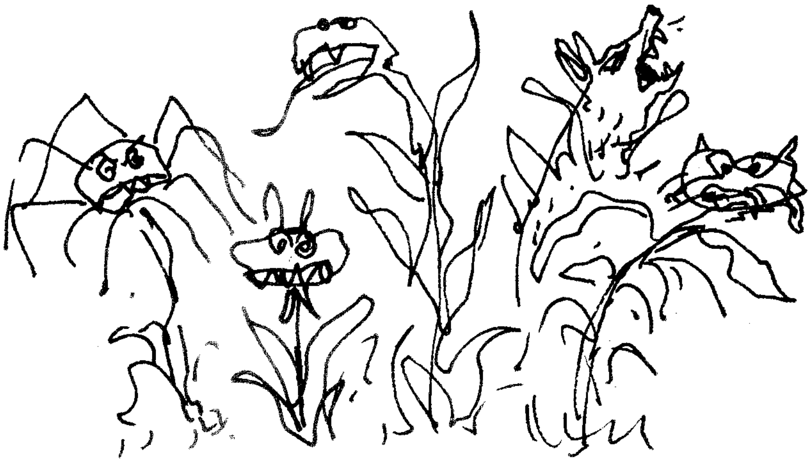


COWSLIP

Corpulent and calm, cows chew their cud.
In March, they march around in mire and mud.
They munch and march around, and munch some more,
Drink punch, then brunch, have luncheon, or
For dinner, as a change of menu,
They chew and march and munch, and when you
Milk them, why, they go on eating,
Quite unaware that they're repeating
Exactly what they did before,
Which is to march and munch some more.

Those with a legal education
Cry, after years of rumination,
"Clear the court! A change of venue!"
Then relapse with a kind of genu-
flection while they take their fill
Of sweet-breath-making chlorophyll.
After the grass has led to greed,
A few of them lie down and read
"The Sensuous Cow," by Sitting Bull.
—They need far less Sen-Sen than you.

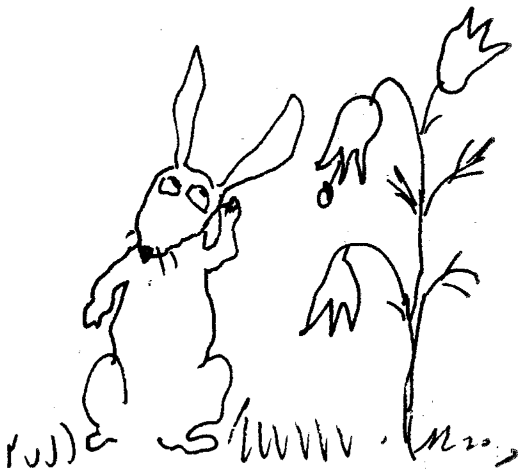
The cowslip, on the other hand,
Is a marsh marigold, or/and
A primrose. And *some* say and/or
A bore.



VIPER'S BUGLOSS, WOLFBERRY, RED-HOT CATTAIL, SPIDERWORT

There are some plants
I'd hate to see,
Like the viper's bugloss
And the wolfberry.

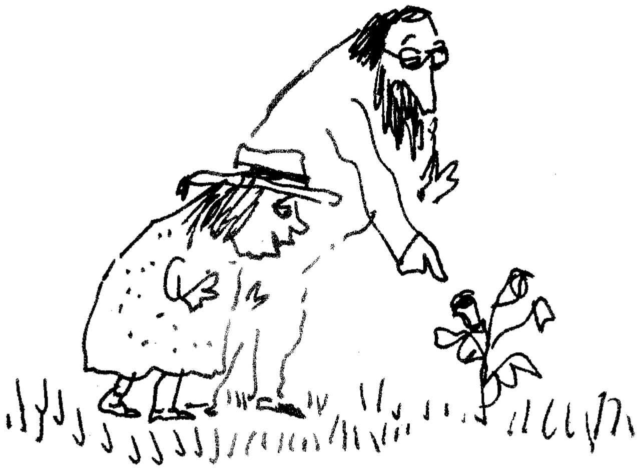
It would make me ill
Just to come up short
On the red-hot cattail
Or the spiderwort.



HAREBELL

Hares are rabbits
Who live in lairs
And have hare habits
And rabbit hairs.

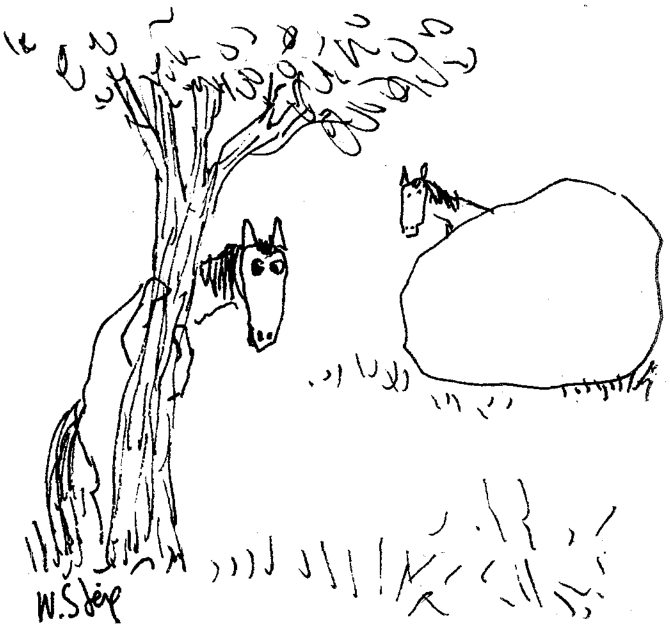
If you give the harebell
A little swing,
And you listen closely,
It goes ting-a-ling.



CLAMMY CAMPION

The clam is clammy
From Maine to Miami,
And hunted with zest
Even further west:
It's the native gizmo
At a place called Pismo
Beach, where you gnaw
Clams cooked, clams raw;
They're served with a touch of—
And sometimes too much of—
The hottest Tabasco
In Tijuana or Taxco.

Though the clammy campion
Is damper and clammier
Than the *un*clammy campion,
And much more campier,
Of all of the campia
It's considered the champion.



HORSE-CHESTNUT TREE

Though you may find chestnuts
At the grocery,
It's ten to one
That you'll never see
Horse-chestnut trees
At the A. & P.

It's getting harder
To see horses, too—
There's no lack
At the track,
But too few
At the zoo.

—Howard Moss

DON: THE TRUE STORY OF A YOUNG PERSON

EARL and Mavis Beeman and son Don, seventeen, had lived together in the two-bedroom green stucco house at 2813 Rochester for sixteen years, but for the last two they had been like ships in the night. Don, a gangly youth, with his father's large head and flat nose and his mother's shoulder-length hair, kept to himself and seldom spoke unless spoken to. "Ever since he joined that band . . ." his dad said. Mavis suspected drugs and finally asked Don straight out. He told her that coffee is a drug, but, as Mavis pointed out, coffee drinkers do not lock themselves in their rooms and never talk to their parents.

Actually, Don did love his folks. It was just that right now he was totally into his music. But they thought something was wrong. One Friday night, when Don and his band, Trash, were playing for a dance at the Armory, Earl and Mavis went in and shook down his room. Under the bed they found a box of tapes, numbered one through four and marked "Songs." They played them and found out they were songs written and sung by Don. They were about subjects he had never discussed at home, such as anger and violence. One song was about going down the street and tripping up nuns, and although the Beemans were not Catholic they were shocked.

The next morning, Earl spoke to Don. He didn't mention the songs, but he told Don to quit being moody around home and to make good use of his time, instead of hanging around with a bunch of punks who were up to no good. "We didn't bring you up to be just another dumb punk," Earl told him. "Sometimes you make me ashamed to be your parent."

Actually, "punk rock," as it is called, has brought about some useful changes in popular music, as many respected rock critics have pointed out, and its roots can be traced back to the very origins of rock itself and perhaps even a little bit farther. "It goes without saying," Green Phillips has written in "Rip It Up: The Sound of the American Urban Experience," "that punk rock is outrageous. Outrage is its object, its raison d'être, its very soul. It can also be said to be mean, filthy, stupid, self-destructive, and a menace to society. But that does not mean we should minimize its contribution or fail to see it for what it truly is: an attempt to reject the empty posturing of the pseudo-intellectual, album-oriented Rock-as-Art consciousness cult of the post-*Pepper* era and to re-create the primal persona of the Rocker as Car Thief, Dropout, and Guy Who Beats Up Creeps."

Punk-rock bands, Phillips goes on to say, through their very outrageousness—the musicians spitting onstage, cursing and throwing things at the audience, breaking up dressing rooms, trying to burn down auditoriums, and sometimes seriously injuring their managers and road crews—have forced many critics to reëxamine certain pre-punk assumptions, such as the role of criticism.

As it turned out, criticism was exactly what Earl gave Don, especially after the President's Day County 4-H Poultry Show dance, at which Trash played. Actually, the dance wasn't so bad. The band was rowdy and yelled a lot of tough, punk types of stuff at the audience, but that was their thing, after all, and nobody really minded until Trash's drummer, Bobby Thompson, spat at Sharon Farley while she was being crowned Poultry Show Queen on the stage between numbers. He said that she had given him a stuckup look, but Mrs. Goodrich, the senior 4-H adviser, ordered him to leave the poultry barn instantly. But the kids thought it had been done just in fun, and yelled until she decided to let him stay, on condition that he didn't do any more of that sort of thing.

Of course, this was a direct challenge to the others in the band. Brian Bigelow, the bass player, spat at Mrs. Goodrich as she left the stage, and then, with the crowd yelling and egging them on, the others in the band made belching noises and lifted up their shirts. Don and the other guitarist, Art Johnson, turned their amps up full blast, and soon feed pellets were flying back and forth. Things were just about completely out of hand when suddenly a guy tossed a chicken on the stage and Bobby grabbed it and bit its neck.

Instantly, the barn was hushed. "Did you *see* that!" some people murmured. "See *what*?" other people whispered. Trash packed up their equipment quickly, while several exhibitors chased and then caught the chicken. Somebody took it to a vet. Everyone went home.

The next morning at breakfast, Earl picked up the *Gazette* and found his son on page 1. "4-H DANCE ENDS IN RIOT AS ROCK BAND EATS LIVE BIRD," the headline said. According to the story, police were investigating the incident, which one observer at the scene called "an act of bestiality reminiscent of Nazi Germany."

Earl, a veteran of the Second World War, exploded. He kicked open Don's bedroom door, flung himself at his son, who had only just awakened, and hauled him out of bed by one leg. "Why?" he screamed. "Why? Why? Why?" He swung wildly at the dumbfounded youth with the rolled-up newspaper.

"Why do you do everything possible to disgrace us?" he yelled. "Why must you search for ways to show your hatred and contempt? Even if you have no respect for us, do you have no respect for yourself? How can you do this? Is there no limit?"

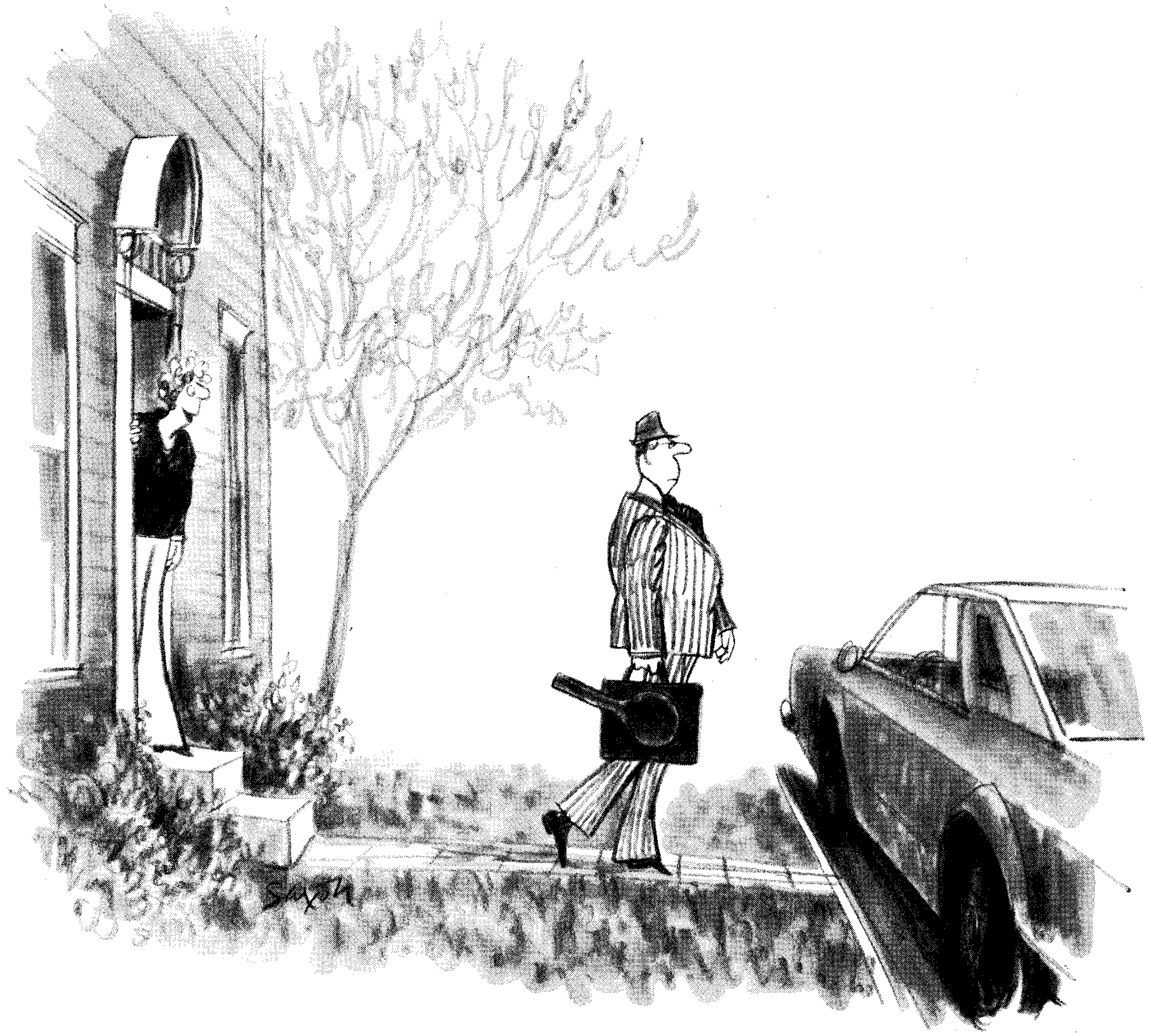
"Dad," Don said when Earl finally paused for breath. "Dad, it's only music."

"It's only music," Earl repeated dumbly. "It's only music. You drag our name in the mud, and you say it's only music. I suppose the next thing you'll tell me is it's only a chicken!"

ACTUALLY, it *was* only a chicken, as Don and his friends kept telling each other when they met that night in Bobby's garage to rehearse. They hadn't shot a deer or gutted a fish or slaughtered a pig or thrown a lobster into a pot of boiling water. One of them, in the excitement of the moment, had simply bitten the neck of a chicken—a chicken that, as it turned out, was going to be perfectly O.K. They had the vet's word for that.

"They are trying to pin on us all the violence and hatred that are in their own hearts," said Brian, hanging up his big bass speaker on a rafter. "They think our music is violent just because it shows them where *they* are at and they don't dare to admit it."

"They can try all they want but they'll never stop rock and roll," Bobby said, referring to Mrs. Goodrich, who had already called up all of the county 4-H advisers, several youth ministers, a lot of high-school teachers, and the county extension agent to arrange an emergency meeting that night.



“Have a nice day, dear, and good luck at lunch.”

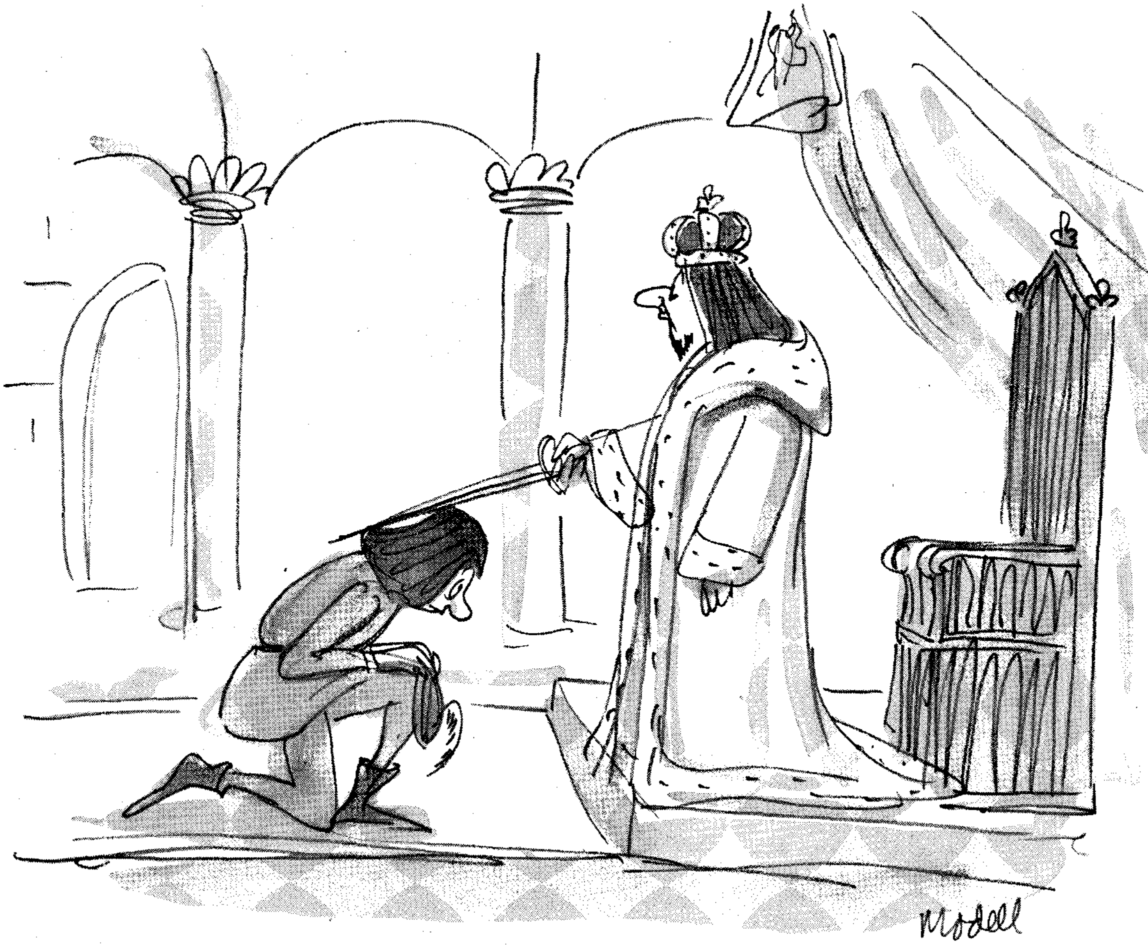
• •

“TEEN LEADERS VOW ANTI-ROCK DRIVE, AIM SMUT BAN IN AREA,” the *Gazette* reported the following morning. “Longtime youth worker Diane Goodrich enjoys having a good time as much as the next person [the story went on], but Monday night, watching a local rock band rip into a live chicken with their teeth at the 4-H Poultry Show dance, she decided it was time to call ‘foul.’ Evidently, more than a few people agree with her. Last night, at a meeting in the high-school auditorium attended on a word-of-mouth basis by literally dozens of parents, not to mention civic leaders and youth advisers, she spoke for the conscience of a community when she said, ‘Have we become so tolerant of deviant behavior, so sympathetic toward the sick in our society, that, in the words of Bertram Follette, “we have lost the capacity to say, ‘This is not “far out.” You have simply gone too far. Now we say “No!” ’ ”?’ ”

Don walked slowly home from school that day. A B-plus student, he was sensitive to the accusations made against him and his friends, and while he knew that the uproar had been caused at least partly by irresponsible reporting in the media, he also realized that the time had come for both sides to cool their rhetoric and sit down and talk. In his mind, he sought ways for his dad and himself to resolve their differences, but he couldn't think of a single one. Actually, their relationship had been pretty good—at least, on a hunting-and-fishing level. Earl had taught Don how to handle a shotgun and tie a fly and clean a fish and take care of a skillet and, most of all, how to sit still all morning in the blind. Actually, that was a problem. In hunting and fishing, it is important, of course, to be absolutely quiet. Don and Earl had spent whole days on Stone Lake casting into rocky inlets for bass, and if Don so much as rattled an oarlock Earl glared at him. Don was never encouraged to share with his dad his feelings about himself or his hopes for the future. He was just expected to sit and not scare fish.

It was a shaken Trash, an incensed Trash, that met in the Thompsons' garage after supper on Wednesday. “We're going to show them,” Brian vowed, his fists clenched white, “that we can be everything they say we are. They tell lies about us—O.K., we're going to make those lies come true!”

That night, they played with wild abandon. The garage windows rattled as the band members screamed (and chorded) their frustration at having



"I pronounce you loser."

• •

been attacked for something that had been blown up way out of proportion.

> Baby, you call me an animal for
> something I didn't do,
> Well, if that's how you want it
> I'm going to be wild for you!

At the word "wild," the boys lunged forward and crouched and grinned like madmen.

> Well, O.K., baby, you think you're
> Little Red Riding Hood,
> I'll be the Big Bad Wolf, and this
> time I'll get you good.

Here, Art stomped on the blitz pedal, throwing his amp into overdrive, while Don beat on his Ripley B-19 with windmill chops, and Brian actually straddled the bass and rode it like a horse. Bobby leaped from the drums and, with one yank, started up his father's lawnmower, to which they had taped a microphone.

> I'm gonna ride my mower all
> around this town,
> Cut everybody who's been trying to
> put me down!

Now they moved into the finale. The lawnmower was stopped and the band fell silent, except for the bump-bump-bump of Brian's bass, as Bobby staggered forward like somebody completely out of his mind—panting, groping, and stumbling, with his eyes wild—while Brian sang:

> Well, you call us trash, so what
> do we have to lose?
> We're gonna be so bad you can
> read it in the morning news!

Suddenly Bobby leaped into the air, rushed forward, reached into a cardboard box, and grabbed the chicken and bit it again and again, until the feathers flew.

Actually, it was just a pillow they had put there for the rehearsal, but it seemed real to Trash, who sat back exhausted after the song. They all had experienced a tremendous release from it, and yet they were stunned at what had happened.

"Like I wasn't even aware of what I was doing," Bobby said. "I couldn't believe it was me. It was that great."

"It's bigger than us," Art said. "I get into it and I am just completely blown away."

"I don't know if we should actually ever do it," Don said. "If you think we really should, then I guess so, but I really don't know."

"I don't think we should do it unless we're really into it, but if it's going to happen, then I say let it happen," Brian said.

ON Wednesday evening, Earl and Mavis were sitting in their forest-green lounger chairs beside the fireplace in the basement family room, reading the sports and family sections, respectively, of the *Gazette*. There was more about Mrs. Goodrich and her Committee for Teen Decency on the family page ("ROCK-RECORD ROAST SLATED FOR SUNDAY"), but by now Mavis was able to read articles on the subject without tears. "I don't know, I feel they are being unfair to Don and his friends," she said to Earl. "They are making a mountain out of what was probably just a joke. Mrs. Thompson told me that Bobby didn't even draw blood on that chicken. All it suffered was a slight neck sprain. She said that when Bobby was little he would tease his sister by pretending to eat angleworms. Maybe this is the same thing."

"Time they grew up, then," Earl said. "They walk around like they got the world on a string. Never listen to a thing you say. Treat you like dirt. Maybe this'll give them a taste of their own medicine."

"I don't know," Mavis said thoughtfully. "A mother doesn't have all the answers. Sometimes I'm upset by little things they do or say. Sometimes I wonder. But in the end I know he's still my boy. I may not always understand, but I know he needs me to be here, to listen, to forgive. And I know there's nobody so bad but what they deserve a second chance."

Earl and Mavis talked a long time that night. They remembered the many good times they had had with Don—the pleasure he had given them, the many wonderful memories. Mavis recalled that Don's first word had been "Papa," and Earl recalled that his second was "chicken." They both had a good laugh over that!

"They were good years, Mave," Earl said, his eyes glistening. "I've been wrong about Don. I'll do better now."

"Tomorrow is a new day," she replied brightly.

"He's a good boy if only we'd give him a chance," said Earl, practically weeping.

"Just like his daddy," said Mavis, reaching for his hand.

"Let's go up to bed," said Earl, rising. He held her tightly.

"I think this is just going to bring us closer together," she said.

Don couldn't sleep Wednesday night. He had gotten up twice, once to swipe a pack of his dad's Salems and then to get the blackberry wine left over from Christmas, and now, as he lay in bed drinking and smoking and carefully exhaling toward the fan that hummed in the window, he felt torn between his deep love of music and his fears that Trash was going off the deep end. He had confessed this doubt to Brian at school, and Brian said, "If it feels good, then what's wrong?" Don was not completely certain in his own mind if this made sense or not. How can you feel good if you don't know it's right, he wondered. And how do you know if something is right?

After talking to Brian, he had spent his lunch hour in the library, searching the short shelf marked "Philosophy & Religion" for a book that might clarify his thinking, and now he reached for it on the bedside table. It was "The Art of Decision-Making," by M. Henry Fellows. Two lines from the preface had impressed him, and now he read them again:

> In a society appearing often paralyzed by an overload of complex decisions, the act of decision-making may assume primary importance over the actual meaning and effect of the decision itself; or, to put it another way, a crucial function of the decision-making process is to assert the power to decide. It is necessary to make this point absolutely clear: in an increasingly completed society, the act of making decisions is clearly not a matter of choice but a matter of necessity.

Once again Don knew he must decide whether to stay in Trash and risk banishment from home and the permanent hatred of a community (and perhaps a nation) united in outrage at the senseless injury (or even death) of a barnyard fowl, or not, and he had to decide before their next public appearance.

The next morning, Mavis got on the phone to the other Trash parents, and that evening, in the Beeman living room, the eight of them agreed that the boys had been treated unfairly and deserved a second chance. "Let's put on a dance ourselves!" Art's mom suggested, and everybody said, "Why not?" That week, Earl arranged through his union to rent the Bricklayers Hall for a low rate, and Mrs. Thompson, who worked for an ad agency, formed her media friends into a publicity committee. Mavis took charge of refreshments, and Mr. Thompson talked the mayor, an old fishing buddy, into granting them a provisional dance permit. "We'll have to move fast before the City Council can rescind it," he said. "Saturday night's the night."

Trash rehearsed Thursday night in the Thompsons' garage. Although they knew their folks had gotten behind them, they didn't discuss the planned dance, now tentatively titled (Mrs. Thompson's idea) "A Salute to Youth." Perhaps they couldn't believe it was true. Once again the music was so powerful, so all-encompassing, that the boys got carried away and went right into "They Call Us Trash." "Let's not do that song tonight," Don had asked, but they did—they couldn't help it—and they played even more wildly than before, perhaps because of a strobe light that Art had borrowed from his dad, a mechanic, who used it for balancing wheels. The effect of the strobe was frightening. Bobby ate practically half the pillow before they could get it away from him. They had to sit on him and hold him down, even though they were pretty shaky themselves. When they had quieted down a little, they tried out Brian's new song, which he had written that day:

All my life you told me "Shut
up and behave."
Well, from now on, Mama, your
boy's gonna scream and rave.
I know you hate to see me playing
rock and roll,
But, Mom, I gotta break your
heart to save my soul.

Later on, Don would remember the last line as the point at which he had begun to make his decision.

Don came home from school Friday and, as usual, put on a record and fixed himself a peanut-butter-on-toast sandwich and a glass of milk. The phone rang just as the toast popped up. "Long distance calling for a Donald Beeman," said an operator's voice.

"This is him," Don answered.

"Go ahead," she said.

"Don," said a deep voice at the other end. "Green Phillips here, at *Falling Rocks*."

Falling Rocks! At the mention of the name of the country's leading rock tabloid, Don's mind went completely numb. *Falling Rocks!* But—

"Don, we have a photographer who is flying out there right now on a char-

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BAR + GRILL
MID-LIFERS
WELCOME

tered jet to cover your concert tomorrow,” Phillips went on. “I’ll be doing the story from here, and I need something from you over the phone. I’m going upstairs in a minute and I’m going to try to sell this thing as a cover story, but at the moment we’re up against a Beatles-reunion rumor and a Phil Spector retrospective and God knows what else, so I need something to put us over the top. Don, I’m going to put it straight to you. I’m up against a deadline and I’m up against a bunch of editors who don’t know what’s going on, and I need to know something right now—not tonight, not tomorrow morning, not maybe, but yes or no. Is your guy going to eat the chicken or isn’t he?”

“*WHAT did you tell him?*” Bobby grabbed Don’s shoulders and shook him and hugged him at the same time.

“I said probably.”

“*Probably?*”

“I said yes, I was pretty sure, it looked like that was going to happen.”

“It’s in the *bank!*” Bobby yelled. “It’s not *going* to happen. It’s *happening!*”

“Geek Rock is a style that departs radically from the punk genre even as it transcends it,” Green Phillips explained in the cover story he typed out that night. “It is music with a mythic urge, raw and dirty and yet soaring off into the cosmic carny spirit of primitivist America and the sawdust world of the freak show of the soul, starring Tamar, Half Girl and Half Gorilla, and Koko the Wild Man from Borneo Who Eats Live Spiders.

“For all the macho leather and scarred brilliance of its Presleys, Vincents, or Coopers,” he wrote, “rock has always stayed within the bounds of urban sensibility—a more ordered world that has filed rebellion and outrage into the thematic grid of heavy drinking, hard fighting, hot cars, and fast sex. The achievement of Trash is to take us, as punk rock never can, into the darkest backroads of the heartland, back into the sideshow tent of the American experience, and, inevitably, of course, back into ourselves.”

On Saturday morning, Don slept late, and when he awoke he longed to go downstairs and plead with his mom and dad. “Please cancel ‘A Salute to Youth.’ Don’t ask why—just cancel it immediately,” he wanted to tell them. But he knew it was too late for reappraisal. Whatever was going to happen had gained too much momentum.

The three hundred friends and relatives of Trash who jammed the Bricklayers Hall that night (including a number of ministers who believed that the basic message of rock was caring and sharing, as well as Don’s grandma, who was hard of hearing) knew no such trepidation. They piled into the hall as if they were going to a party. It took Mr. Thompson, who was master of ceremonies, several minutes to get all the people to take their seats and give him their attention. He spoke briefly on the importance of trust in human relationships and then, to brighten the occasion with a little humor, he shouted, “And now, back *safe and sound* from its last engagement . . .” and waved toward the wings, and out came the treasurer of the 4-H Club bearing a chicken with a bandaged neck. He put it down in its cage at the front of the stage, and the crowd gave the chicken a standing ovation.

Trash leaped out onstage, ready to play for keeps. “We Came to Rock,” “Look Out, Danger,” “Electric Curtains,” “It Hurts Me More,” and “Dirty, Desperate, Born to Die” (all originals) led off the show and were appreciated by almost everyone. Many people in the crowd, including all the Trash parents, got up to dance to the crackling beat, which seemed to pound up through the floor. Some of the parents had learned this particular dance in adult-education classes. “They certainly do get quite a sound out of secondhand instruments!” Mrs. Thompson called to Mavis Beeman. Mavis was nervous. “Don’t they look a little feverish to you?” she asked. Don had actually been feeling sick all day. His face was flushed and his stomach was upset, but he had refused to let his mother take his temperature. “Nothing at all,” he said when she asked what was wrong. But later he came into the kitchen during supper and said maybe it would be better if she and Earl stayed home tonight, that it might be too late for them.

“Of course not,” she had said. “We *want* to be there.”

Now it was eleven o’clock—they had promised the Bricklayers to be through by eleven-thirty—and, standing at the back of the hall, trying to see over the dancers, Mavis was stricken by the sight of the chicken, still up there in its cage. She didn’t know why, but she felt sure that if she could only reach the stage in time . . . “Stop the music!” she cried. She pushed forward into the waves and currents of bodies, which shoved and battered against her as the band sang, “You call me an animal for something I didn’t do.”

“Don, it’s not too late!” she hollered, but it was, and her efforts only served to give her a front-row seat for a sight she would never forget the rest of her life: a brief moment of eye contact with the chicken as it fixed her with an expression of utter reproach in the split second before Bobby tore open the cage.

“Perhaps no bird, not even the eagle, bluebird, or robin, has entered so deeply the folk consciousness of the race as has the common chicken (*Gallus gallus*),” Green Phillips had written. “Indeed, throughout the Christian world, and even in many non-Christian countries, the chicken, from Plymouth Rock to lowly Leghorn, has come to stand for industry, patience, and fecundity, and, through its egg, for life itself, rebirth, and the resurrection of Christ, and, through its soup, for magical healing and restoration of the spirit. And yet, even as the chicken rides high as symbol of the Right Life in the pastoral dreams of the post-agrarian bourgeoisie, its name has attracted other connotations—of pettiness, timidity, and foolishness—perhaps reflecting our culture’s doubts about itself. It is the peculiar genius of Trash to exploit this dichotomy to its fullest resolution, and thus to release in an audience such revulsion as can only indicate that profound depths have been reached.”

Trash spent Saturday night at the Thompsons’. Mrs. Thompson had said that she would not speak to them but she would not turn them away, either, and they were welcome to sleep in the basement. Mr. Thompson was out consoling the Beemans, who had taken it hard, especially Mavis. Don called home Sunday afternoon, and his mom hung up on him.

Trash spent Sunday night on a bus to Omaha and put up at a Holiday Inn, and on Monday night played one set as an opening act to Sump, at the Armory. Advance ticket sales had been sluggish for weeks, until the promoter booked Trash on the strength of a page 2 photo in the Sunday paper showing Bobby with a faceful of feathers under the headline “CHICKEN SLAIN BY MIDWEST SINGER.” Quickly reprinted on posters, it boosted box-office some, but in the drafty hall, playing on borrowed gear to a strange and scattered audience, Trash couldn't work up to the emotional peak they needed to make the whole thing work. The new chicken sat in its cage and shivered, and when the time came Bobby hadn't the heart to do more than just pick it up and shake it. The crowd, which naturally expected more, booed them off the stage.

But actually it wasn't bad for starters. They got six hundred dollars for the night's work and a telephone call offering them a job in Tampa as opening act for the Ronnies, a successful band that already had an album, "Greatest Hits," and was already popular in some places, including Wilkes-Barre, Gary, Erie, Louisville, and Baton Rouge. The Ronnies, who were into a combination of punk and heavy-metal plus some middle-of-the-road along with jazz, liked some of Trash's music O.K., but they were really turned on by the idea of the chicken bit. When they all met in Tampa to rehearse, the Ronnies cut Trash's set down to three songs and worked up a fifteen-minute routine for the chicken, with strobes and costumes and choreography and a truckload of chicken feathers to dump on the audience at the end. Bobby had to rehearse the chicken bit fourteen times that afternoon, but the Ronnies' manager, a little guy named Darrell Prince, was still not satisfied. Bobby sort of seemed to have lost interest in the whole idea. "I don't know," he said. "I really don't know."

That night, before Trash's first show with the Ronnies, Darrell Prince came up to Don in the dressing room. "You're doing the chicken," he said to him.

"I don't know," Don said. "To tell you the truth, I've never done it before."

"You watched the other kid do it. Just do what he did."

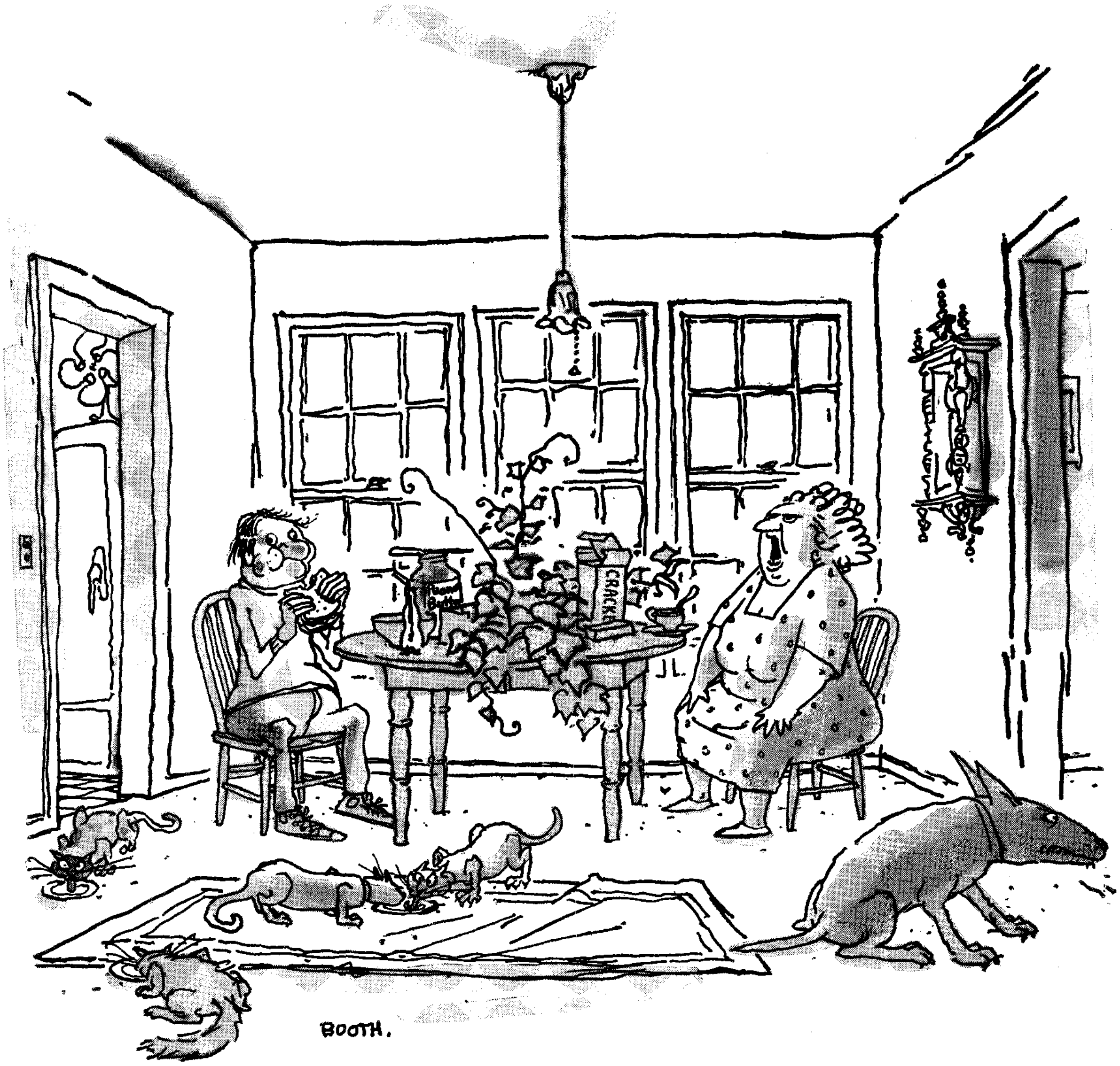
"Well, to be perfectly honest with you, it's not actually something that I am particularly into right now."

"*Get* into it," the guy said, and he talked to Don for several minutes about rock and roll as a ritual expression of tribal unity which sets free powerful feelings, including anger and guilt, that require a blood sacrifice to restore the inner peace and harmony of the tribe. He gave examples of this from Mayan and early Japanese cultures, the Old Testament, N.F.L. Sunday football, and the Spanish bullring. "Besides," he said, "it's only a chicken."

"I don't know," Don said. "I honestly don't think I could do it that *well.* People pay four, five dollars to get in, they deserve to see a good show. I might just get sick, or something."

But Darrell Prince walked away, and a few minutes later Don and the rest of his friends were standing in a corridor of the amphitheatre ready to go on, and there was another chicken in a cage, and they could all hear the sounds of the crowd, which was already whistling and clapping for them to come out. Don did feel sick, and he didn't know if he was going to be able to do it or not. While he waited, he thought to himself that perhaps by doing it and feeling sick about doing it he would do some good, perhaps by showing any kids that might be in the audience that they should not try to do this, and that maybe it would be an example to them about violence. And besides, that afternoon the *Falling Rocks* story had come out, and they were some sort of stars.

—GARRISON KEILLOR



"*I feel aggressive today. Not sexy—just aggressive.*"

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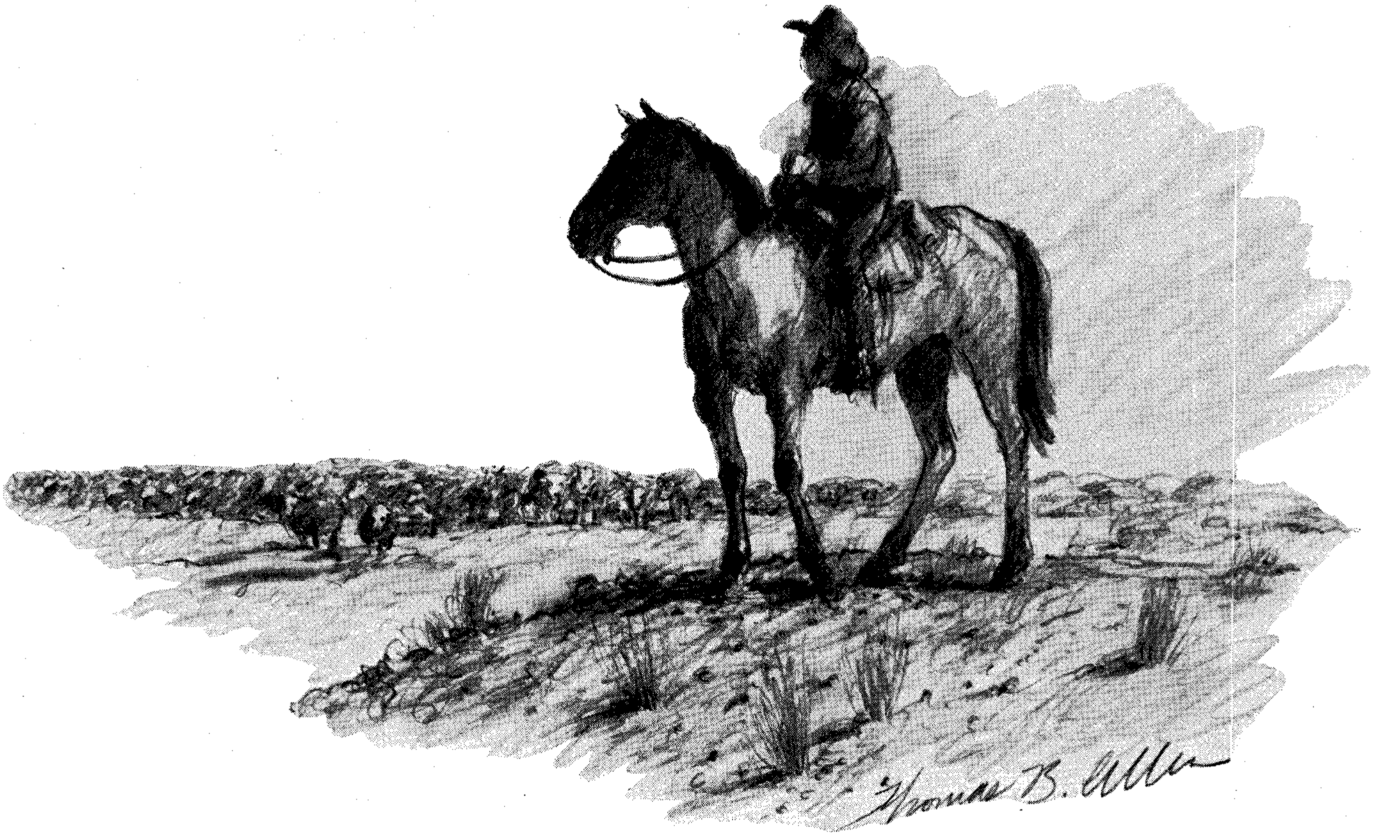
Some have accused the New Yorker of a stilted style, such as its frequent use of the third person "we" in its reporting on current events.—*Detroit News.*

Hell, we sometimes go right into the *fourth* person.

PROFILES

COWBOY—I



HENRY BLANTON turned forty on an April day when the first warm winds of spring crossed the Texas Panhandle and the diamondback rattlers, fresh and venomous from their winter sleep, came slipping out from under the cap rock of the Canadian River breaks. It was a day full of treachery and promise, the kind of day that Henry would have expected for the showdown in a good Western. Henry was particular about Westerns. When he was a boy and hired out in the summer—for fifty cents a day and the privilege of keeping a local rancher's thirsty cows from ambling downriver from their summer pasture—he saved his pay in a rusty tin bank shaped like a bull and planned a winter's worth of Westerns at Amarillo's movie houses. At night, summers, with the covers pulled tight above his head, Henry braved the moaning ghosts who rode the river breeze past the old stone line camp where he slept alone—and he did it by fixing his thoughts on calm, courageous movie cowboys. He never summoned up the image of his father, who had once been as fine a cowboy as any man in the Panhandle, or the image of his Granddaddy Abel, who had made the long cattle drive to Wyoming back when Indians were still marauding and a rustler with a long rope would as often as not shoot a trail boss who rode out looking for his strays. Henry, deep in his bedroll, shoring up courage against the river's dead, called on John Wayne, Gary Cooper, and Glenn Ford. Especially Glenn Ford. He was convinced then that for "expressin' right," as he put it, there had never been a cowboy to equal Glenn Ford—and he was still convinced of this at forty.

"Expressin' right" was important to the man I call Henry Blanton. It was a gift that he had lost, and he did not know why and was ashamed of himself for wondering anyway, since part of expressing right as a cowboy had to do with a kind of quiet certainty that sustained a man when times were bad. Henry believed that other men might talk to themselves too much, like women, or fret and complain, but a proper cowboy did not. When he watched a Western now, on the big television console he had bought on credit the day the electric lines reached his house on the Willow Ranch, it was less for pleasure or amusement, or even courage, than to find a key to the composure that eluded him. Henry never doubted his abilities as a cowboy. He was the foreman of ninety thousand acres, and he ran them well, considering that he had to take his orders from a rancher who had moved to Eaton Square, in London, and that those orders came to him through a college-boy ranch manager who knew more about juggling account books than raising cattle and was so terrified of cows anyway that he did most of his managing from the driver's seat of a locked, air-conditioned Buick. Henry was a good rider and a fine roper. He could pull a calf with considerable skill, and when he had to he could cut a dogie from the belly of its dying mother. He could account for every one of the twenty-two hundred cows in his charge as if they were his own. He knew which cows delivered strong, healthy calves each spring, which cows needed help calving, which ones tended to miss a year or deliver stillborn. He knew by instinct when a fence was down or a pole had rotted. He could put his ear to the pump pipe of a windmill well that was drawing poorly and tell in minutes whether the checks were broken or the water, three hundred and fifty feet underground, was drying up. He had all those skills, but somehow he was not the sort of cowboy who inspired admiration or respect.

People regarded Henry with exasperation or indulgence. There was something unsettled about his character—something that made him restless and a little out of control. He could not quite manage that economy of gesture and person which was appropriate in a cowboy. Some frustration drove him to a kind of inept excess. He drank too much in town, and worked with a bottle of bourbon in his Ford pickup truck and another in his saddlebag. His stunts were famous—people still talked about the time Henry and his brother, Tom, backed a wild mare into a funeral parlor—but lately they had turned ugly and immodest. He was hard on his wife, Betsy, and neighbors had begun to remark that he was getting hard on his animals, too. He moved his cows a little too fast for their placidity, drove his yearlings a little too fast for their daily gain. When he worked cattle these days, he was apt to forget to keep his knife sharpened. Sometimes, dehorning, he sawed too deep into a calf's horns, and the creature's lowing turned mad with pain.

Henry had lived on ranches where his camp was thirty or forty miles from a paved road; ranches where Betsy had to cart water from a spring to do the dishes or wash her babies' diapers; ranches where even the best cowboy was worth no more to his boss than a hundred and fifty dollars a month in wages, a shack for a home, and the meat from steers that were too scrawny to send to auction. He did not like to complain about his life now, in a neat prefabricated house with electricity and a telephone and running water—a house with a highway only twelve miles away down a negotiable dirt road. But a rancher could trust his foreman with ninety thousand or nine hundred thousand acres and still regard him as a kind of overgrown boy who was best protected from himself by a stern paternal hand guiding him through a life's indenture.

The movies Henry loved had told him that a good cowboy was a hero. They had told him that a cowboy lived by codes, not rules—codes of calm, solitude, and honor—and that a cowboy had a special arrangement with nature and, with his horse under him and the range spread out around him, knew a truth and a freedom and a satisfaction that ordinary men did not. Even the circuit preacher who came to town every second Sunday claimed that, while no one was really free, a man on a horse surely had a head start in the business of grace over Communists and New Yorkers and all the other sinners who lived by malice and greed. But the movies were changing—they were full of despair lately. The preacher himself had started making money giving I.Q. tests to the Baptists on his route for a rich Bible college that was running a study called God and Intellect. And Henry, turning forty, had little to show for his life as a cowboy except a hand-tooled saddle and a few horses. Betsy had baked a cake, but she was not speaking to him that birthday morning. His daughter Melinda, washing for school, had used up all the hot water. Henry began his forty-first year with a hangover and an icy shower, and, pulling on his boots, he brooded about the future. The West was full of fences and feedyards now. It was crowded with calf traders and futures brokers, college boys who didn't know a Hereford from an Angus, and ranchers who commuted from London or the South of France—and, whatever the movies once promised, there was not much chance, in a showdown, for a hero on a horse.

THE first American cowboy was probably a rustler—one of the men from Stephen Austin's Texas colony who rode south into the Nueces Valley in the eighteen-twenties and stole longhorns from Mexican rancheros' herds. It took the rest of the century and the imagination of Easterners to produce a proper cowboy—a cowboy whom children could idolize, and grown men, chafing at their own domesticated competence, hold as a model of some profoundly masculine truth. The proper cowboy had less to do with any Austin colonist than with Owen Wister's Virginian, riding west onto the vast liminal stage of the American plains to shoot straight, with a noble and virtuous heart, and kill his villain. The proper cowboy was a fiction appropriate to a frontier so wild and inhospitable that most Easterners regarded it as a landscape of Manichaean possibilities. He became for those Easterners the frontier's custodian. They made him Rousseau's Émile with a six-gun. They turned man-in-nature into a myth of natural man, and added natural justice to ease the menace of a place that lay beyond their hegemony and their institutions. They saw to it that he was born good, and that if he died violently, he died wise and defiant and uncorrupted. They set him against outlaws and spoilers, card sharks and Comanches. Their fears became his own sworn enemies. When the myth demanded that they meet—the Virginian paying his duty call on his bride's New England family—he showed them up, with his solemn, masculine behav-

"David, this is Andrina Whitlock. Andrina is a food person, too."

ior, as weak men and petty moralists; and the weak men and petty moralists were reassured.

The West, of course, had other, older heroes. By the cowboy's time, Western folklore was already full of trappers and explorers and pioneering farmers, but they had carried some psychic legacy of the East with them in their canoes and wagons, and the cowboy had not. The trappers who crossed the timberline into the North American wilderness were, in fact, Yankee woodsmen, crowded out of home and pushing west toward a lost privacy that had more to do with Eastern forests than with Western plains. The farmers who followed them were immigrants, mostly, bringing to their homestead claims a romantic European dream of rural life. The historian Henry Nash Smith once said that their vision was the vision of the garden plot. It was a vision refreshed by the prospect of an extraordinarily spacious continent, but it was rooted in Europe just the same. The trouble they had with the cowboys and cattlemen who tried to stop them always involved much more than rights-of-way and fences; it had to do with different notions of what the West meant. The farming settlers of our folklore, rattling across the prairie in Conestoga wagons with their hearty, bonneted wives and broods of children, their chests of pots and pans and quilts, their plows and oxen, shared a republican dream of modest property and the rules and rhythms of domestic law. But the cowboy carried no baggage. Like the frontier, he had no past and no history. He dropped into the country's fantasies mysterious and alone, the way the Virginian arrived one day in his Wyoming town—by right, and not for any reason that he cared to give. With his gun and his horse and his open range, he followed the rules and rhythms of unwritten law and took counsel from his own conscience. He stood for the kind of imperial vision that staked out cattle kingdoms and for the kind of sweeping, solitary power that vigilantes and guardian angels have.

People looked west in the nineteenth century and were inspired to the most jingoistic rhetoric. They talked about manifest destiny and the restless eagle of expansion, and took their images from politicians like the Mississippi Democrat who, eying independent Texas, once demanded, "Who will desire to check the young eagle of America, now refixing her gaze upon our former limits, and repluming her pinions for her returning flight?" Those images suited a people determined to expand across the continent and profit from it. And the cowboy, decked out in his qualities like a knight of their frontier, represented something original and indigenous—something, to their satisfaction, necessarily American. He gave the field of their expansion a kind of mythic geography. They, in turn, gave him extravagant prerogatives, which they later claimed for themselves. A cowboy shook hands where ordinary men signed contracts. A cowboy drew his gun where ordinary men went home. A cowboy took the land for his cattle where ordinary men applied for deeds at the local courthouse. A cowboy claimed the right-of-way where ordinary men built fences and paid tolls.

There was not much room in the cowboy myth for the real cowboys of the nineteenth century—range bums and drifters and failed outlaws, freed slaves and impoverished half-breeds, ruined farmers from the Reconstruction South and the tough, wild boys from all over who were the frontier's dropouts, boys who had no appetite for the ties of land or family, who could make a four-month cattle drive across a thousand miles and not be missed by anyone. But eventually the myth, with its code and its solemn rhetoric, caught up with most of them, and if it left them still outside the law, at least it took the edge off their frightful lawlessness and made a virtue of their old failures. Henry Blanton's grandfather Abel was one of the ruined farmers. The Blantons had lost their five slaves to the Thirteenth Amendment and their Georgia hog farm to carpetbaggers, and Abel, at sixteen, had left for Texas, hired out as a trail hand, and, after ten years in a bedroll, as he liked to say, collected a mail-order bride at the Amarillo depot. It was 1892. Owen Wister's cowboy had settled down to a sober prosperity and was

Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"I resent the way she sized us up and then offered us 'The Ladies' Home Journal.'"

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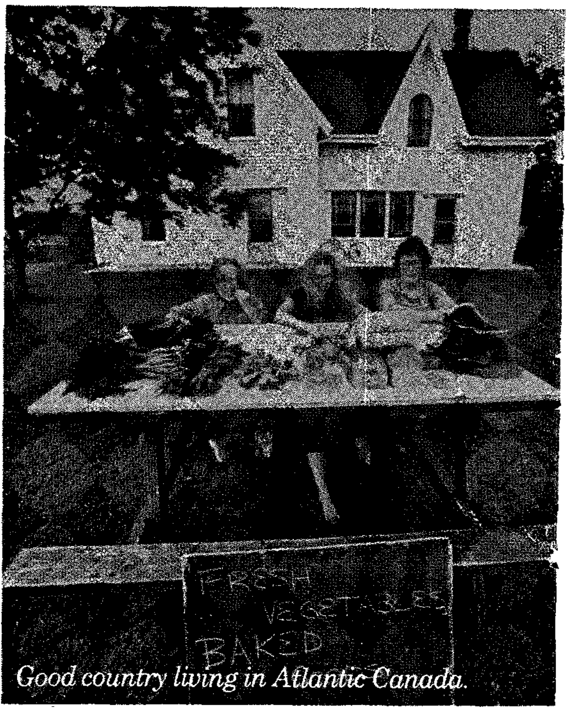

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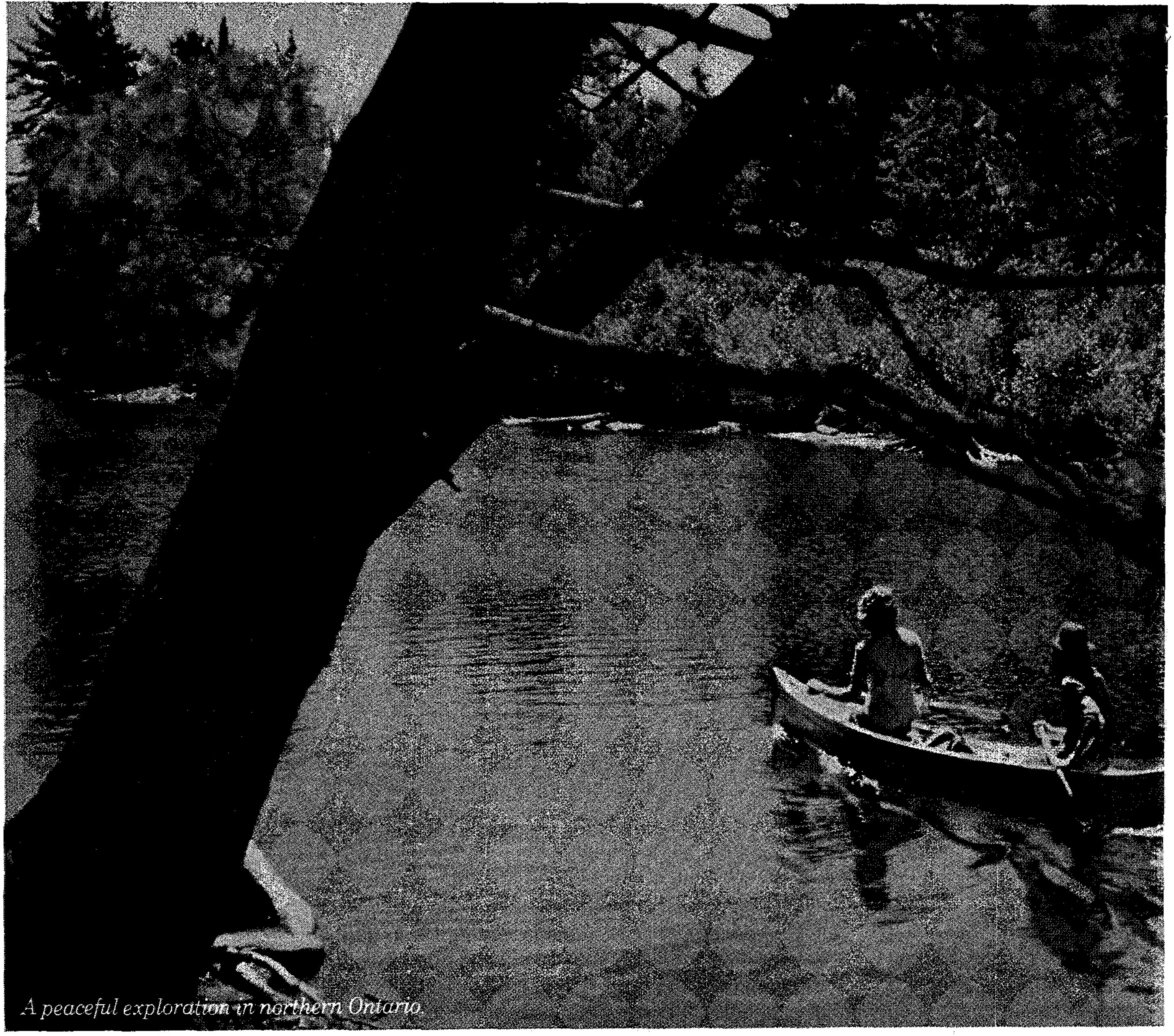

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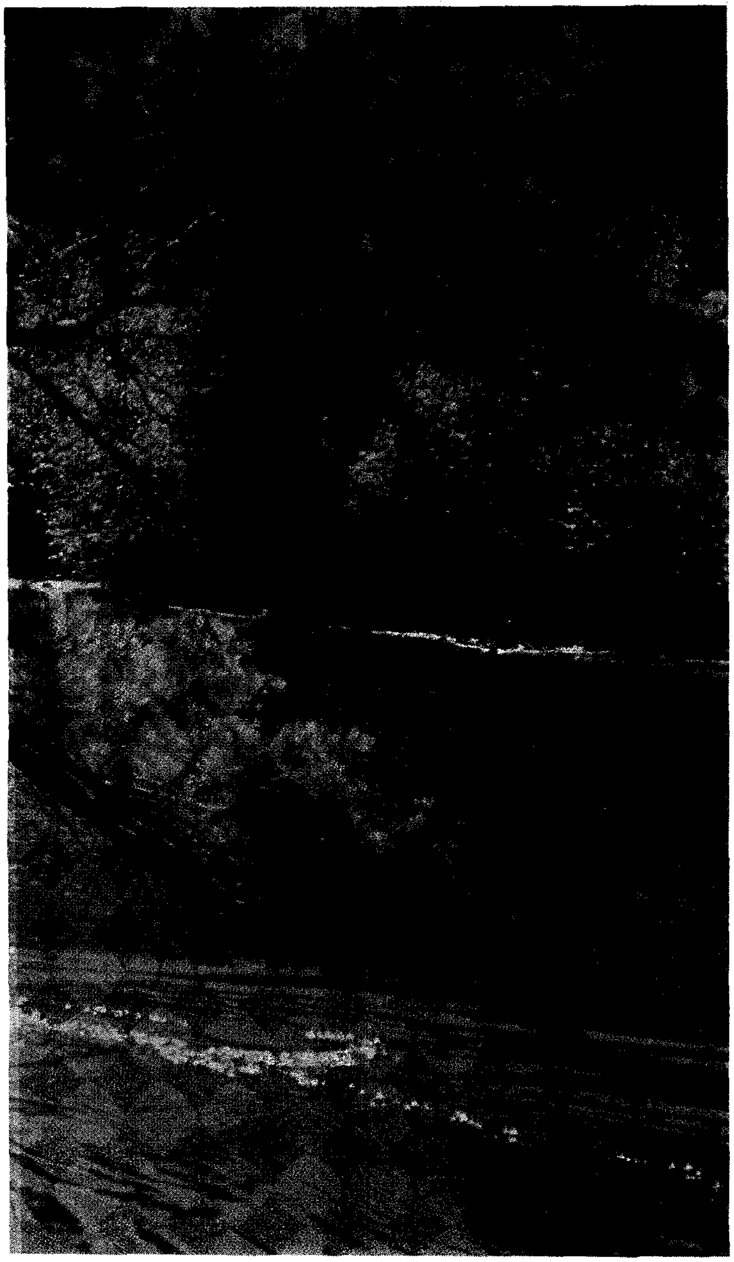

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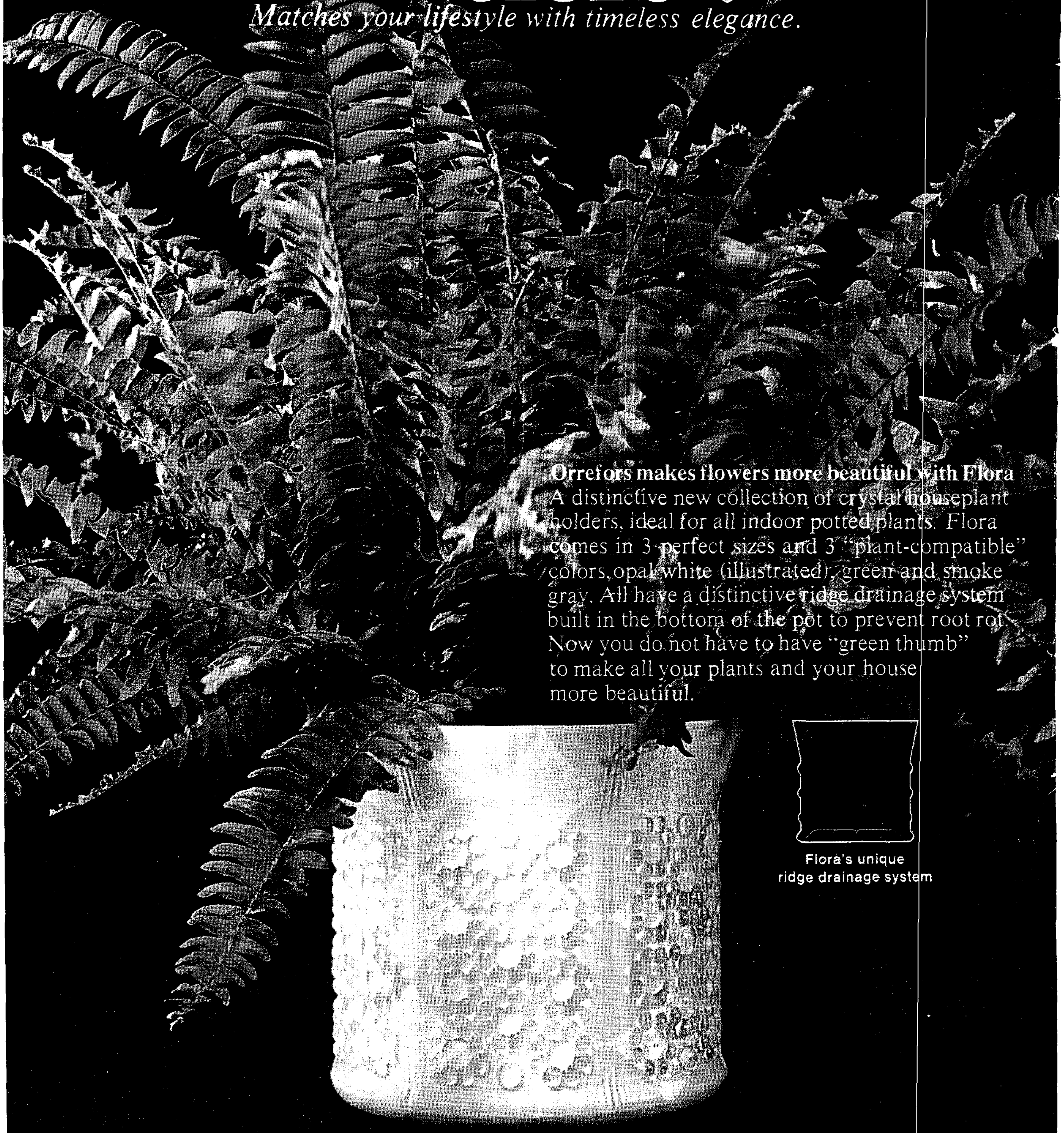

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on his way to becoming "an important man, with a strong grip on many various enterprises, and able to give his wife all and more than she asked or desired." And Amarillo was a boom town, with two railroads crossing, a drygoods store, and a street of whorehouses. Ranchers around the town had abandoned cattle drives to graze their herds at home in fenced pastures and ship them, fat, by rail to the Illinois and Missouri auctions. Bankers and brokers from London and Edinburgh had bought up Panhandle land, and they were turning cattle kingdoms into cattle companies. The business of running cattle had become big business by the time Abel Blanton brought a bride out to Texas. But there were still ranchers around who paid part of a cowboy's wages in calves or let a favorite hand claim mavericks. Cowboys, with luck, could run a few steers on their ranchers' land along with the ranch cattle, put the profit from those steers toward a few sections, and talk about becoming ranchers themselves. Few of them succeeded—only enough to make a man like Henry Blanton bitter that his grandfather had not. The West that Henry mourned belonged to the Western movie, where the land and the cattle went to their proper guardians and brought a fortune in respect and power. It was a West where the best cowboy got to shoot the meanest outlaw, woo the prettiest schoolteacher, bed her briefly to produce sons, and then ignore her for the finer company of other cowboys—a West as sentimental and as brutal as the people who made a virtue of that curious combination of qualities and called it the American experience.

THE road to Henry Blanton's house began as a narrow, rutted cowpath off a highway north of the town of Canadian, and the only thing that distinguished it from a hundred other cowpaths off that stretch of highway was the big, rusty Willow Ranch brand that swayed, suspended, from an arch above the ranch gate. The brand made a fine target for the high-school boys from town who liked to cruise the highway nights in their fathers' pickups, taking potshots. Henry had to keep a standing order with the local blacksmith for a new brand every other year, but all in all he took the damage philosophically. Everyone he knew owned guns and rifles, and liked to use them. Henry himself carried a .30-30 Winchester slung across the gun rack on his Ford pickup. He believed that hiding weapons was something low and cowardly—that a man's right to arm himself against villainy was very nearly sacred. Lately, of course, there was not much villainy of the sort that Henry and his neighbors could take on with a rifle or a six-gun. They heard a lot about the criminals down in Amarillo, but Amarillo was almost a hundred and fifty miles away, and out in the country people had to content themselves with shooting rattlers and coyotes. The only criminals they were apt to meet were a few fast-talking cattle dealers who specialized in swindling widows and were always safely across the state line anyway by the time people started looking for them.

The land on either side of the Willow gate was flat, irrigated land, planted in wheat for winter grazing, and by April it was almost ready for harvesting. The path ran straight between those precious wheat fields, following a line of wire fence that carried a mean dose of electric current. But once the grassland started, the path began to dip and curve. It followed a fence here, circled a patch of burned-out mesquite there, and veered off toward a windmill somewhere else. The land turned vivid and surprising then. Old, gnarled cactus, tall as trees, sprouted delicate, obscene caps of yellow flowers. Tiny white blossoms sprinkled themselves like spun sugar over the fanning spikes of giant yucca plants. The short blue-grama grass of the pastures, moist and green for a month before the summer sun began to cure it, made strange patches on the clay soil. And cows blocked the path at every turning. They stood motionless in the mud while their calves suckled—stubborn, melancholy creatures, staring out over the scrubby land as if it puzzled and repelled them. For miles, the only sign of human life was an old bunkhouse where Henry's three Mexican hands lived, along with a local halfwit named Jerome, who had wandered onto the ranch a couple of years ago, and who cooked for the Mexicans now and did their wash in exchange for a share of the bunkhouse food, a bed, and the Mexicans' reluctant company. But the road wound on and on, tracing enormous curves across the pastures. Twelve miles in from the highway, it dipped behind a little rise shaded by hackberry trees and cottonwoods, and there it trailed off into a footpath to the Blantons' front door.

Henry's camp was the ranch headquarters. Henry could stand at his door and look across a dirt courtyard to a sheet-metal barn the size of an airplane hangar which held nearly all the supplies he needed to run the Willow. Over the nine years that Henry had worked the ranch, the barn had grown by sections. Just last year, sixty feet had been added, but Henry had seen to it that the things that pleased him most as a cowboy were still within sight of his courtyard. The little hill, with its grove of hackberries and cottonwoods. The shabby, solitary willow by the well. The pasture where his horses grazed. The wooden pens, off the barn, where the milk cows and the dogies fed from troughs, and where Melinda, at fourteen, scrubbed and curried and adored her new roan, Sugar. The old chuck wagon that Abel Blanton once used on roundups—Henry had rescued it for twenty dollars and a promise to haul it home when the Caliche Ranch, where his grandfather had worked for thirty years, was sold to an Eastern conglomerate. By now, all the paraphernalia of modern ranching was well hidden behind the barn, out of sight of the house and the courtyard. Henry worked there when he had to—when he and his hands were branding the little calves that arrived regularly, in truckloads, from farms in Mississippi and Louisiana. Henry had improvised a kind of outdoor assembly line behind the barn. It was a line of ramps and chutes and sprayers ending up at one of the huge iron clamps that cowboys refer to tenderly as "calf cradles" and that can flatten a struggling calf with the turn of a handle and tip it onto its side for the ordeal of castration, branding, and dehorning. The cradle at the Willow was only two years old, but thousands of head of the mangy Southern calves—Mississipps or Okies, the cowboys called them—that Henry's rancher bought and grazed for quick profit had already been run through it. It was foul with a crust of blood and feces which no spring rain could wash away.

Sometimes, toward evening, Betsy climbed onto a rail of one of the rough pine cattle chutes, with her copy of *Woman's Day* and a glass of sweet iced tea, to watch the sunset. There was a fine view west, from the chutes, to the Canadian breaks, and Betsy had always loved that moment just before the sun dropped, when the cliffs lit up like a jagged slash of fire on the horizon. But she could never persuade Henry to sit and watch with her. *His* favorite place for sitting was the driver's seat of his Granddaddy Abel's chuck wagon, which he kept parked under the willow tree. Henry had restored the wagon and was proud of it. The job had taken the better part of three days and nights, with Henry living out of his pickup in a pasture on the Caliche Ranch, but he had been determined. By the time Betsy got worried and sent a state trooper out to find him, he had mended the rotting boards with scraps of barn siding, painted the chuck box, realigned the wheels, and was heading home. The trooper found him easily—driving up the highway with the ancient wagon rattling along behind his pickup and a pint of bourbon in his hand. There was a brief bad moment between them after the trooper suggested taking Henry into town for a breath test. Henry had to explain that he was hauling his granddaddy's chuck wagon home to the family, where it belonged, so that no son-of-a-bitch corporation college boys would ever get the opportunity to pretty it up like a dude-ranch buggy and show it off to their Wall Street friends on hunting-season picnics. Then, of course, the state trooper repented. He even joined Henry in the pickup for some reminiscing. They knew each other well enough for that—they were old antagonists, in the way that cowboys and lawmen were meant to be antagonists, and between them they could count up eight serious confrontations over fights and stunts. But, sitting together in the Ford pickup on the hot, dusty day that Henry brought his grandfather's chuck wagon home, they shared a momentary truce, mourning the West that was supposed to be—mourning, even, their old, useless animosity.

After that, Henry did his best to introduce the chuck wagon to the Willow. Once, for a spring roundup, he fitted the wagon out with pots and pans, a water keg, and bedrolls, and ordered one of his Mexican hands to practice making sourdough biscuits and coleslaw and rhubarb pie from Betsy's "Chuck Wagon Cookbook." He want-

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ed his hands and all the neighbors who would be helping on the roundup to sleep out under the stars, the way cowboys used to do in Abel Blanton's time. And everybody did sleep out—the first night. Henry brought his harmonica, and Tom—who always neighbored for his brother, despite the fact that their ranchers had not spoken since a lawsuit over some gas-drilling rights five years earlier—brought his guitar. The men sang and drank and enjoyed their pie and managed to put away an entire side of spit-roasted grass-fed beef. They had a splendid time, in fact, until the wind blew up and the bugs, attracted by the campfires and the cooking smells, started coming. By morning, they were grumpy and exhausted. And by late afternoon, after roping and branding some three hundred frisky calves, they had all mumbled apologies and were leading their horses to their horse trailers and heading home to hot baths, kitchen dinners, and dry beds. Henry spent that night in a pasture with the woeful Mexican cook, who served him another fine chuck-wagon supper and then went off to eat alone, because Henry did not really approve of breaking bread with wetbacks. Henry still brought the wagon out to roundups, but by now the gesture was more ceremonial than practical, and he always hauled it home after supper. Summers, the local cowboys' children borrowed it for serving hot dogs and Dr Pepper at their Peewee Rodeo, but mostly it stayed put under the willow, where Henry could sit and daydream in the morning while he waited for his hands.

Henry was up at six most spring and summer mornings—in winter, when the days were short, he got up at five—and on school days he helped Melinda with the barn chores, which were hard for her to manage by herself, now that her three older sisters were grown and gone. While Betsy was in the kitchen grilling the bacon and eggs and making coffee, they fed the milk cows and groomed the horses. Sometimes Melinda would lead the horses out to the small pasture off the courtyard. More often lately Henry did it for her, stopping on his way back to breakfast to fill his pickup at the gas tank by the last barn door and to switch off the two-way radio that Lester Hill, the Willow ranch manager, had insisted on installing in the truck a couple of years ago. The radio, set to a base station at Lester's house, shamed Henry. He kept it on when he was touring the ranch alone or doing the chores at headquarters, but when he imagined Lester, mornings, loafing in pajamas by the swimming pool of his fancy new house on the edge of town, the picture convinced him that no ranch manager would ever get the chance to challenge his authority when he was with his hands.

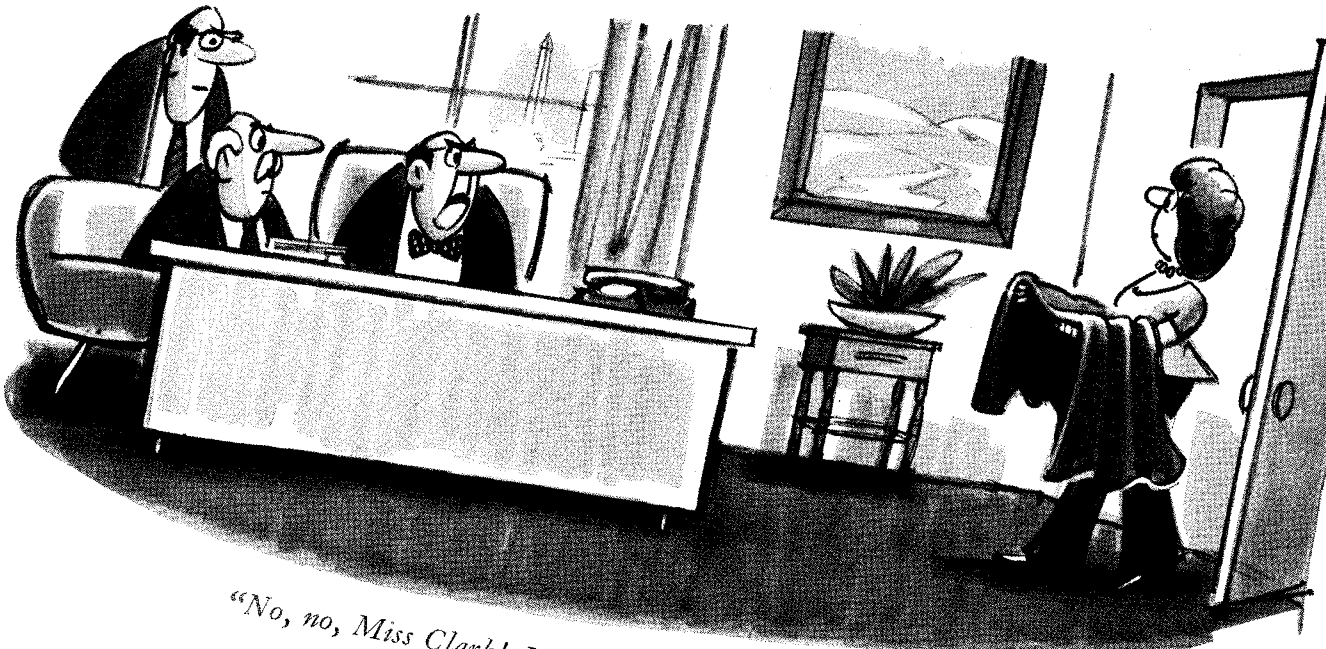
Henry valued his authority. He hurried through breakfast so that he could always greet his men with the day's orders looking relaxed and confident. He liked to sit on the wagon, waiting, with his scratch pad in his hand and a pencil behind his ear, and he made it a point to be properly dressed for the morning's work, in his black boots, a pair of clean black jeans, and his old black hat and jacket. Henry liked wearing black. The Virginian, he had heard, wore black, and so had Gary Cooper in the movie "High Noon," and now Henry wore it with a kind of ingenuous pride, as if the color carried respect and a hero's stern, elegant qualities. Once, Betsy discovered him at the bathroom mirror dressed in his black gear, his eyes narrowed and his right hand poised over an imaginary holster. She teased him about it then—at least, until he got so mad that he stayed out half the night in town drinking—but a few weeks later she took a snapshot of him in that same gear and sent it to the Philip Morris company, with a note saying that in her opinion Henry Blanton was much more impressive as a cowboy than the people they used to advertise their Marlboro cigarettes.

Henry was, in fact, a handsome man. He was tall and rugged, and ranch life had seasoned the smooth, round face that grinned, embarrassed, in the tinted wedding picture Betsy kept on the upright piano in her parlor. There was a fine-lined, weathered look about Henry at forty. Too much bourbon and beer had put a gut on him, but his gray eyes were clear and quick most days, and often humorous, and his sandy hair had got thick and wiry as it grayed—a little rumpled and overgrown, because he hated haircuts, though never long enough to cause comment in a cowboy bar. He had a fine, solemn swagger. Saturday nights at the country-and-Western dance in Pampa, he thumped around the floor, serious and sweating, and the women liked to watch him—there was something boyish and charming about his grave self-consciousness. When he was younger, he used to laugh and bow and shake hands with everybody after a good polka. Now, more often than not, he blinked and looked around, suddenly embarrassed, and his laugh was loud and nervous, and made the women who had been watching him uncomfortable.

Betsy attributed the change in Henry to disappointment and drinking. She did not really approve of drinking. She did not want liquor in her house—none of the cowboys' wives she knew did—and even Henry agreed that there was something a little indecent about a bottle of bourbon on display in a Christian living room. Henry drank with guile—the guile of a schoolboy waiting to be caught and punished. It gave an edge to his pleasure, and turned his evasions of the household rules into an artful and immensely satisfying pastime. Besides the bottles in his pickup and his saddlebag, he kept a fifth of Jim Beam hidden behind some old cereal boxes on the top shelf of a kitchen cabinet and another stashed underneath the chuck-wagon seat. He liked to have a drink in the mornings with his white cowhands, but he was careful never to bring the wagon bottle out until his daughter and his wife were gone.

Usually, Melinda left first, careening down the cowpath in an old ranch jeep that Henry had overhauled years earlier to get his daughters to the Willow gate, where the school bus stopped at seven-thirty and, again, late in the afternoon. Then Betsy followed in the family Chevrolet. Betsy worked as an invoice clerk in a grain-sorghum dealer's warehouse thirty miles down the highway. Given the condition of the cowpath and the Panhandle weather, she had to spend some two and a half hours every day commuting, and in spring and summer, with tornado warnings out so often, there were nights when she had to stay in town and sleep at a cousin's house. The drive tired her, and the job had begun to bore her, but she kept working, because the family depended on the money that she made. She liked to say that the ranch took care of everything they needed except a decent income. The ranch provided their house, paid their electric bill, and kept their freezer full of beef. Two ranch steers went to Henry every year—he chose them himself, when they were coming off winter wheat, and then he turned them back to pasture, because, like most cowboys, he preferred the lean, sinewy meat of a range-fat steer to the rich, marbled meat of an animal fattened in a feedyard.

Still, Henry made only seven hundred dollars a month running the Willow, and most of that went out on payday



"No, no, Miss Clark! I asked you to bring in the Mantle of Greatness, not the Cloak of Secrecy."

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just for bills and taxes. His monthly pickup allowance from the ranch gave him two hundred dollars more, but his pickup costs, for gas and bank payments, came to three hundred, and he had to add fifty dollars to meet the loan for the family car. Every winter, too, the pickup needed new tires, and they cost more than three hundred dollars. Then, there was the expense of keeping horses. The price of a colt, in a private deal, was over two hundred dollars, while a two-year-old quarter horse with some training could cost as much as seven hundred. A good saddle for that horse was another seven hundred lately; the bridle to go with it cost a hundred more, and the price of a nylon rope for roping and dragging calves was up to twenty dollars. And Henry was expected to provide the horses that he rode and to carry his own gear and saddle, just as he was expected to own the pickup that he drove. Every rancher he had ever worked for had made the assumption that cowboys took better care of their own property than somebody else's, and Henry agreed—in practice, if not in principle, his own assumption being that ranch gear was bound to be shoddy and unsafe and that ranch horses were untrustworthy. He had heard of a ranch hand down near Amarillo who had ridden out one day with a ranch bridle and suffered the rest of his life for it. The bridle was old and worn, but none of the cowboys on the ranch knew that the bit had snapped once and been welded. It snapped again that day, and the hand was thrown and trampled. Now, fourteen years and many operations later, he was still paralyzed.

Henry had ordered his last saddle from the Stockman's Saddle Shop, in Amarillo, as a kind of compensation when Betsy started working, five years ago. His monthly pay then was only five hundred and fifty dollars, and there was never enough money to buy the groceries, keep the girls in school clothes, settle Henry's debts at the package store, and meet Betsy's Christmas Club payments at the bank. All four Blanton girls were still at home then. They wanted their own horses, and Betsy thought it would be nice if they had music lessons with the new piano teacher over in Perryton—the one who had been doing so well on the concert stage in Oklahoma City until she happened to start a conversation with a handsome cowboy in front of a statue at the National Cowboy Hall of Fame and abandoned her career for a ranch wife's life. As Betsy saw the problem, she had no choice but to take a job, and she took the first one that she was offered. Henry shouted a lot about it, and then he sulked, and finally he left the ranch one morning in the middle of work and drove straight to the sorghum dealer's office. He had been thinking, he said later, about his brother Tom, whose wife, Lisa Lou, had got herself a job in a bakery, and how humiliating it was for Tom to have to stay in the kitchen cooking lunch for everybody when he and the other hands at the Circle Y Ranch were working cattle near his camp. Henry told Betsy's boss that a cowboy's wife had her duty to her husband and to the ranch that paid him. He was eloquent. A foreman's house, he said, was a kind of command post, and a foreman's wife was like a general—well, maybe not a general but the general's secretary—whose job it was to stay at that post taking messages, relaying messages, keeping track of everybody on the ranch, sending help in an emergency. He talked about the time that winter that he had had a flat tire far from home, in a freezing and remote pasture. He said that he might have died waiting out there in the cold all night if Betsy had not been home to miss him—to call the hands from their supper and tell them where to search. But the sorghum dealer was stubborn. Betsy could type and knew some shorthand, and she looked to him, he said, like a respectable woman—not like one of those town women, with their false eyelashes and skimpy skirts, who thought of a job as the free use of somebody else's telephone. Eventually, he and Henry arrived at a compromise: Betsy would work most days, but whenever Henry was working cattle at headquarters she would stay home and cook the hands a proper branding lunch.

The arrangement was fine with Betsy, whose only interest in a job anyway had been the money she would earn. That year, she gave the girls their horses, arranged for their music lessons, and bought herself a velvet pants suit with a lacy blouse for the Christmas holidays, and now, after two raises, she was making three dollars and sixty-five cents an hour and could afford a standing Saturday appointment with the hairdresser in Pampa. Still, Betsy was looking tired lately. All the cowboys' wives said so. She looked as if her life had hurt her and worn her out. Years ago, when Henry began to court her, she was the prettiest girl in her class at the district high school—a slender girl with wide blue eyes and a dimpled smile and wavy yellow hair that flipped in the wind when she went riding and was the envy of her friends. Now there was a tension—a kind of tightness—about her. Her face had hardened under the bright, careful pouf of hair that her hairdresser said was just the thing for softening the features of tall, thin women. She was getting sallow, the way people who spend their youth outdoors turn sallow when they are shut up in closed cars and offices. And there was an anxious, bewildered look in her blue eyes when she left the house mornings and passed her husband at the chuck wagon, his black boot tapping on the spot where she suspected that his bourbon was hidden. There was something shy and tentative about those morning partings. If Henry watched the Chevrolet disappear down the cowpath and started thinking about a wife who had to go to work and shame her husband, he was apt to be edgy and dispirited by supper. He would eat too fast then, and retreat to the parlor with a copy of *TV Guide*, looking for a Western to watch on television. But if he spent the day with his head full of dreams and schemes about the future, he sat down to supper exuberant and overwrought, and then he was ready for a night in town—just like one of his Granddaddy Abel's hands on the first payday after four months out on a spring roundup.

ON the evening of his fortieth birthday, Henry picked Tom up at the Circle Y Ranch and the brothers drove to Pampa. Henry was in a celebrating mood, because he had just made a birthday resolution. "It's like this, Tom," he said after they had driven in silence for half an hour, passing Henry's pickup bottle back and forth. "Here I'm getting a certain age, and I find I ain't accumulated nothing. I find . . ."

Tom nodded.

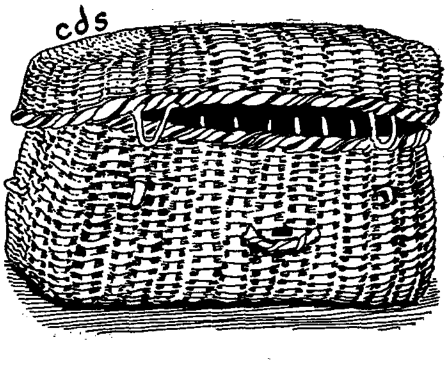
"I mean, it was different with Daddy," Henry said. "Those old men like Daddy—they turned forty and they was just glad if they had a job. But nowadays, you turn forty—you figure you got ten, fifteen years left to really do something." Henry thought for a while. "So that's what I'm figuring to do," he said finally. "Do something."

"Shoot, Henry, we're just peons, you and me," Tom said. Tom was known for his way of putting things. He was nearly thirty-seven, but he was still all bones and joints and bashful blushes, like a boy, and when he talked, with his Adam's apple jumping around above his T-shirt collar, even his brother half expected that his voice would crack.

"Peons," Tom repeated. It was his favorite word for himself, and he liked to stretch it out in a long drawl—"peeeeons." But the fact was that Tom had been thinking about doing something, too. He had just bought an old jukebox for twenty-five dollars, and he was planning to fix it up, sell it, and, with his profit, buy two old jukeboxes, and then four, until he had bought and sold his way to a used-jukebox fortune.

When he and Henry got to town, Henry bought the first round in honor of Tom's jukebox, and Tom the next in honor of Henry's birthday resolution. They drank their bourbon and swapped stories about their best stunts. Tom played his guitar. Henry sang his favorite gospel song—"Love Lifted Me"—to anybody who would listen. And they agreed that the West was still a fine, promising place for a cowboy. They had such a good time celebrating, in fact, that when they left the bar they drove straight to a package store, with the idea of continuing in a pasture on the way home. An hour later, Henry appeared at the kitchen door of a big adobe house near Canadian, where a young ranching couple by the name of Robinson lived. His left eye was swollen shut, and he was holding Tom, who was barely conscious, in his arms.

Henry often ended up at Bay and John Robinson's house when he got into trouble. His own rancher didn't bother to keep a house in the Panhandle any longer, and Tom worked for an oilman whose wife did not like cowboys coming to her house. But the Robinsons were known to be in residence—a condition that had less to do with their living on their ranch than with a kind of patron's jurisdiction. Henry admired John Robinson because John was the nearest thing he knew to the old cattle barons in the movies that he liked so much—someone on the order of, say, John Wayne in "McLintock." John Robinson was just a boy, really, who had come home from studying Greek in Cambridge, Massachusetts, to take over the family ranch from an ailing father. But John understood his duty to the whole mythic enterprise of the West, and that meant he could be counted on to shield a cowboy, speak up for a cowboy, and use his extraordinary influence, as the owner of a piece of property the size of a French province, to settle a problem quickly and quietly for a cowboy, calling on his armamentarium of doctors, lawyers, friendly policemen, and obliging judges, so that a cowboy in trouble was spared the humiliation and confusion of accounting for himself. John had taken Henry on, the way a mama cow takes on a dogie, because Henry was without a rancher of his own in residence to stand up to a sheriff or an angry wife and say, "My cowboy, right or wrong"—even when that cowboy had been in the kind of fight that left his kid brother with knife slashes on his back and the skin of his right hand in shreds from plunging through the glass door of a package store.



Henry waited outside the Robinsons' kitchen, with a light spring rain pattering on his black hat, until Bay Robinson looked up from the table, where she was writing out the morning's marketing list, and noticed him. Bay had been raised in Dallas, and she wore long dresses and perfume and huge pale-purple sunglasses around her house, and kept her red hair straight and shiny, like a schoolgirl's. When John first brought her to his ranch, the cowboys figured that she was one of those fluffy, fragile city girls whom ranchers' sons were fond of marrying, but Bay turned out to be a natural cowman's wife. The look that she gave Henry at the kitchen door was shrewd and maternal and amused. She helped him deposit Tom in a chair at the table, poured two drinks from a bottle of wine on the counter, and left for her library to start making phone calls. Henry sat and waited for her in the kitchen, turning his wet hat over and over in his hands and staring down at the designs on Bay's fancy Spanish floor tiles, trying to avoid the stares of the children, who came running in from their bedrooms to see what was going on. Tom, who was beginning to revive, hung his head, stuffed his tattered hand discreetly in his jacket pocket, and began hiccupping.

"Oh, no," Tom told the children. "Ain't nothing wrong with old Tom here. Just the drizzles. The drizzles plus the hiccups."

"Come on, Tom, you been up to something," Bay said, coming back in and sitting down between the brothers. She had already called her husband, who was in Oklahoma buying a supermarket chain, as well as their lawyer, their ranch manager, and one of John's business partners with clout at police headquarters. And by the time the men drove out from town for a kitchen conference she had managed to coax a look at Tom's hand, send him down the hall to change into one of John's shirts, scrub the trail of blood off her floor tiles, and produce a platter of barbecued ribs for her visitors.

Henry did not talk to the three men who came to help him. He acknowledged them with a nod, and followed their hurried conversation about police and doctors less by listening than by a kind of furtive appraisal of the scene itself. He accepted an ice pack for his swollen eye, and with his other eye he watched the men, in their immaculately faded jeans and expensive Western shirts, talk about "Tom's troubles" while Tom himself sat patiently beside them, smiling bashfully and trying to eat his barbecued ribs with his left hand. From time to time, the men looked over at Henry, about to ask a question, but something about the way he stared back at them made them stop short. John's lawyer and the partner from town had been cultivating fine mustaches. They had let their hair grow long, nearly to their shoulders, and hair like that was a strong subject among Panhandle cowboys. When youngsters with long hair hitchhiked across the Panhandle in the summer on their way to communes in New Mexico, a lot of cowboys took it as a duty to pick those youngsters up, drive them off onto a lonely cowpath, and remove their hair with a razor or a knife. Henry himself had taken a few hippie scalps, as he put it. He had a lot of contempt for the people he called hippies, and now he counted John Robinson's lawyer and partner among them. Actually, he had never talked with any real hippies except a couple of ranchers' sons and the Pampa and Amarillo boys who drifted into

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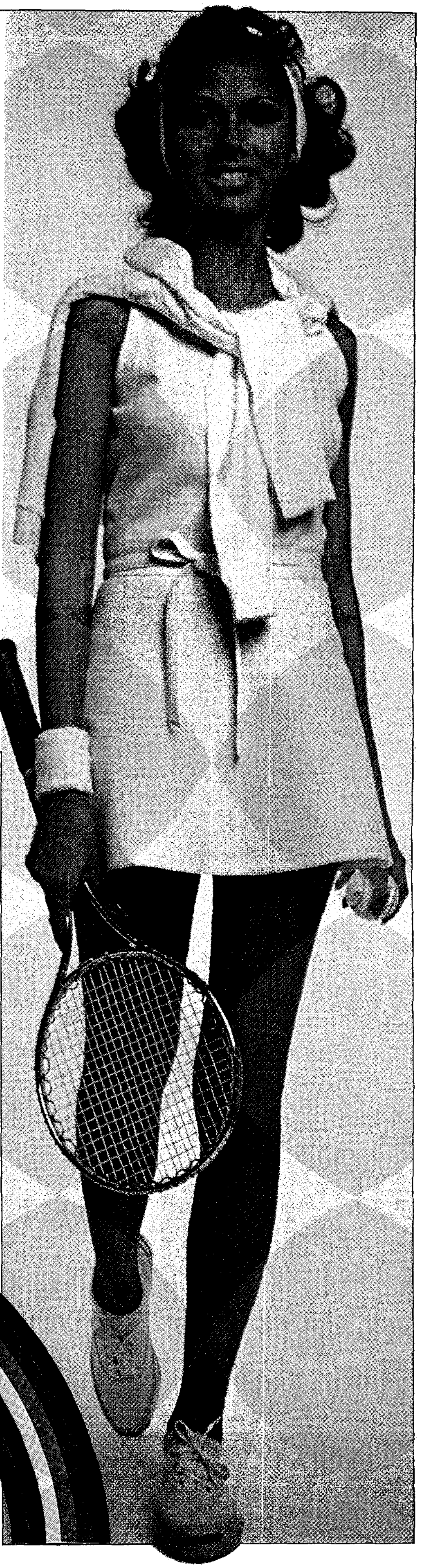
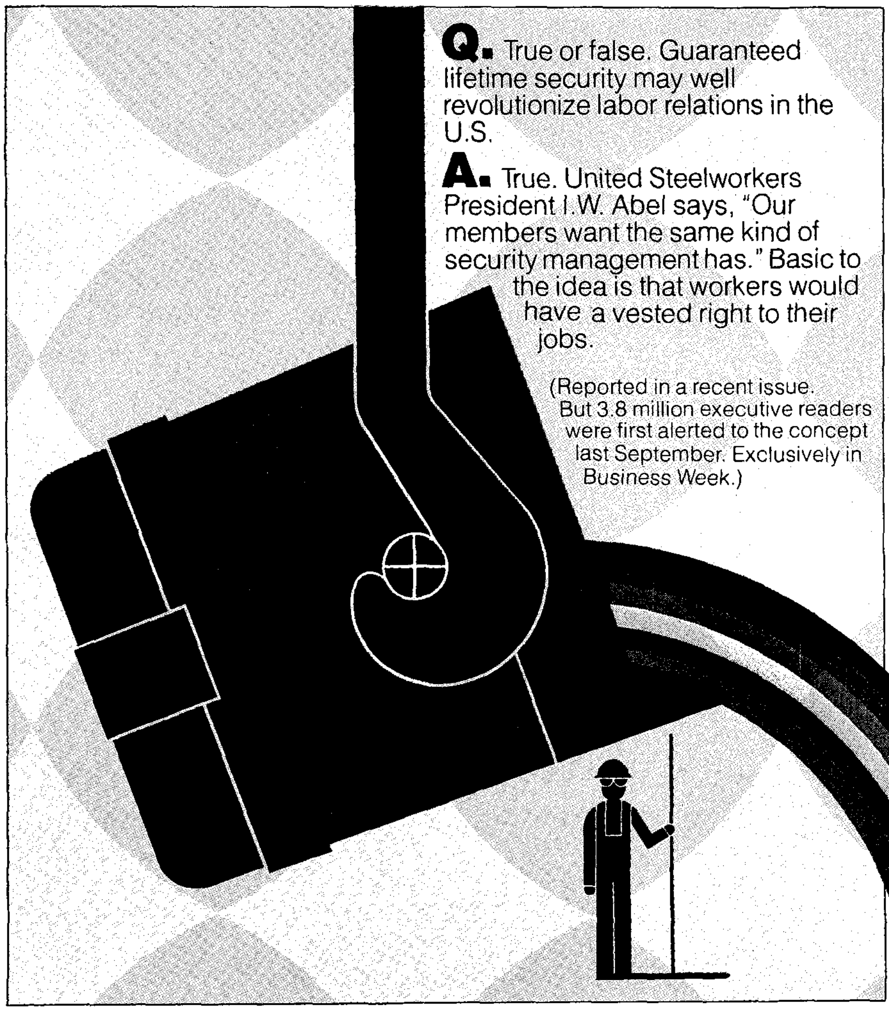
Test your business I.Q.

Q. True or false. Everybody seems to be playing the love game, but golf is still the big growth sport.

A. False. Tennis is the nation's fastest growing sport. It's been netting a spectacular 25% increase a year and even though it's slowing to a still healthy 10% annual growth rate, the boom is about to start overseas.

(From Business Week's Marketing Observer column.)





Q. True or false. Guaranteed lifetime security may well revolutionize labor relations in the U.S.

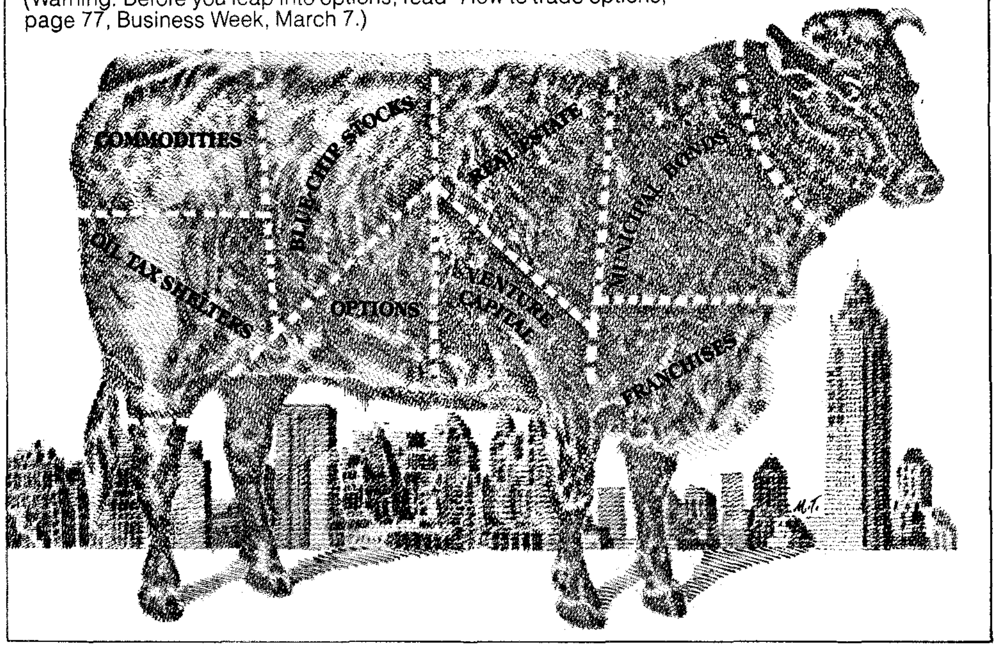
A. True. United Steelworkers President I.W. Abel says, "Our members want the same kind of security management has." Basic to the idea is that workers would have a vested right to their jobs.

(Reported in a recent issue. But 3.8 million executive readers were first alerted to the concept last September. Exclusively in Business Week.)

Q. Multiple choice. What's the hottest, fastest growing market for investments: (1) municipal bonds, (2) commodities, (3) options, (4) oil tax shelters?

A. The answer is (3). The number of stocks on which options are traded has jumped from 16 to 202. Even the crusty New York Stock Exchange is getting in on the action. There's even a move on to expand options beyond stocks into bonds and commodities.

(Warning: Before you leap into options, read "How to trade options," page 77, Business Week, March 7.)



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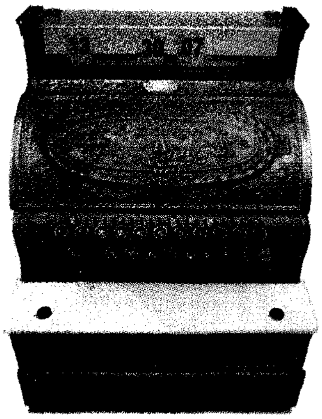
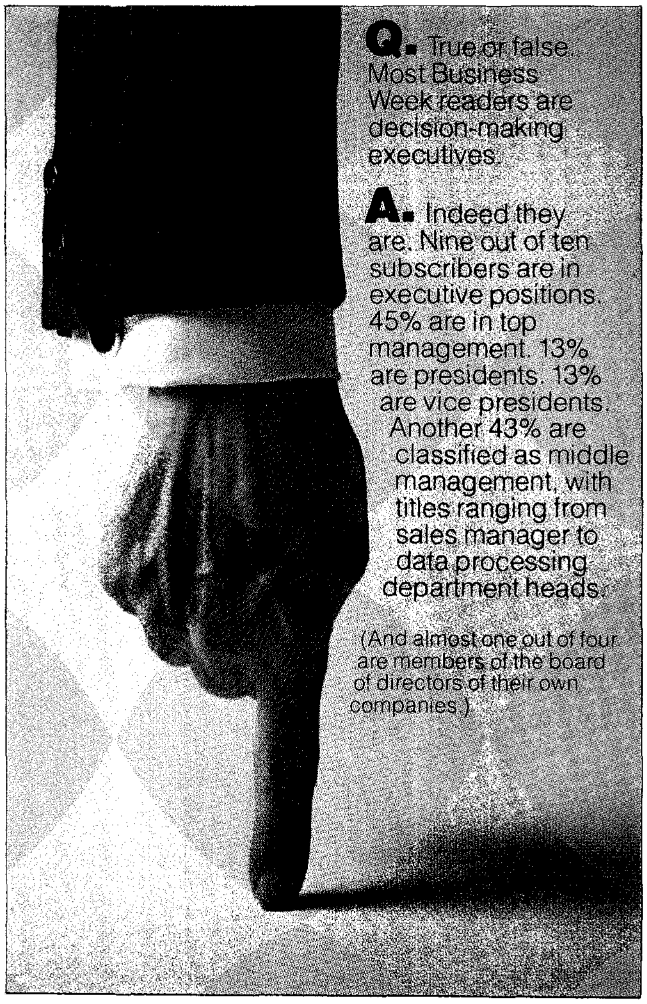
Q. Multiple choice. Which one of the following magazines has both the greatest total audience and the lowest CPM: (1) Business Week, (2) Fortune, (3) Forbes?

A. (1) Business Week. In fact, the recently-released Simmons study shows the Business Week total audience to be greater than Fortune and Forbes combined.

(And Business Week's CPM is lower than the Wall Street Journal as well.)



$3.37 is CPM for total BW readers.



Q. True or false. Most Business Week readers are decision-making executives.

A. Indeed they are. Nine out of ten subscribers are in executive positions. 45% are in top management. 13% are presidents. 13% are vice presidents. Another 43% are classified as middle management, with titles ranging from sales manager to data processing department heads.

(And almost one out of four are members of the board of directors of their own companies.)

BusinessWeek
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town every now and then to pick up a few days' work at the local feedyard. But he associated hippies and their long hair with some insidious Eastern effeminacy that had infected the moral landscape of the West and left a man like him nearly helpless in his outrage. Tonight in the package store, when two long-haired strangers dressed in boots and hats and flashy Western suits took their time comparing bourbons, Henry had nudged Tom, and the two of them took up an old familiar litany.

"Seems like we're getting a lot of hats in this here store, Tom," Henry had started off politely.

"Yup, Henry, I'd say four hats—counting us, of course." Tom spoke so sweetly, and his smile was so shy and friendly, that one of the strangers smiled back.

"And how many hands, do you suppose, Tom?" Henry had asked him.

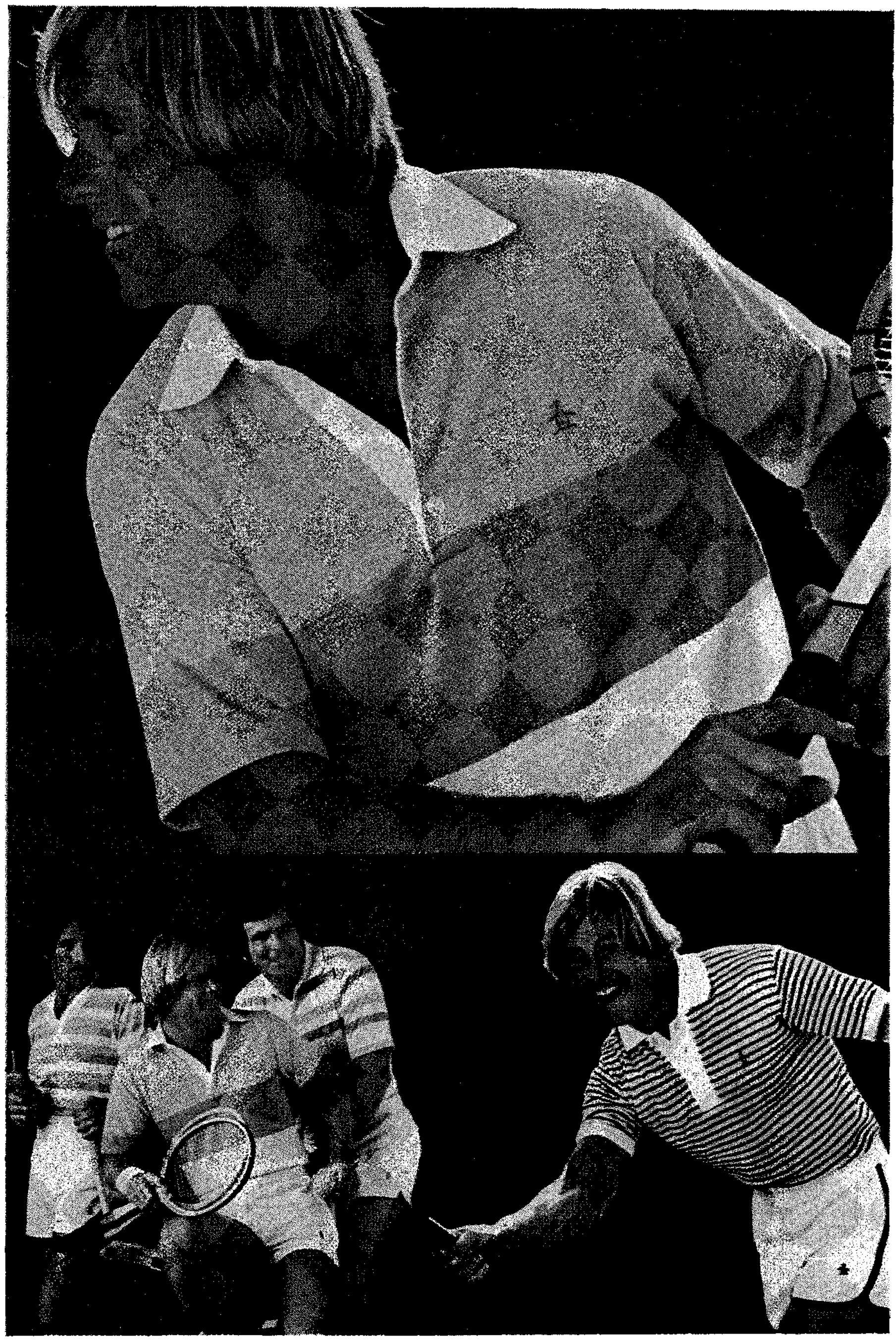
"Well, shoot, Henry, seems to me it takes more than a hat to make a hand."

"Now, Tom, I do believe you got a point there," Henry had said. Then he motioned toward the strangers. "I imagine our two new friends over here might just want to take them hats off."

No one had moved then except the clerk, who backed away from the counter.

"Second thought, Tom," Henry went on, "let's you and me be real nice and give these boys a hand taking off them hats."

The fight was over quickly. One of the strangers swung at Henry with a bottle. Henry kicked him back across the counter. Then the other stranger flicked open a switchblade knife, and Tom went wild. He charged blindly, leaping and kicking and butting, and the strangers fled. They took off down the street on a pair of orange motorcycles while Tom crashed through the glass door in pursuit and the clerk cried into his telephone, pleading with the lady on his party line to interrupt her nightly conversation with her married daughter so that he could call the police. Henry ran out of the store to get Tom off the sidewalk and start the pickup, but Tom was already feeling sorry about the blood and the broken bottles, and he wanted to go back in and apologize. He wanted to explain to the clerk that no one pulled a knife on Henry Blanton while Henry's little brother Tom was around. Henry had to drag him to the pickup, kicking and shouting, but finally they made their getaway. For a while, they cruised the highway, discussing what to do. There was no point in taking Tom to the hospital, where someone was sure to rec-



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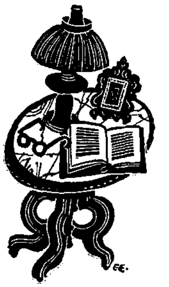
ognize the knife wounds on his back and report the fight to police headquarters. Then, too, Tom was modest. He would rather bleed to death than get undressed in front of a nurse, and, in fact, the last time a fight put him in the hospital he had made a fuss and insisted on sleeping in his hat and boots. There was no point in taking Tom home, either, until he was cleaned up and had a good story ready. So, a few miles past Canadian, with Tom getting weaker, Henry had turned in at the gate of the Robinsons' house. In a week or two, when Tom's hand healed, the fight tonight might enter Henry's repertoire of stories—he might brag about it then, embellishing some, until it made a dazzling stunt. But tonight Henry just sat, silent, in Bay Robinson's kitchen, looking as if he had done his duty to his brother and did not know why, suddenly, his duty seemed so humiliating to him. He waited while the men made their phone calls and Bay, setting a pan of water and some peroxide on the kitchen table, went to work cleaning Tom's hand. But when Bay noticed fresh blood seeping through the back of her husband's shirt and tried to talk Tom into taking the shirt off and letting her clean his back, too, Henry spoke up for the first time and said, "I wouldn't insist, Ma'am, if I was you."

Henry left then. He simply stood up and announced that it was time he and Tom were heading home.

Bay helped him steer Tom to the door. "Come on now, Henry," she whispered. "What were you boys up to?"

"Just celebrating, Ma'am," Henry said.

GRASS was cheap when Henry's Granddaddy Abel passed through the Panhandle on a cattle drive and decided to send for a bride, settle down on some land of his own, and become a cattle baron. Texans were buying up good pastureland for just a few dollars an acre in those days, and there was still so much land left over that the state was able to offer sixteen free square-mile sections in exchange for every mile of track surveyed and laid on its new railroads. In fact, the railroad surveyors were even able to stretch a mile some on those occasions, so that a railroader or his client could often count on ending up with six hundred and eighty acres in each of his free sections, while a homesteader, getting *his* land from the Texas school trust, had to settle for a normal six hundred and forty. In Abel Blanton's day, spending land saved people the expense of spending money. Abel knew a man from the old town of Mobeetie who had lost a hundred dollars in a poker game and, being low on cash that night, had paid the winner twenty-five thousand acres instead. Then, there was the time the legislators in Austin decided they had to have a state capitol with a big and impressive dome like the one in Washington they heard so much about. They voted to save the construction cost by offering three million acres of the Panhandle to anybody who would build it for them. Some English businessmen heard about the offer from a firm of Chicago contractors, and ended up with a ranch that was forty-five miles wide in most places and ran a hundred and ninety-five miles down the state's western border, from the top of the Panhandle toward the Rio Grande.



The Englishmen called their ranch the XIT. The name supposedly stood for Ten in Texas—the ranch took in the better part of ten counties—and it gave them a brand that was complicated enough to be practically guaranteed against a rustler's running irons. There was always work for a good hand on the XIT. Henry's grandfather took a job there for a few years while he saved money for a down payment on his own spread. He was scrupulous about saving. He kept his cash in a saddlebag and rode with it on roundups, and every payday that he was home he had his wife, Clara, count it. Clara Blanton was a preacher's daughter, and, unlike Abel, she could read and write. Her prize possession was a big household ledger, which she took out of the family trunk on money-counting days and read for sustenance, the way she read the Bible, while Abel emptied his saddlebag on their cabin floor. Her ledger stayed in the family trunk until the nineteen-fifties, when a tornado hit Henry's parents' house and blew the trunk away. Henry had discovered it as a boy and was both scandalized and delighted to learn that his Granddaddy Abel already had two thousand dollars in his saddlebag when he started work at the XIT. The money was a kind of commission on the strays that Abel had rustled and rebranded for the group of small south-Texas ranchers who shared his services as a trail boss. Mavericks were a good sideline for a cowboy during Abel's first years on the trail—Henry used to complain that the only real difference between him and some of the big cattlemen he knew was that *their* grandfathers had got away with more mavericks—but by the time Abel decided to settle down in the Panhandle business had fallen off. Brands were registered by then and checked en route to the railheads and checked again at auction. And, as Abel once put it, a stray calf lost a lot of its appeal when you knew that all the big ranchers moving cattle were paying five or six hired guns, whom they called "trail representatives" and everybody else called "enforcers." Wages were low on the XIT, but the work was dependable. Abel did well there. He was a man reformed by dreams of property. He had lost his faith back in Georgia, but now, in Texas, he welcomed Christ again, and even made some extra money into the bargain, holding Baptist revival meetings on the local ranch circuit. Four years later, in 1896, he had four thousand dollars in his saddlebag. It made a down payment on six sections of good grazing land, at the going price of two dollars and fifty cents an acre, and the rest of the money that he needed came from a rich German farmer, whose first homestead crop had been burned by a band of cowboy vigilantes, and who was taking his revenge slowly, making short-term loans at twenty-five per cent interest to cowboys with excellent prospects of defaulting.

Some of the best and smartest cowboys Henry Blanton knew were sons or grandsons of hands like Abel, who had tried to become ranchers and lost everything in the process, but it was hard for even the smartest cowboys to accept the fact that ranching in the Old West had been as much a rich man's gamble as it was now. They knew, of course, that ranchers today had to have a lot of capital. There were big corporation ranches in the Panhandle that ran according to elaborate cost-plus systems of accounting—systems that could turn a bad cattle year profitable in terms of tax savings to the corporation as a whole—but the successful independent ranchers almost always had enough money behind them to cover their losses and keep them going through a droughty year or a glutted market, a sorghum shortage or a drop in cattle futures, a change in beef-grading regulations, or even a housewives' boycott at the butcher's, like the one in 1973, just after President Richard Nixon's price freeze.

Ranching lately had less to do with an individual's adventure with a herd of cattle than with that global network of dependencies and contingencies that people had taken to calling "agribusiness." Henry liked to say that the only people he knew with a taste for simple, range-fat steers were the cowboys who got theirs free. The packers, the wholesalers, and the public demanded an animal that had put in time on fodder feed. That animal might have feasted on buckets of homegrown corn in a barn in Iowa on its way to a fancy butcher or an expensive steak house, or it might have spent the last four months of its short life in a feedyard pen with fifty thousand other animals, all of them destined for frozen dinners or cheap hamburger stands. But, either way, in a year like 1972—the year the Russians concluded their famous and mysterious deal for the country's wheat and corn surplus and the price of those grains at home started rising—the rancher who owned that animal could lose everything unless he had the cash or the credit to see him through.

A lot of the small postwar ranchers in the Panhandle were lucky enough to have made a quick oil or gas strike on their land and assured themselves of backup capital. Most of the big modern ranchers already had their oil or their gas, their banks or their board chairmanships, before they bought a single cow. One of the best of them—a rancher by the name of Jay Taylor—also happened to own forty per cent of the Amarillo Livestock Auction Company, which eventually became the biggest cattle-auction company in the country, with a turnover, at one per cent commissions, of more than half a million head in a good year. Then, there were the young Marsh brothers, Stanley, Tom, and Michael, who, along with what they made on natural gas and banks and television stations and a dozen other ventures, could always count on money from the federal government, because their family ranch happened to sit on a natural underground dome, some ten miles wide, that the government liked to use for storing four-fifths of the Western world's entire helium reserves. Some of the big ranching families started poor. Jay Taylor's grandfather was a trail boss, like Abel Blanton. But few of those families made their first million ranching, and the ones that did usually had someone else's money behind them. There was a joke in the Panhandle about a rancher with a hundred thousand acres and four thousand fine Hereford breeder cows. One day, the rancher sold his house and his Continental and resigned from the country club. "My oil well's run dry," he told his friends sadly. "I'll have to go back to depending on my cattle."

There were no oil wells or gas wells in the Panhandle when Abel Blanton bought his six sections. The first natural gas was tapped in 1918 by a local company, the Amarillo Oil Company, that had been drilling for oil and, to everyone's disappointment, brought in a ten-million-cubic-foot gas deposit. Gulf tapped the first Panhandle oil three years later, after drilling some three thousand feet for it. The countryside was still wild in Abel's time. Ranch children foraged for wild plums and grapes in the Palo Duro Canyon. There were big junipers—long gone now—in the canyon, and bears and pumas roamed the Canadian breaks. Earlier settlers had pushed to the edge of the Panhandle, moving east from the old Spanish colonies in New Mexico and north from the rest of Texas, but aside from a couple of boom towns like Amarillo the Panhandle itself was barely inhabited.

The Panhandle was Indian country until 1874. Comanche had taken over the area after 1700, and they kept it for themselves for the next hundred and fifty years, letting in only some Cheyenne and Kiowa. They drove back the Spanish herders who had been grazing their sheep, summers, by the Canadian River. They raided frontier towns for horses, which they kept, and for captives, whom they sold to enterprising Mexicans for guns, whiskey, and colored cloth. And they saw to it that not many white men wanted to enter the Panhandle with Comanche there. Occasionally, Spanish and then Mexican soldiers from garrisons in Santa Fe or San Miguel del Bado came on reprisal raids, and so did a few intrepid whiskey traders. Kit Carson arrived for an Indian war in 1864, but the first whites who actually came with the intention of staying were the buffalo hunters, and they did not arrive until 1873—which was the year they seem to have discovered that the Army's much-vaunted Indian-treaty "policy" of keeping white hunters north of the Arkansas River was little more than a rumor. The buffalo hunters had nine months before the Indians took them on, in the famous raid that Texas history books call the Battle of Adobe Walls. The United States Cavalry, in turn, took on the Indians, chasing their warriors back and forth across the Panhandle until the Indians, demoralized and exhausted, surrendered themselves to reservation life. After that, the cattlemen came in.

The first proper rancher was a man from Illinois named Charles Goodnight, who, like Abel Blanton, had made his living driving cattle north from south Texas—selling the cattle to reservations or at auctions in Colorado. Goodnight came to the Panhandle to stay in 1876. He started out in a two-room log cabin, and one of the reasons cowboys like Abel dreamed of becoming rich cowmen was that Charlie Goodnight, in his tiny cabin, became one. Actually, Goodnight had found himself a rich British backer—one with the money to finance the purchase of a million acres and run a hundred thousand head of cattle. The backer's name was John George Adair. He was an investment banker with his eye on the American West, where the returns on venture capital were already greater than anywhere in Europe, and Goodnight, passing through Denver on a cattle drive, had come across Adair's agent and talked him into a loan. Goodnight borrowed thirty thousand dollars from John Adair, and eventually had the use of Adair's considerable credit, but he paid eighteen per cent interest on that thirty thousand, and in 1877, when they formed a partnership, Goodnight had to run their JA Ranch for five years, at a small salary, before he could claim his third of the property.

Most of the early Panhandle ranches were financed, like the JA, by English or Scottish capitalists. Their agents would sit in rocking chairs on the porch of the big new yellow hotel—the Amarillo Hotel—on the corner of Polk and Third Streets and hold court for the ranchers and cowboys and cattle traders who hitched their horses to the Amarillo's wooden posts, hoping to make the deal that would change their lives. For years, the Amarillo was the agents' local headquarters; anyone who wanted to do business in the Panhandle took a room. The hotel belonged to H. B. Sanborn, a prototype developer who once, in fact, owned the entire town. Sanborn had come to the Panhandle in the eighteen-eighties to promote J. F. Glidden's Wire Fence, which was the infamous twisted "wire that fenced the West"—the first successful barbed wire to be mass-produced. Joseph Glidden, the inventor, held the patent on the design, but Sanborn, as his agent, did so well on commissions that he and Glidden's son-in-law, William Bush, were able to buy up two hundred square miles of the Panhandle, ostensibly to test the wire

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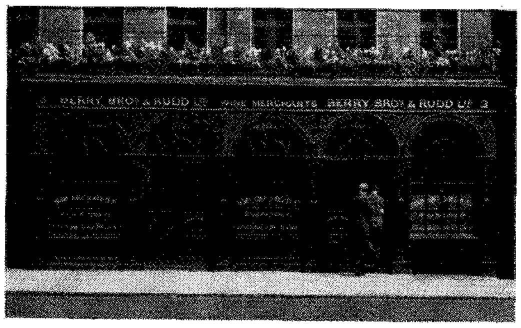

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"*All right, where the hell's the advertised ambience?*"

• •

against the battering of wild Texas longhorns. Bush actually used his share of the land for ranching, but Sanborn was at heart a speculator, and the wildest speculation in west Texas in the eighteen-eighties was in towns—which towns would get the railroad, which towns would get the votes of the local cowhands and become important county seats. People were buying a few empty sections, throwing together enough buildings to make the place look settled, and then maneuvering to put the people with the "town" next door out of business. In 1889, Sanborn was trying to get the Potter County seat moved east by a mile and onto his own property, and he was consequently doing a lot of fast building, along with paying people in the old township to drag their houses on sled runners to Sanborn land. The Amarillo Hotel was his coup. He meant it to be a Panhandle institution, and by Abel Blanton's day it had lived up to his intention. It was stocked—as Sanborn used to say before he lost a lot of his money speculating—with the loosest women, the strongest whiskey, and the trickiest cardplayers in five hundred miles.

Abel Blanton did not approve of the goings on at the Amarillo. A lost war and a hard life had left him with a touch of melancholia. He was rigid and austere, and proud of it, and his new enthusiasm for the details of eternal fire had put the fear of God into quite a number of cowboys' children on his Sunday-morning ranch circuit. But after one droughty summer on his six sections—a summer of trying to keep a hundred cows and their calves alive, and of fretting about his debt to the German farmer, who figured in Abel's nightmares as a fat, fire-snorting Catholic devil—he rode the eighty miles from his ranch to Amarillo and presented himself at the Amarillo Hotel. He stayed for three days waiting for an audience with the porch money men, but the audience never happened. His only offer came from a local rancher, who gave him a night's lodging on the way home and told him in the morning to stop back about a foreman's job if he should ever happen to lose his land.

Abel kept his ranch going for ten more years. He sold twenty of his cows one year to meet his payments to the German farmer. The next year, he sold his best section. After that, he tried everything he could think of. For a while, he raised mules; then he leased two sections to a farmer, and with the money he paid off his loan. He had a few good years before the winter of 1918 ruined him. Two of his children had died of flu that fall, and he and Clara and the other children nearly died with them. There was snow that winter, too. The storms were the worst in anybody's memory, and by January of 1919 there were drifts of twenty and thirty feet in Abel's pastures. Some of his cows starved to death. Some froze. As soon as Abel was strong enough to leave his cabin, he rode out, his chest rubbed down with Clara's special liniment of camphor, bacon grease, and coal oil, and rounded up the cattle that were left. Not many of his cows could walk by then, after a month of hunger and punishing snowstorms. Abel had to cart them on makeshift sleds some forty miles to the nearest railhead, and then he waited for a week, camping in the snow, for a rescue train, shipped his cows to the nearest market, and took what he could get for them.

Abel sold his last few sections for not much more than he had paid for them. He loaded his household goods in three wagons and, with his family, his milk cows, and a few mules, headed across the Panhandle to find the rancher who ten years earlier had offered him a job. Abel was fifty-two then. He was still working for the same rancher when he died, at ninety. For years, he brooded on his failure, convinced that God had punished him for some great wickedness involving his three-day stay in Amarillo. No one in the family knew precisely what that wickedness had been, but they all dutifully accompanied Abel Blanton to town one fall day in 1925, renounced the Baptist Church with him, and one by one jumped into a tub of freezing water to be born again in the Church of Christ, which held that Baptist dunkings were not sufficient in the

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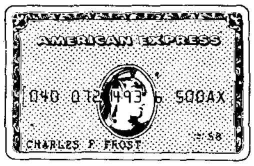

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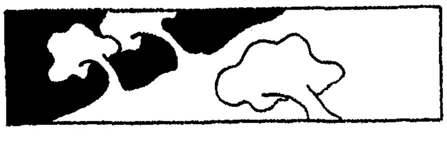
matter of remitting sins. The Church of Christ also held that, whatever the Baptists might say about "once saved, always saved," a man could fall from grace, sinning, any day of his Christian life—and that was something that appealed to Abel Blanton. Thinking about sin turned him cheerful, and even humorous, in his middle age. Henry knew old cowpunchers who still remembered Abel preaching from his wagon on a spring roundup. "You got to do right!" Abel always shouted. And then, chuckling away and pounding on his mess-kit pan, he would shout louder, "Ignorance ain't going to save you, 'cause it don't matter a damn to God if you been misinformed!"

Abel was a hard foreman on a roundup. He thought of liquor as Satan's water. He would fire a hand who rode out with a bottle, and none of his hands could sing or play their guitars or harmonicas, because Abel didn't approve of music, either. Not many of Abel's hands were churchgoing men. They left religion to their wives and children and boasted a lot about belonging to the church of the great outdoors, but they kept a kind of respect for Abel, because he was, after all, a fine old cowpuncher. Some of them even enjoyed his preaching. Once, when Henry was nine and was out with Abel for the first time on a roundup, there was a long argument about harmonicas. One of the hands got up and said that, as he saw it, there was no harm in playing a harmonica, since God encouraged harps and trumpets and most likely harmonicas, too, in Heaven. Abel Blanton waved a hand at the range around him and said, "This ain't Heaven."

LAST year, Americans ate twenty-seven billion pounds of beef—a hundred and twenty-nine pounds per capita—and "the new ranching," as it is practiced today in the Texas Panhandle and across a good part of the Western plains, supports and speculates on their enormous appetite. It will probably go on supporting that appetite until no one can afford the cost, in dollars and in lost protein, of the seven or eight pounds of grain that a steer consumes to put on one pound of weight in a feedyard pen. The economics of feeding cattle is simple. A weaned calf grows steadily and naturally on grass, but a seven-hundred-pound yearling grazing through a dry-grass season with the help of a little daily protein supplement does well simply to maintain the weight it has. It would take two more years of grazing under the best conditions to bring that yearling's weight up to the thousand and fifty or eleven hundred pounds that packers claim is the right weight, in terms of efficient family cuts, for slaughtering. And during those years that steer would be taking up valuable range space from a younger, faster-growing animal—and yielding in the end the dry, sinewy beef that cowboys like but almost no one else wants to eat. Farmers have always fed grain to their cattle—at least in winter. Ranchers have been feeding grain to steers for rapid gain and rich, tender beef ever since the range was fenced and they could no longer drive their herds north summers, following the grass season across a thousand miles. Twenty years ago—when Panhandle ranching was entirely cow-calf ranching, and no one had even thought of using his ranch as a way station for Okie calves en route to a feedyard—ranchers were shipping their steers to be fed in yards in Colorado and Arizona and California, or consigning them to stock farmers in Kansas, Illinois, Iowa, and Nebraska, to be fed with the farmers' own corn and silage. But twenty years ago people ate far less beef than they do now. Feed grains were plentiful and cheap then, and so was oil for the tractor fuel and the fertilizers a farmer needed to produce that grain.

Corn and milo, or grain sorghum, are the principal feed grains for cattle in this country, and the Panhandle—especially the southwest quadrant of the Panhandle, where the region's biggest irrigated farms are—has the capacity for producing enough corn and milo to feed all the cattle in Texas feedyards and in a good part of the Southwest, too. But as late as 1950 more than half the Panhandle was still in grass, and the bulk of the farming in the rest of it was dry-land farming. A lot of Panhandle farmers come from German peasant stock. They are not much given to changes. Some of them got rich farming long before the fifties, and when they did they used their money the way they knew a rich German farmer should. They made their yearly *Wurstfeste* bigger and beerier. They bought onto the boards of local banks and had their checkbooks printed up in German, and saved what inventiveness they had for their old feuds with local cowmen. They had problems with water, of course. The Panhandle is semiarid land. It sits on the eastern edge of the southern High Plains Terrace of the Great Plains, and it depends for water on a geological formation, the Ogallala Formation, that runs from Midland, Texas, north through Oklahoma and Kansas and well into Nebraska—a vast, isolated system cut off from any underground percolation or recharge, and potentially exhaustible. The Panhandle farmers used water where and when they found it. They had always planted some milo, but they hadn't seen much reason to dig for the water they would need for full-scale cultivation until the cattle entrepreneurs in Colorado, Arizona, and California began to promote their feedyard operations after the Second World War. There were only thirty-five hundred irrigation wells in the Panhandle in 1945. Five years later, there were fifteen thousand—and Panhandle people were talking about an agricultural production capacity that, in terms of yield and crop variety, could turn the Panhandle into as rich a farming pocket as any of California's famous valleys. After that, every farmer with the cash or the credit began irrigating. By 1960, there were nearly fifty thousand wells in the Panhandle, and the Ogallala water table was dropping two feet every year. While the local ranchers complained about the depletion of the region's water—the Panhandle gets anywhere from fifteen to twenty-three inches of rain a year, but the recharge to the Ogallala is rarely more than one inch—the farmers bought up all the land they could get hold of, put down milo, and began selling it to the same feedyards in California and the Southwest that those ranchers used for fattening their steers.



Eventually, of course, someone began to reflect on the fact that Panhandle ranchers were shipping their cattle one or two thousand miles to feed on grain that was grown a few miles from their own pastures—and to come to the conclusion that it would be cheaper and more efficient to feed those cattle at home. The man was Paul Engler. He came to Hereford, Texas, from the Middle West in 1961, and, to everyone's astonishment, he built a feedyard in that little town with space and service for five thousand animals. His sales talk was simple. Cattle that would drop fifty, or even seventy, precious pounds apiece on trucks to feedyards in, say, California could make the short trip to Hereford, in the southwest Panhandle, with no more than the normal loading-and-unloading-stress loss of three per cent—which meant fifteen pounds for a five-hundred-pound heifer and twenty for a seven-hundred-pound steer. The ranchers who listened to Engler

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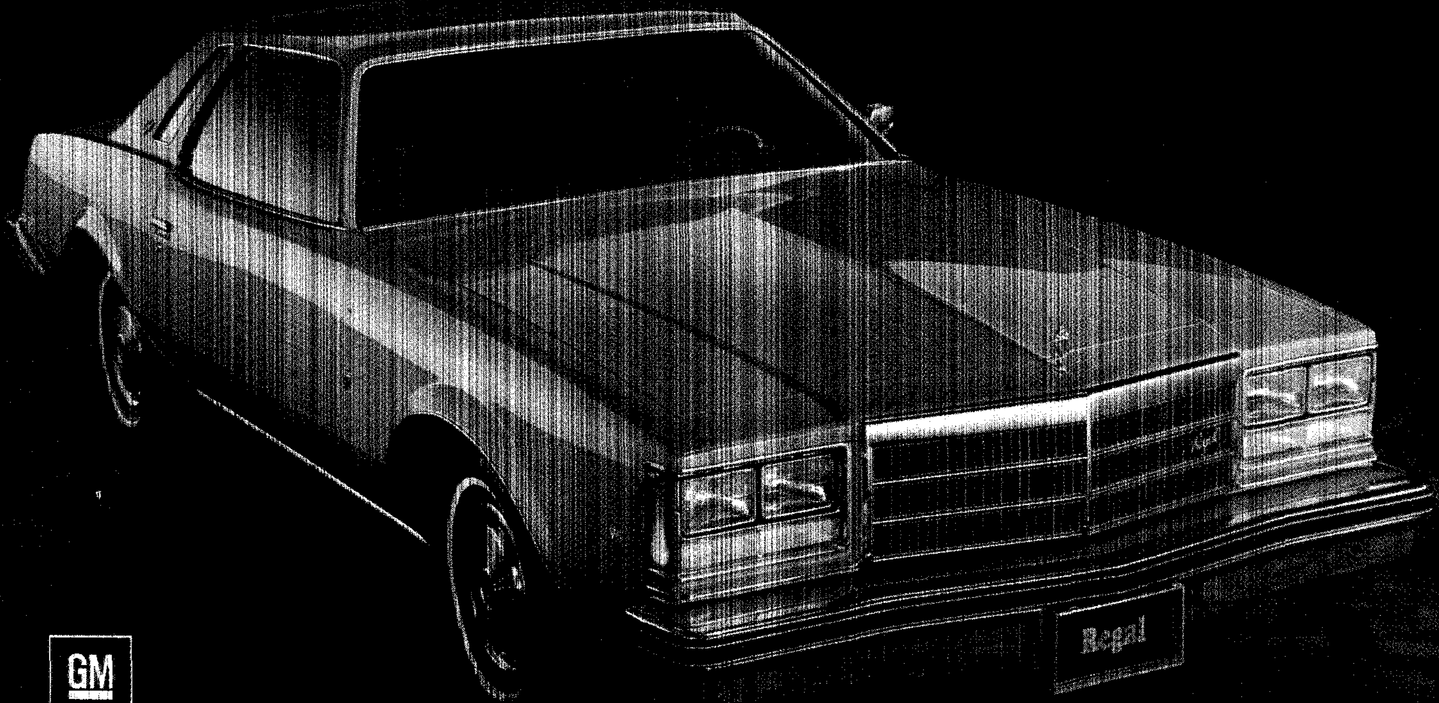

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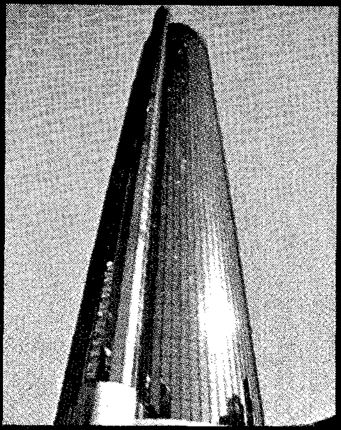
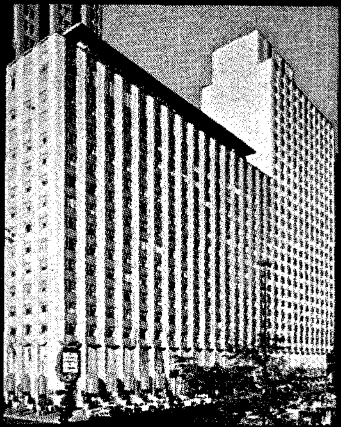

Atlanta
Peachtree Plaza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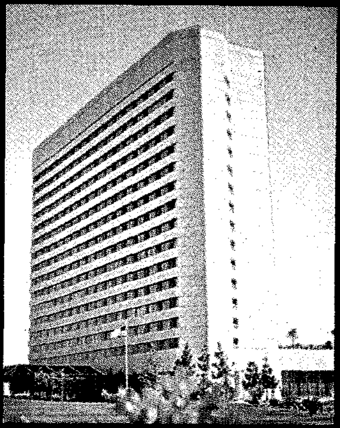
Continental Plaza


Costa Mesa, California
South Coast Plaza

Detroit
Detroit Plaza

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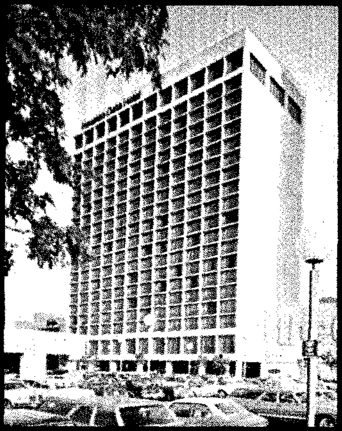
Houston
Houston Oaks

Kansas City, Missouri
Crown Center

Los Angeles
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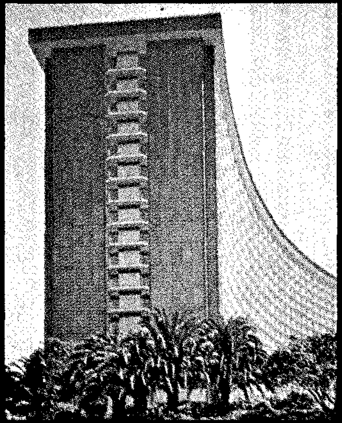
Los Angeles
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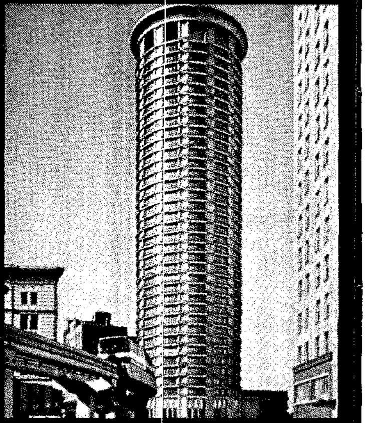
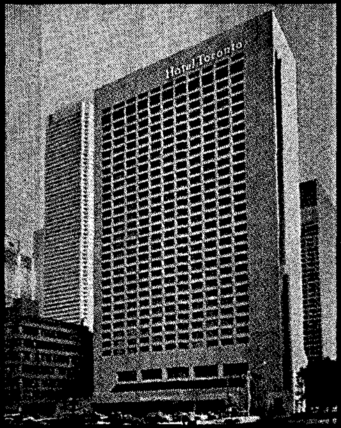
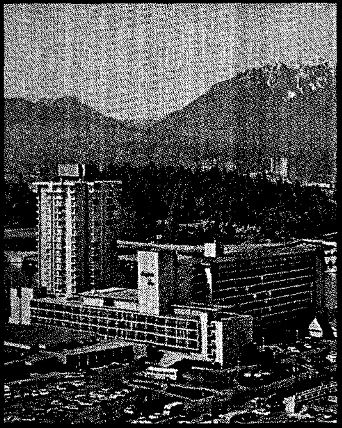
St. Francis


Seattle
Washington Plaza



Toronto
Hotel Toronto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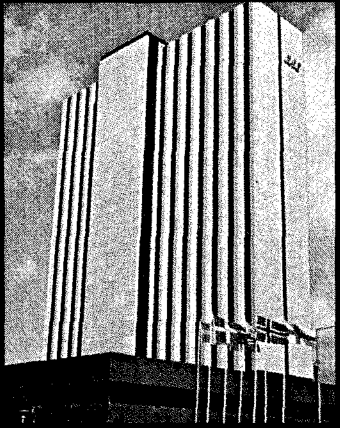
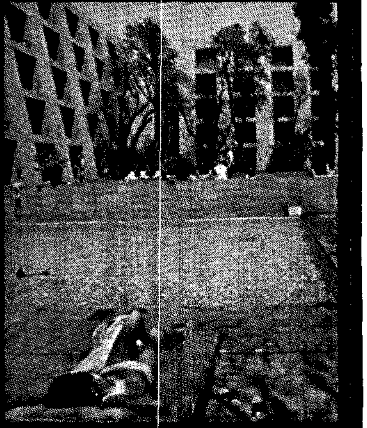
The Bayshore Inn


Copenhagen, Denmark
Hotel Scandinavia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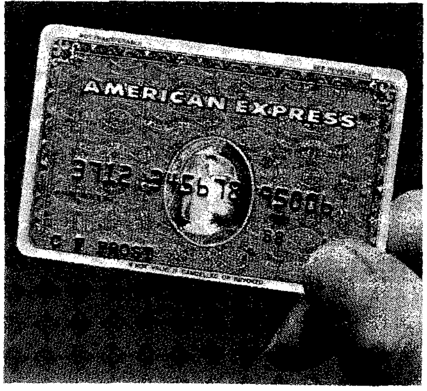

UNITED STATES	
ATLANTA	Peachtree Plaza
CHICAGO	Continental Plaza
COSTA MESA, Southern Cal.	South Coast Plaza
DETROIT	Detroit Plaza
DETROIT (Southfield)	Michigan Inn
HAWAII, HONOLULU (Waikiki)	Ilikai
HAWAII, MAUI (Wailea)	Wailea Beach (Spring 1978)
HOUSTON	Houston Oaks, Galleria Plaza (Late 1977)
KANSAS CITY, MO.	Crown Center
LOS ANGELES	Century Plaza Los Angeles Bonaventure
NEW YORK	The Plaza
PITTSBURGH	Carlton House
PORTLAND, OR.	Benson
SAN FRANCISCO	Miyako, St. Francis
SEATTLE	Olympic, Washington Plaza, Space Needle Restaurant
TULSA	Williams Plaza (Summer 1978)
WASHINGTON, D.C.	Mayflower
AUSTRALIA	
SYDNEY	(Affiliated) Wentworth
CANADA	
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VANCOUVER	Bayshore Inn
WINNIPEG	Winnipeg Inn
DENMARK	
COPENHAGEN	Hotel Scandinavia
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SAN SALVADOR	Camino Real
GUATEMALA	
GUATEMALA CITY	Camino Real
HONG KONG	
KOWLOON	Miramar
JAPAN	
KYOTO	Miyako
TOKYO	Takanawa Prince, Tokyo Prince
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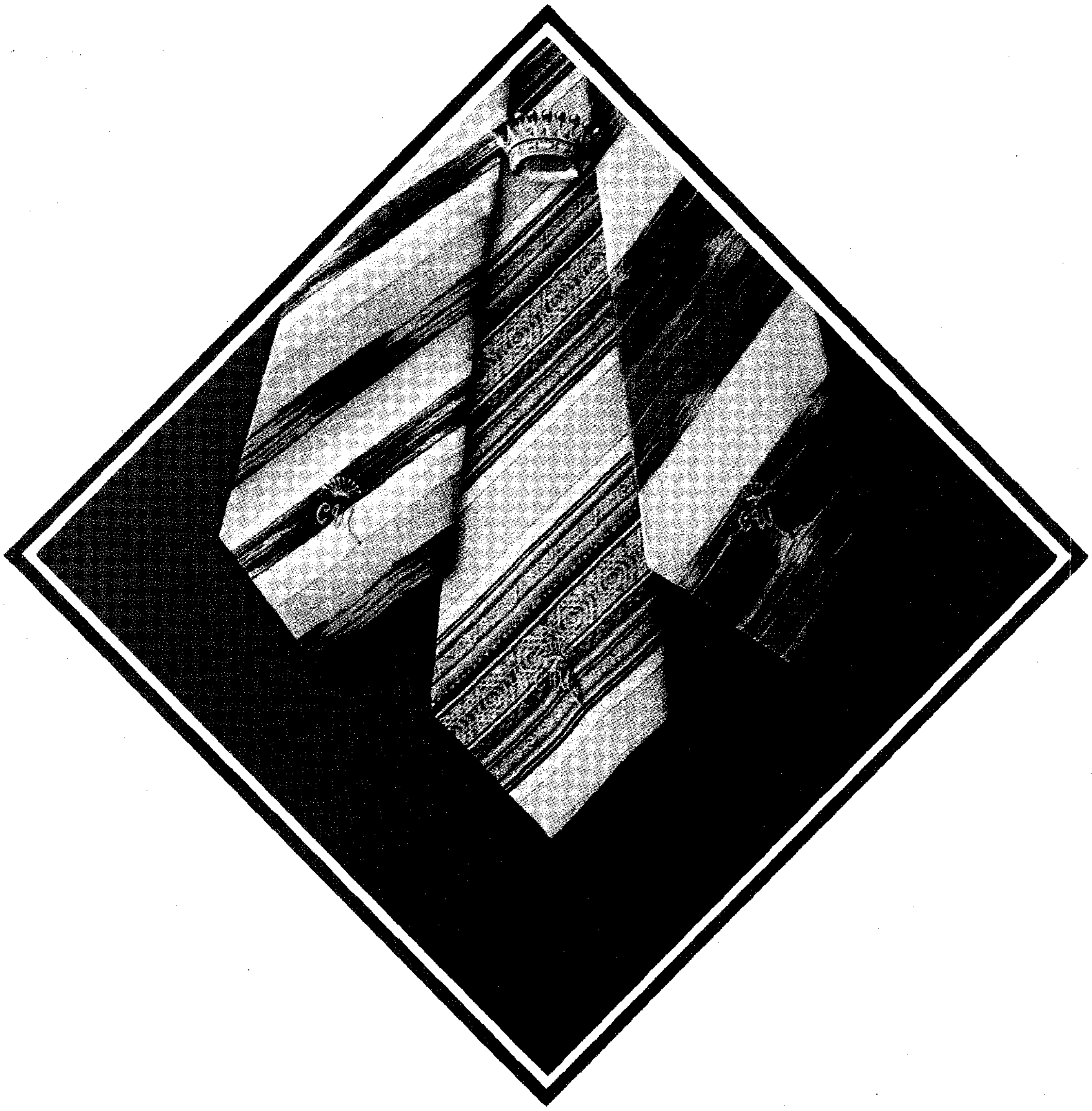

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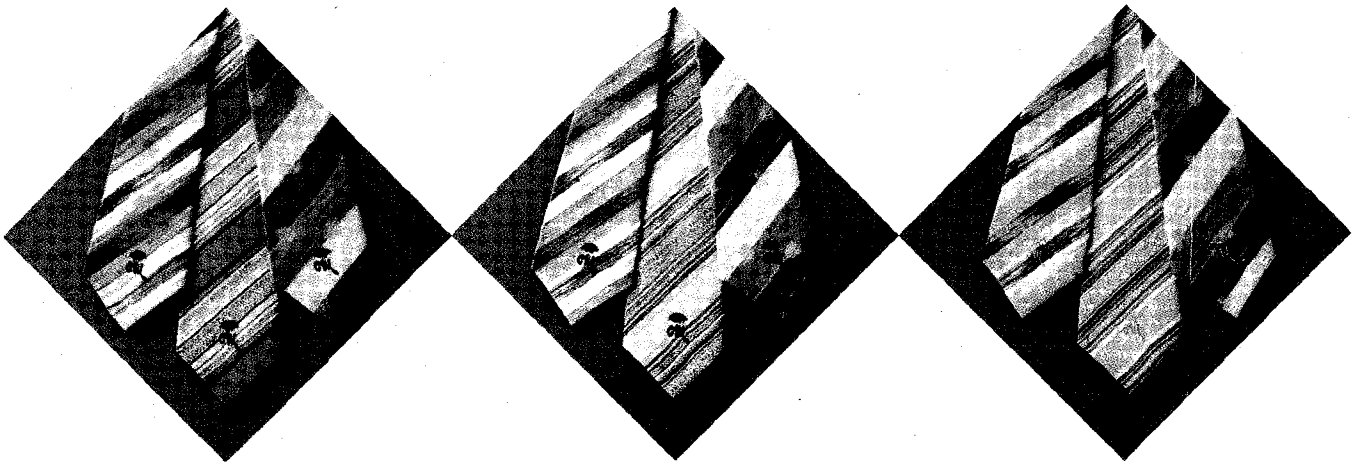

and put their beef cattle in his new feedyard made a lot of money in 1961. They saved the cost of those extra pounds of weight loss. They saved the cost of long-distance trucking. And, paying for the same grain, they saved the grain-freight charges that were always figured into the price of feed in Arizona and California yards.

Within a year, the Panhandle was in the feedyard business. The president of the First National Bank of Hereford started financing feedyards, along with the purchase of cattle for those yards, and when his bank ran out of finance capital he used his own money. Then ranchers began to invest in yards, and so did corporations that owned ranches, and so did farmers and packers, until finally everyone around with a little money put aside was buying shares. By 1970, there were enough feedyards in the Panhandle to accommodate a million cattle at any one time. Given the normal four-month turnover in a yard, that meant as many as three million head a year, and, in fact, within two years' time more cattle were on feed in the Panhandle than anywhere else in the United States. Most of the important packing companies had opened slaughterhouses near the yards by then. Swift came first, with a plant just across the border in New Mexico. Then Missouri Beef arrived, and Wilson, Armour, American Beef, and Iowa Beef Processors. The local slaughterers, who in the past had always lived on orders from a few private clients, had made their own money in the boom. And so had the cattle traders and the futures speculators who moved in after 1964, when cattle became the country's newest futures commodity. In 1969, Neal B. Scott, Commodities, had opened an office at the Amarillo Livestock Auction, right across the hall from the auction ring, and now people hedged on cattle futures to the sound of pounding hooves and mooing and the ululations of the auctioneer. They touted cattle-connected stocks as the growth stocks of the decade. They bought and sold yearlings for short-term profit and prowled the yards testing feed and fretting about their animals' health and moods. One doctor, who made and lost a fortune trading futures, became a kind of local attraction as he crawled around the yard where his cattle fed, wearing his best suit and delicately probing with an outsize cattle thermometer.

The business of mixing feed was now a big business. Cattle need twenty-two or twenty-three pounds of feed a day to gain the seventy-five pounds a month that ranchers expect from a feedyard, and the feedyard rule was that anything supplying the right percentage of protein, carbohydrates, and roughage would do. Feedyards hired consultants to mix the cheapest and most efficient feed for them, and the consultants came up with formulas that involved not just milo but cottonseed hulls, dehydrated alfalfa, hay, silage, molasses, vitamins, and protein supplements—all of them spiked with the hormone diethylstilbestrol, or DES, which, at a cost to the yards of fifty or sixty cents a head, increased the conversion rate of grain to gain by ten per cent. When DES, which is a known carcinogen, got what Panhandle cattlemen prefer to describe as "a little bad publicity"—the Food and Drug Administration banned its use in feed for eighteen months because traces of the hormone started showing up in beef liver—the consultants switched to other chemicals and hormones. The new hormones, like Synovex, cost as much as a dollar a head for that ten per cent, but they managed to satisfy the F.D.A.—and F.D.A. bans are rarely generic anyway, and usually cover only the specific compounds that are named in lawsuits. The men who mixed the feeds and satisfied the F.D.A. got rich. One Phoenix nutritionist named Eugene Erwin—cattlemen call him Doc—started experimenting with alternative feeds and ended up making a thousand dollars a month, plus expenses, from thirty feedyards that wanted his formula.

Old ranchers like to say that everyone cashed in on the Panhandle cattle boom of the nineteen-sixties and early seventies except the people who wanted to run a herd of cows as God intended. One mama cow with a nursing calf needs as much as thirty acres of grass to get along well in the Texas Panhandle. She needs those acres during two hundred and eighty-three days of gestation, too, and once her calf is weaned it needs ten or twelve acres more to sustain it through its first summer, and a costly patch of winter wheat for its first winter's grazing. By the time that calf goes on feed, at anywhere from fourteen to eighteen months, it has cost a lot in land and proper care and food supplements. In a good year, a small rancher—in the Panhandle a small rancher is someone with, say, half a million dollars' worth of land and another half a million dollars in cattle—can expect to net a profit of twenty-five to fifty thousand dollars. In a bad year, he can expect

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losses. Ranchers are notorious for their tax gimmickry—and there seems to be enough confusion in the statutes that cover cattle raising for ranchers' lawyers and accountants to make it a rule of thumb to claim whatever deductions look good and wait for challenges. A rancher depreciates his herds. He makes capital-gains declarations on the sale of breeder stock. He incorporates, leasing his working operation in effect to himself and deducting the cost of the lease and its entailments as an across-the-board business expense. And he used to be able to carry forward income that he spent on feed one year into his next year's declaration, and then his next, until that income was captured. But in a bad year, now as much as when Abel Blanton owned his six sections, no tax shelter is apt to save him if a herd of cows is all he has.

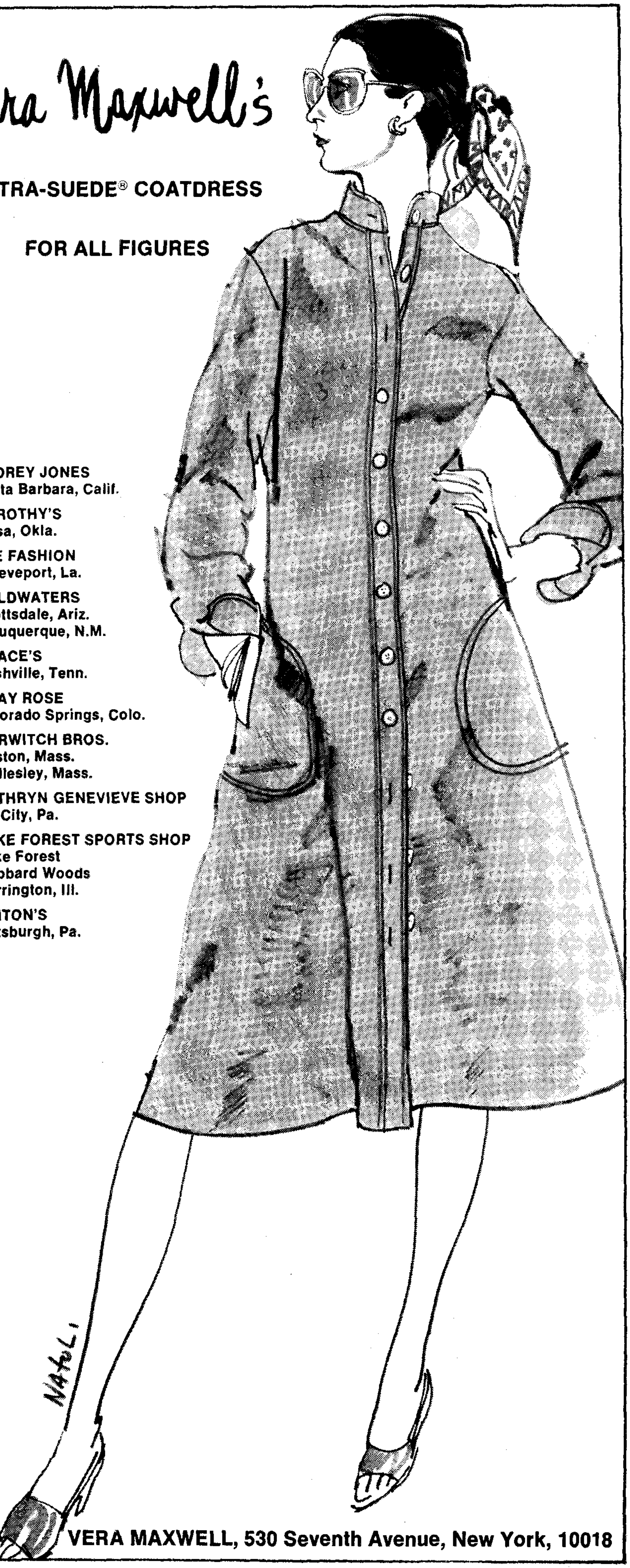
By the nineteen-sixties, private cow-calf ranching was already a luxury for rich widows and investment bankers and oil millionaires. With mass feeding and a futures market, it quickly became a symbol of what passes in Texas for old money. Ranchers who ran only cow herds and the yearlings from those cows were regarded with a kind of patronizing pride by the people who were busy making money out of cattle. They were the local Cabots and Lodges, the closest thing the Panhandle had to an aristocracy—people who could afford the wholesome pleasures of a world where sleek, fat cows sunned by water holes, handsome bulls stalked their pastures, and wobbly baby calves with loving eyes suckled beside winding paths while tall white windmills turned together in a spring breeze. They could also afford a long view of the cattle business, knowing that speculators' markets come and go but that a pampered cow produces a calf a year every year of her maturity. Still, the cattle market of the sixties and the early seventies *was* a speculators' market. It depended on high turnover in the feedyards, and it was made by risk capital and the promise of quick and often extravagant profits for as long as people kept on buying as much meat as the butcher offered and demanding more.

In that kind of market, it was the long view of the cow-calf people that began to look romantic and emotional. The same thirty acres that one mama cow used for grazing could support three yearlings fattening for the feedyard. Pastureland itself was getting scarce. In 1962, with less of the Panhandle under cultivation, most of the farmers did their planting south of the Canadian River, where the water table was often as much as a hundred feet higher than anywhere in the north. But ten years later every acre of arable land with ground water south *and* north of the breaks was in use as farmland. Farmers were taking so much Ogallala water for irrigation—and the drawdown was so severe—that in some northern counties ranchers who had always hit water at around three hundred feet had to abandon old wells and dig as deep as four hundred. Speculators had leased whatever grazing land they could get, in section parcels, and were running yearlings from the apparently inexhaustible barns of the American Southeast. And when any good grassland did come on the market, people were paying a hundred dollars an acre for it—two hundred dollars if the land had access to a paved road.

Some ranchers began to take back land they had been leasing for years to smaller ranchers—Panhandle grass leases, by tradition, last a year and have to be renewed—and that way kept their cows and calves and still had land to spare for running extra yearlings. Some moved their cows to places like New Mexico, where the grazing ratio was forty-five acres to a cow, but where the land, being nearly bone-dry, rarely sold for more than fifty dollars an acre. They saved their Texas grass for their own weaned calves and whatever others they might want to buy. Some ranchers sold all their cows and bulls and converted their operations entirely. Some cut their herds by half—running Southern yearlings for quick profit but keeping enough mama cows for their own security, the way an investor might balance a portfolio between new growth stocks and comfortable blue chips with a steady yield. Henry's rancher diversified. He speculated on feedyards, put in winter wheat, traded fodder feed, and hedged the cattle futures. But he kept his twenty-two hundred mama cows, and in 1968 he cancelled enough leases to be able to run a few thousand extra yearlings at any one time, and even keep them on wheat for six months of the year.

Cowboys call yearling ranches "calf hotels," because calves use them like hotels—stopping on their way from a farm to a feedyard for a little grazing, a little fresh air and medicine, and the ministrations of an able staff. It was never difficult to fill those hotels. More cattle were raised in Texas itself than in any other state, and tens of thousands of small farmers in the Southeast owned a couple of milk cows that always managed to produce a calf a year—if not by plan, then by chance encounters with the local bulls. The farmers had always kept those calves to eat themselves, or had sold them, cheap, to neighbors at their country auctions. Now, gradually, their auction barns filled up with ranchers' agents, who bought whatever they could get, bidding up the price of scrawny calves just off their mothers' milk to far more than anyone had ever paid before. The farmers supplying calves to Panhandle ranches were mainly poor dirt farmers. The new market in Okie calves gave most of them the first real money they had ever made in livestock, and they responded to the windfall by letting their cows breed, so the saying went, with "anything on four legs that snorts." By the early seventies, ranchers were paying up to eighty cents a pound, price on delivery, for a three-hundred-pound Okie calf—the price is half that now—and still, with good grazing and the right feed, making a considerable profit when that calf went to the packers at eleven hundred pounds for an on-the-hoof price per pound of forty or fifty cents.

Given the proper care, a young calf recovered easily from underfeeding at home and the weight loss of a long truck ride. It fattened quickly on Texas grass into a reasonably respectable animal—and at not much cost to the rancher who had bought it. Ranchers figured their expenses on a weaned calf or a yearling at about four dollars a month during the grass season, which ran from around April through October—April Fools' Day to Halloween was the rule of thumb. During the winter-wheat season, they expected a yearling to put on a pound and a half a day, at a cost to the rancher of twenty cents for every pound of gain. In a year of good weather and sufficient gain, the formula was nearly foolproof. But the yearling men, caught up in their success, began to tout their Okie cattle—products of the most random, unscientific breeding the business had ever seen—for hybrid vigor. Ranchers who had always thought of hybrid vigor as something that happened when they put a prize Angus bull on a prize Hereford heifer to produce a prime-quality Black Baldy calf, were talking suddenly about Okie hardiness. They began to lobby the Department of Agriculture for changes in the beef-grading regulations that would acknowledge their investment. They had to fight the packers, who had their own lobby, for those changes, but eventually they won,



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and the result was that the categories—prime, choice, good, and standard—and, consequently, the prices for inspected beef were altered to reflect not only the traditional quality grading but also yield grading, which has to do with the proportion of marketable meat on a carcass.

The yearling boom was a ten-year wonder. By the end of 1972, some sixty-five per cent of the Panhandle's grass was given over entirely to yearling ranching. The Panhandle was producing only about twenty per cent of the state's cattle by then, but at one time or another that year eighty-five per cent of all the beef cattle in Texas had fed, if not grazed, within a hundred and fifty miles of Amarillo. In fact, when the oil crisis hit the country over the next year, more cattle were on feed in the Texas Panhandle than anywhere else in the country. And a lot of the people who owned those cattle lost their money trying to keep them there. There was a certain frontier irony in the fact that it was cattlemen who went bankrupt keeping up with the price of farmers' grain, but not even the farmers were much comforted. The farmers depended on oil for their harvesters and tractors and for the power to make their irrigation systems function. They depended on petroleum-based sprays and fertilizers, and in 1973 they were paying three hundred dollars for a ton of fertilizer that had cost them sixty dollars in 1972. To make a profit, they needed to pass those costs along—at least as much of them as the market would tolerate. Russia, buying up the subsidized reserves in corn and wheat, left the country with such a scarcity of grain that year that cattlemen, in fact, were forced to pay whatever the farmers asked for milo. And milo itself was in short supply by 1974, when the harvest yield in Texas alone fell a hundred million bushels short of the yield the year before. A hundred pounds of milo went for two dollars and fourteen cents before the oil crisis and the deal that Texas cattlemen refer to as the Russian grain drain. Two years later, the price was over six dollars, and for the cattlemen that meant the cost per pound of gain in a feedyard, which had run about thirty cents before the crisis, went up to sixty cents, and even eighty cents, at a time when cattle were selling for only thirty-seven cents a pound.

Ranchers like to say that in the cattle business your first loss is always your best loss, but no one seems to have considered that in the panic of a collapsing market. A lot of people held their steers on feed, expecting the government to act to save them. They held their steers on feed during the housewives' boycott in the spring of 1973 and during the beef-price freeze that summer, knowing that the freeze was ending in September. They held them on feed through a truckers' strike that fall and on into the winter—all of them still waiting to be saved. By the end of the year, most of the steers in Panhandle feedyards had long since passed the weight at which eight pounds of feed stood them to a pound of gain. They were eating twelve to fifteen pounds of feed for every pound they gained. They were "overdone," as people say in the cattle business. At upward of twelve hundred and fifty pounds a head, they were too big and too fatty for efficient cuts, and their two hundred pounds of extra weight—the invisible animal, ranchers call it—was practically worthless. When the cattlemen finally tried to sell their steers at the packinghouses, there was a glut on the market, and a lot of them ended up taking losses of over two hundred dollars a head on animals they could have unloaded six months earlier at a loss of only twenty or thirty dollars.

It took a year longer before the cattle market began to turn. The oilmen and the bankers, the corporate presidents and the rich widows survived that year, but everybody else with money in beef cattle lost more of it than he could even begin to recover with a clever tax form. A lot of the Panhandle's feedyards closed that year, too. Ranchers, trying to recoup, were buying fewer calves and grazing the ones they had longer, and the feedyards that stayed in business were rarely more than a quarter full. Paul Engler's old feedyard—the one that began the cattle boom in west Texas and grew to accommodate fifty thousand head of cattle—never had more than eighteen thousand animals on feed in the spring of 1975, and, even so, the yard's new owners considered themselves lucky.

Everyone blamed everyone else for the crisis. The packers blamed the supermarkets, which they claimed had hoarded beef to keep the prices up and had consequently stopped reordering. American Beef, one of the biggest packers in the country, had bought up twenty-five million dollars' worth of beef for its slaughterhouses—beef that it couldn't pay for—and then had to petition for reorganization under the bankruptcy law. The cattlemen blamed the packers, who in trying to cut their own losses had virtually stopped buying any more cattle. The farmers blamed the ranchers for not supporting the feed-grain business they had helped create. They all blamed the government for ignoring their various demands for help. And while they were busy blaming and defending, the cattle business slowly started to recover.

By the spring of 1975 the price of milo had dropped to four dollars and fifty cents a hundred pounds. The feedyards accordingly dropped their prices, so that the cost per pound of gain to a rancher went down to around forty-five cents again. When a cattle feeder from California, who Panhandle people said was buying for the Shah of Iran, placed bids on nearly half the cattle that passed through the Amarillo Livestock Auction that spring—after he had already bought tens of thousands of head of Panhandle cattle and shipped them to the Coast to feed—the encouraging rumor went around that rich Middle Easterners would pay good money for just about any animal that ate grass. Panhandle ranchers sent their agents south again and cautiously began to buy more Okies. But what saved the ranchers in the end was that people had simply got used to the inflation. Americans were making a consummately American decision to pay more money for their beef rather than do without it. They started buying, and eventually they bought more of it than they ever had, because the price of everything else was up so much that no one saved enough eating chicken or pork chops instead of hamburger, or even steak, to make a difference.

By now, Panhandle ranchers have begun to treat their cattle crash as a kind of object lesson in frontier history. They say that they were a little too enthusiastic, perhaps, a little too greedy and "unscientific" in their judgments, but those ten bonanza years on the Texas Panhandle have changed the style of ranching there as irrevocably as railroad boxcars and barbed wire did a hundred years ago. There are parts of America where ranching has kept its character. Up in Montana, the ranchers still run herds of their favorite cows, and their cows calve every spring, and their yearlings pasture in the summer on mountains that the state preserves as open range. But the Panhandle is not one of those places. West Texans live on the frontier of money. They believe in luck and high stakes and big killings—in oil splashing up suddenly from a neighbor's pasture, in feedyards that in ten years' time are servicing a million steers. Panhandle ranchers are still running other people's yearlings, and they are waiting for the

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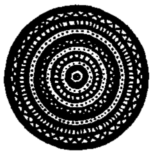
next windfall. There are more yearlings fattening on Panhandle grass today than there ever were. Memory is short in west Texas, and only the cowboys and the rich widows talk much anymore about the good old days of ranching.

HENRY and his brother Tom were out behind the barn at Henry's headquarters, and there were two Willow cowboys, Calvin Pratt and Ed Loomis, with them. Tom had been stopping by mornings to pass the time while his hand healed. It was seven-thirty now. Two hundred and eleven calves were lowing in a big wooden pen that opened onto the chute to the calf cradle, but Henry wanted to wait for Sam Otis before he gave the word to start them down the chute. Sam was an old cowpuncher who had lived and worked on a neighboring ranch for so many years that people long ago stopped calling the ranch by name and began saying simply "Sam's place." There was a younger man in Sam's old camp now, and Sam had been retired, as his foreman put it, to a one-room shack in town, which he shared with a wife reputed to be the meanest-tempered woman in the county. He was very ill. He had survived two heart operations in the past year, and his fear was terrible, but it was not so much a fear of death that hounded Sam as a fear of his own uselessness as a cowhand. Lately, a morning's job at the Willow was enough to keep him plucky and boasting for a week. Work was the only thing that cheered Sam, and Henry tried to send for him whenever a batch of Okie calves came in and he could use an extra hand—a child would do—to sit on the chute rail with a charged hotshot and prod them toward the cradle.

The cowboys waited, stretched out in the shadow of the barn with a tin of Copenhagen snuff on the grass between them, while Henry talked to his brother about a deal with Lester Hill, his ranch manager, that was going to make his fortune. Lester had driven up one day last week to check on a requisition for a ton of feed cake, and Henry, remembering his birthday resolution, decided that the time had come for them to have a talk. He was careful not to say anything about the one per cent of last year's gross that he knew was due him as the ranch foreman—a lot of Panhandle ranchers were giving percentage bonuses to their best cowboys, and Henry had not seen a bonus for the past four years. He had not expected much for those years, because of all the trouble in the cattle business. Even now, most ranchers around did well if they were breaking even, but, still, Henry calculated that Lester was holding back some four thousand dollars—and Henry might have said so if asking for money had not been painful for him. There were other jobs around. Henry knew of one foreman's job, at a big ranch just across the Oklahoma border, that paid eight hundred dollars a month, and came with health insurance and a pension plan, and offered twice the average gasoline allowance, because the nearest high school was forty-five miles from the ranch gate. But he had not mentioned the job, either. He had simply sat down next to Lester in the front seat of Lester's air-conditioned Buick and, after a respectable silence, announced that he was thinking of quitting. And after another respectable silence Lester had offered him a deal to stay. It was a kind of partnership, really, in a batch of Okie calves that Lester had bought, with a bank loan, through an agent in Louisiana. Henry was going to look after those calves for a season. He was going to run them with the ranch cattle, and in return he and Lester would split the profits when the calves were sold.

"Seems to me you run a lot of Lester's cattle without him giving you a nickel for it," Tom said after Henry had told his story.

"Maybe he's reformed," Henry said, frowning with concentration. He had his pad out, and he was busy calculating the profit on a hundred calves, bought cheap, grazed well, and sold at the Amarillo Livestock Auction with a lot of water bringing up their weight. He was going to put his share toward another hundred head, then two hundred. In a few years, he would have the cash for a down payment on a few sections of his own.



"Seems to me jukeboxes is a lot cheaper," Tom said. His own jukebox was waiting in the barn at the Circle Y, but there was no way for him to work on it with a bandaged hand.

"I'm going to find me a backer," Henry told him. "Maybe a rich lady from New York. I saw on television the other night that them Eastern ladies got control of all their husbands' money."

Calvin Pratt shook his head. Calvin did not approve of Henry or his cattle deal. He was Henry's best hand and could have been foreman of a ranch himself, but he was at heart a farmer, not a cowboy. He loved to see the dirt turned, to pick it up and smell it, to sit on a tractor and watch things grow. He was fifty years old, and he had tried three times to keep a small vegetable-and-alfalfa farm going. A drought ruined him the first time. Then he was drafted and sent to fight in the Korean war. His last farm failed when old debts and his own poverty caught up with him. He had turned to cowboying then, with a grim and deliberate acquiescence. Even now, years later, there was still a spare, proud homesteader's quality about Calvin—about the way he dressed for work, in his slim brown jeans with the creases always pressed fresh, his narrow belt and plain brown walking boots and buff hat; about the way he walked and rode and clipped a fence wire, and even rolled a cigarette. It gave him a kind of elegance. His gestures were patient and precise, and his only passion, as far as any of the men knew, was coyotes. At night, when the coyotes howled, Calvin liked to drive out after them in his pickup with his three dogs, Sam, Steve, and Seoul. He carried a rifle on the pickup, but he rarely used it. He preferred to sit smoking cigarettes and watch his dogs cut a coyote from its pack and tear the animal apart.

Calvin glanced back at the penned calves. They were scrawny and scabby. Most of them looked sick. They had just spent two days in a filthy sale barn in Louisiana and another day, at least, in a cattle truck without food or water, and now some were slavering and others scouring. Cowboys called their sickness "shipping fever"—it was a way of covering a disease syndrome that usually cost more to identify than a calf was worth. "I reckon it's some of these fine young calves that's going to make Henry here a millionaire," Calvin said.

"Shoot, Calvin," Tom said. "According to that television show I seen the other night—it was about them I.Q. tests—we can all get to be millionaires. 'Cause we're so in-tell-i-gent. Least, that's what the show said. It said them I.Q. tests we all took back there in school—why, they don't count none." Tom grinned slyly. "Now, I sure was glad to hear that. Shoot, I used to think I was pretty ignorant, just a peon. So I sure am glad to know I'm so sensible."

"Well, it takes less sense to be a cowboy than any other profession I ever did hear of," Calvin said. "You don't think. You just go out, do what you're told, go to work—unless you're old Henry here, and can lay around giving orders."

Henry stood up and stretched, and then he started unloading the bed of

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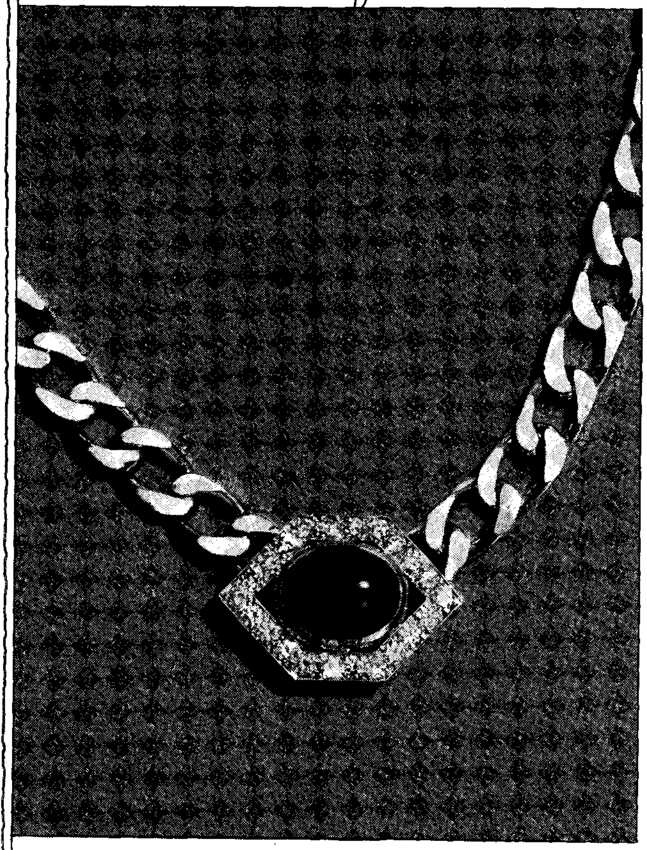

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an old pickup that he kept behind the barn as a kind of open toolshed. There was an icebox propped up in the truck. Henry emptied it, tossing a jar of sulfa pills and a couple of injection guns down to Ed Loomis and then jumping down himself with four big bottles of calf vaccine in his arms. Calvin, meanwhile, had poured some disinfectant over a sponge in a rusty pot and was cleaning his knife on it. There was nothing left to do but hook up the Willow branding iron to a charged battery and wait for Sam.

"I sure do wish we had known all that when we was younger—I mean about them I.Q. tests being wrong," Ed said, pounding Tom on the back and laughing. Ed was in a fine mood this morning—he always was when he was working cattle. There was a dazed cheerfulness about the way he took a saw or a pair of spoon pliers to a calf's horns that frightened some people and made others think that he was either feeble or a little crazy. He had a reputation for wildness, but he looked up to Henry; and Henry, enjoying the admiration, kept him on, and even took his side when he got into trouble. Henry liked to say that Ed's wife was to blame for his peculiarities. She had taken their two small boys five years ago and left him for a job in a shoe store in Oklahoma—with a promise to drive home on weekends to clean the kitchen and do the wash. For a time, she kept her promise, but over the years she had gradually stopped coming—it was a year and a half since anyone on the ranch had seen her—and Ed, who pined for his wife and sons and rode with their picture in a gummy cellophane folder in his jeans pocket, had gradually got slaphappy with a saw or a knife or a branding iron in his hand. He lived with another cowboy now, in a trailer that was parked in a pasture seven miles from headquarters, and he kept his horse and his gear in an old refrigerator car off the Santa Fe Railway. Being unsuitable, as Henry put it, for looking after ranch cows and their babies, Ed had got the job of looking after the ranch Mississipps. It was plain that no one was looking after Ed. He lived on cans of Beanee Weenees—beans with a bit of sausage. A lot of his teeth were gone, and the ones he had were brown from neglect and chewing tobacco. There was usually a week's growth of greasy stubble on his face. He owned a pair of frayed chaps, which he always wore, whatever the work or the weather, along with a reeking T-shirt and worn jeans. "Yup, I do wonder what we would have 'mounted to if we'd known how educated we really was," Ed said. "I seem to remember that there I.Q. test saying I shouldn't go to work in one of them offices."

"Well, *I* did get above what I was supposed to be," Calvin said. "Least, for a time I did."

"Course, there's nothing lower than a cowboy," Tom volunteered.

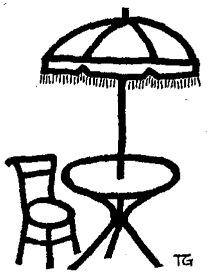
Henry, who was feeding black-leg serum into one of the injection guns, looked up at Tom. "You remember that time I took the test?" he said.

Tom nodded, and the rest of the men stopped talking.

"You had to say what was a domesticated animal," Henry went on. "So I put 'rabbit,' seeing as how I had a rabbit. And then that old teacher of mine, she said that was pretty dumb—she said anybody could see that 'dog' was the proper answer." Henry shook his head. "But you *could* call a rabbit domesticated if it's *been* domesticated." He shook his head again. "I mean, if there'd been somebody telling me I was right, I might of got encouraged. I might of studied something important—something like accounting or that economics deal, 'cause that's what you need nowadays if you're going to run a ranch right."

Calvin wiped his knife across the sponge, thoughtful, while Tom sucked on a piece of grass and Ed, grinning mindlessly at them all, scratched his stomach.

"I mean, this cattle business—there's a new market every day," Henry said. He was pacing back and forth in front of the calf cradle, pink with shame and caught up in his own bravado. "It's what's on them ticker tapes that counts. It's high finance, and if a man's out working with his hands, there's no telling how much he's going to be losing. No, sir, he has to be right in front of that machine of his, finding out what's happening in New York City. Otherwise, he's going to end up nothing but some other man's dumb cowboy."



"Cowboy? What cowboy?" Sam Otis appeared behind the barn, riding on a bony old palomino quarter horse that he called Thunder and the hands inevitably addressed as Horsemeat. It was a matter of pride with Sam to arrive for work on horseback. On a day like today, he would hitchhike out from town to the ranch gate, pick up the jeep that Melinda used to meet her school bus, and drive it back to headquarters—and then he would tiptoe into the barn to saddle Thunder and make the last hundred feet of his trip in style. Henry expected his hands to greet Sam as if the old man had been riding hard since dawn.

"Seems to me you got to distinguish between different types of cowboys," Sam said. "There's rodeo cowboys, dude cowboys, feedyard cowboys, stockyard cowboys—and then there's real cowboys."

"You mean peon cowboys," Tom said, giving Sam a leg down.

"I mean the kind that wouldn't change none for a million dollars. Take me—I wanted to punch cows. That's all I ever wanted to do, and that's what I always done."

"You better put down drinking whiskey on that list," Tom grinned, plucking a pint from Sam's jacket pocket.

Sam ignored him. He was looking over at the day's calves. "Maybe they ain't so sick as they look," he said finally.

"It's a bad business, running these poor calves," Calvin said. Usually, Calvin worked with the Willow cow herd. He liked animals that were clean and hardy and bred scientifically, as he put it. This new business of speculating on strangers' cattle that arrived in trucks, grazed for a season, and then disappeared into feedyards seemed unnatural to him. Lately, the Mississipps had been coming and going so fast and so frequently that it was easy for a manager like Lester Hill, with his boss across an ocean, to slip a shipment of his own down the chute and onto one of the ranch pastures. The last time that calves with Lester's ear tag on them arrived in a truckload of ranch cattle, Calvin had driven off, indignant, to his own camp, saying that Lester Hill's cattle were not his job.

"Well, there's none of us that *like* this," Henry said, setting his injection guns down on a broken chair beside the calf cradle. He was uneasy lately, and embarrassed around Calvin. Last night, he had considered inviting him for a drink in town after supper and then maybe offering him a cut, but he had given up on that idea before he even reached the telephone. Calvin never went drinking. He spent his evenings in a pine rocker in his parlor, dressed up in a clean shirt and his good boots, and working jigsaw puzzles while his wife, Annabel, read the Bible or wrote letters to their married son. Annabel went to Bible class with Betsy on Sunday mornings, and once, in class, she had told Betsy that Calvin had suffered from

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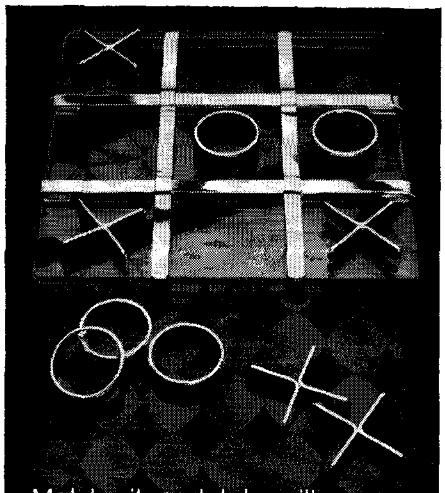

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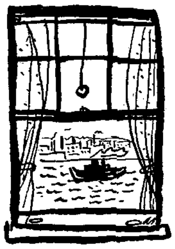
"a little depression problem" after they had lost their last farm. Annabel had asked God to solve that problem, and she had promised, in return, to inspire her husband to a life of domestic happiness. She kept her lipstick fresh and her hair curled and her house spotless. Cowboys were permitted in her kitchen, but no cowboy sat down on the flowered chintz cushions in Annabel's parlor unless it was Sunday and he was paying a visit with his wife.

"I'd say here's four men what don't like working with these chutes," Sam said. He was perched on a rail now, poking some calves down the chute with his hotshot. Henry clamped the first calf into the cradle while Ed slammed the headhold into place for him, and then they tipped the cradle on its side. Calvin spread the calf's hind legs with an iron rod. Working together, the three men had the calf branded, dehorned, castrated, injected, and hobbling off to pasture in about a minute. Henry gave the shots today, Ed pried the horns off, and Calvin cut and branded. Tom, who had disappeared into the barn, came back with a bucket for Sam Otis. Sam always got the testicles at a branding. He traded them for whiskey at a restaurant in Pampa that specialized in deep-fried mountain oysters as an appetizer.

Sam chuckled. "The only thing that's the same about this business here and roping and dragging cattle is them oysters and the bottle of bourbon. Course, you do need eight or ten people when you work a-horseback."

"Hard to find ten people nowadays," Tom said. "There's not so many want to work cheap, like we do. And working them calves on the ground is harder—least to me."

"But you get to do what you know how to do," Henry said. "This way—well, to me it's like being on one of them factory lines. It's boring." In a minute, he added, "This makes near three thousand calves we put through the chute since January."



"Well, I can't see why a rancher that's been a millionaire all his life and has a fine herd of cows dropping babies every year—I sure can't understand what makes him want to go fooling round with these critters," Sam said. "And as for dragging calves—I don't think it's any harder on them than squeezing them into these contraptions."

"It really depends on how you been treating them all along," Calvin said, frowning. There was a new calf in the cradle now, scouring and frothing as Ed sawed wildly on its horns. Calvin worked quickly, and then, with the branding iron still sizzling in his hand, he ran to the headhold and began to stroke the calf's forehead. "There, there, you poor little old thing," he murmured. "That's the worst, that saw. That hurts you more than anything, don't it?"

Ed finished one horn. He poured a dose of Anchor Blood Stopper powder on the stump and wiped the blood off his T-shirt with a rag from his pocket. Then he slammed a bar across the calf's nose. "Goddammit, *this'll* keep you steady," he said, and he laughed and laughed.

Sam ran up to him. "Easy now, Ed."

Ed started on the second horn. Blood shot into the air and came down on everyone.

Henry started shouting. "Ed! Hey, Ed! Ain't you cutting a little deep?" And then, "Ed, come on!"

"You must of been hitting the jug pretty early." Sam shook his hotshot like a stick. "You want them calves to bleed to death?"

"Yeah," Tom said. "If you're going to skin them, use a knife, not a saw."

Henry waited for a moment. Then he swung himself up onto the truck chassis and crawled around, cursing, until he had found a long red plunger hidden under a pile of tools. It took a while, but he finally managed to force a sulfa tablet down the calf's throat. Calvin stood by, murmuring and stroking, and Ed watched, laughing softly to himself.

After that, Henry called a break.

"I tell you, it ain't like the old times, and it hurts this old cowpuncher's heart to see it," Sam told him later. The men were resting, and Sam and Henry had walked over to a deep trench—a cattle-dipping vat—that ran behind the corral, and were having a drink from Sam's bottle. The trench was dry and littered with old tools and bottles and rusty horseshoes. The sight of it always made Sam nostalgic—it reminded him of a summer in the nineteen-thirties when all the cows had scabies and Sam had had to run fifteen thousand head through the dipping vat on his old ranch. Not many ranchers used their dipping vats anymore. It cost two hundred dollars these days to charge a vat the size of the Willow's with enough water and insecticide for a run of only five hundred animals, and Henry's orders for the past few years had been to save money and spray his cattle with insecticide instead. The calves that he was working now had been sprayed yesterday, getting off the truck, but there were still ticks on every one of them.

"You know when it all began to change?" Sam said. He spat a wad of snuff into the trench, and he and Henry headed back toward the calves. The men got up, stretching and spitting, and took their places at the cradle. "It was when that Roosevelt fella got in," Sam said. "That was the end—that P.W.A., or whatever they call it. Boy, I'd of died before I got on one of them welfare things. Your old cowpuncher—he's got a little pride. He don't want no one taking care of him. But these young ones, they work three days and then they quit and go into town and expect the government to feed them. They never do want to help out none"—Sam climbed onto the chute rail and jabbed a bucking calf toward the cradle—"so it's no wonder we got to have these contraptions. Where are you going to find ten good hands that wants to put in a day's work riding and roping? Where're you going to find *one* good hand nowadays that's willing to put up with the weather, riding all night, like I did, when it's raining like blazes, or roping in the hot sun, or—"

"Seems to me if I was to quit tomorrow there'd be ten men lined up and ready to take my job," Calvin put in, but then he shrugged. "Not that they'd be qualified."

Henry was thinking. He opened the cradle and slapped the calf out to pasture, nodding and frowning at his own thoughts. "Seems to me like we been kind of breaking nature's law," he said finally. "I mean, the law of nature is for the strongest to survive, ain't it? But here we kind of take care of the weakest. Now, don't get me wrong. I don't mind the weakest. I mind the ones with no ambition. Them old cowpunchers in the movies—they got what they wanted 'cause of ambition. Else they worked for somebody who knew how to use them. You got to see old Chill Wills in 'The Rounders' to know what those old cattlemen were really like. Chill Wills—he had these cowboys, and they'd stay out in the country so long on one of them old roundups that when they got their pay and went to town, boy, it was like they was never going back. They'd get in trouble all right in town, and then old Chill Wills, he'd just drive in and bail them out and . . ."

Calvin shook his head, puzzled.

"You see, then they'd *have* to go back out to work for him." Henry aimed an injection gun filled with Vitamin A and penicillin. "All them

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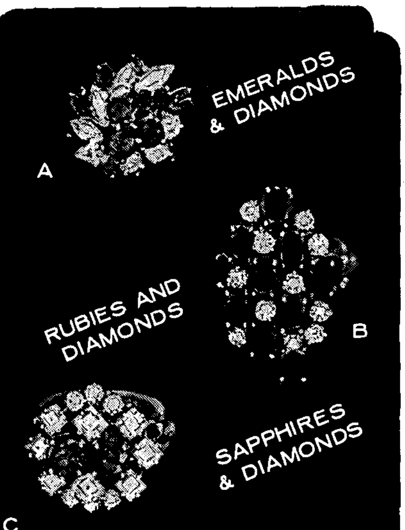

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psychology doctors and professors—they don't know half of what old Chill Wills knew. I mean, how to get things out of people and still make them feel such a part. Course, nowadays, most places, if a man don't want to work there's *nothing* his boss can do about it, because all that man has to do is call his union, and before you know it his old boss ain't got *no one* working for him."

"There's some people says there ought to be a cowboys' union," Tom said, and then he slapped his knee with his good hand and rolled back on the ground laughing.

"Now, ain't that a good one!" Sam said.

"Well, they did have them a union down at old Tascosa once," Tom said, sitting up again. "The way I heard it, the boys got drunk and called a strike, and the cowmen just let them strike until they got so hungry they had to go back to work."

"That was near a hundred years ago," Sam said.

"You know what them cowmen called their hands?" Tom asked him. "Cow servants!" Tom chuckled. "Why, I believe that's the same as peons."

Henry scowled. "They weren't real cowmen. They was Englishmen."

"Anyhow, they had these hands—twenty-four or twenty-five cowboys—and, like old Sam said, it was near a hundred years ago, and them poor old cowboys was making thirty dollars a month, working every day, day and night. So the boys got drunk one night, down in Tascosa—"

Calvin shook his head. "That ain't it at all. They had this *headquarters* in Tascosa. And the ranchers tried to burn them out. That's the way *I* heard it. Them ranchers drove to town in a buckboard with a barrel of gunpowder. They was all hiding behind the buckboard, arguing about who was going to light that fuse. There wasn't one of them as wasn't scared to show himself. They had to get this old nigger cook to come out and light the fuse for them."

"The way *I* heard it, they killed the strike leader," Sam said. "Poisoned him. And told the sheriff that he was like one of them hippies—said he died from drugs. Opium, or whatever it was they had back then."

All the men were quiet.

"Well, you won't see none of us giving up our freedom to join no union," Henry said.

Everybody nodded, solemn.

"Damn right," Sam said. "With them unions—you know, the union says don't take that job, and you can't take it, not even if you're starving. I say the hell with that."

"Sam's right," Henry said. "We may not be as well off as some financially, but we're more independent."

"Not old Calvin here," Sam said, chuckling. "He ain't independent. Annabel's been henpecking him for years."

Calvin kept on branding.

"Well, Calvin?" Tom said.

"Least I can say that Annabel ain't no liberated woman. Annabel ain't never run off and worked, like some I know."

Henry stiffened.

"Well, you might say that about my Lisa Lou," Tom said cheerfully. "Why, if it was my camp today, you'd be getting Beanee Weenees for lunch instead of fried steak and gravy. But Betsy—seems to me Betsy's one of them women that's been liberated against her wishes. You don't hear her griping none about her privileges."

Ed grinned. "I hear them liberated women don't want no separate rest rooms. Well, I say fine. Let them fight in the wars, too. Let them have the same jails as what the men have. Let them play football—"

"I agree with Ed here," Calvin said. "Let them do the same as men do if they want to be liberated. Let them work in a foundry, put them out on the range digging postholes."

Tom looked horrified. "Come on, Calvin. I believe there's some things, like digging postholes—well, a woman wasn't made to do that. And, shoot, she shouldn't have to. The way I see it, if she does the same job as a man, she should be paid the same and treated fair, that's all. My wife come home the other day and said she wasn't treated fair at work, and it just made me mad."

Calvin shook his head. "Don't know where she got the idea that everybody's going to treat you fair and equal in this life."

"There's some women complain about a man sitting down to lunch with a little blood on him," Ed put in, looking down at his T-shirt. "Hell, I wouldn't want no woman to be cussing at me all the time."

"See that tree, Ed?" Tom said. He pointed to a fine old cottonwood over by the pen. It was heavy with ripe seeds, just bursting into bloom. "That's real pretty, ain't it?"

"Another month and that cotton will be blowing every which way," Calvin remarked.

Ed waited.

"What I mean is this," Tom said,

blushing. "You know what they say about this life being no more than—now, what is it that they say?—no more than a flower blooming. Well, that's what I believe. There's just no point wasting time complaining and haggling over things that is."

Sam, on the rail, whooped with glee. "Save your breath, Tom. Once them Russians take over, they ain't going to *permit* no haggling. And them Russians *is* going to take over, 'cause that's what happens when you take people's guns away, like they're fixing to do back there in Austin. That's what we pay them legislators for—six hundred dollars a month, I heard it was."

"And thirty a day expenses," Calvin said.

"For lying and talking nonsense and taking guns away so a man can't shoot a robber or a bad nigger or one of them Communists." Sam was so excited that he nearly tumbled off the rail. "I tell you, that's the day them Russians is going to just walk in and take over, knowing we got no guns to defend ourselves."

Henry called for the next calf. The sun was high now, and hot, and there were still a hundred calves in the pen to brand by lunchtime. The cowboys, exhausted, took their places at the cradle. They seemed to move through a film of dust and sweat and blood.

Calvin cut the calf, frowning.

"Look at it this way, Calvin," Tom said gently. "Like you're doing a little neighboring for old Henry here this morning."

"Every cowboy wants his own cattle," Sam said. "Yup, his own cattle and a pair of handmade boots. It's been twenty years since I had me a pair of handmade boots."

"Every cowboy wants his own land, too," Calvin said. "You think they'd learn, since I never seen but one or two who did get it."

Ed picked up his saw, looking thoughtful. "It sure is true that there's more cowboys than rich people," he said finally.

Henry slammed the cradle shut on the next calf and said, "We ain't got all day."

—JANE KRAMER

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

•

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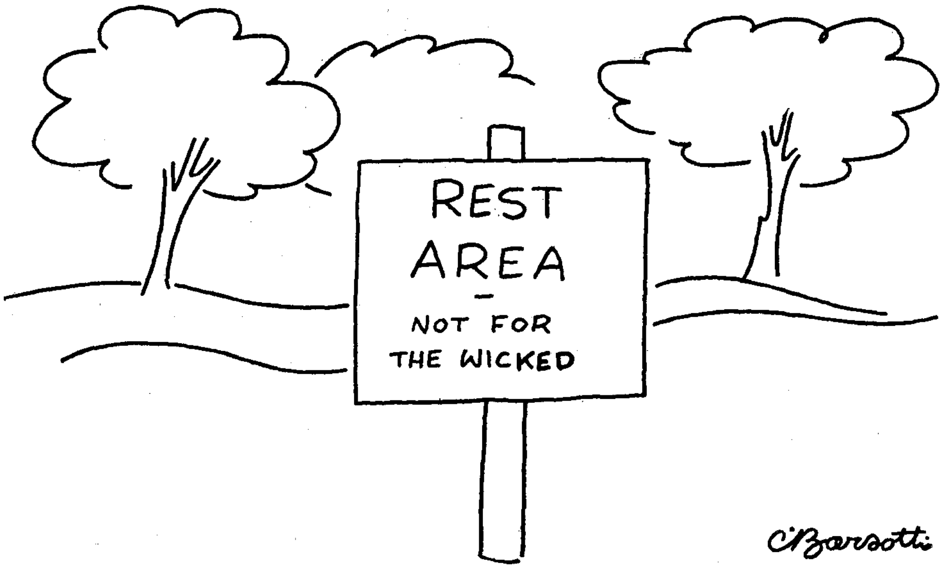
THE THEATRE

LONG RUN

"AGAMEMNON," by Aeschylus, was a smash hit in Athens twenty-four hundred and thirty-five years ago, and perhaps it will prove a smash hit at the Vivian Beaumont in the new production "conceived" by Andrei Serban, its director, and Elizabeth Swados, the composer of its music. During the winter, Mr. Serban put on a version of Chekhov's "The Cherry Orchard" that I found extremely irritating. Thanks to the setting and costumes by Santo Loquasto, it was very beautiful, but Mr. Serban's interpretation of the text was the most wantonly wrongheaded one I have ever encountered; with a breezy self-confidence, he twisted Chekhov's aesthetic intentions grotesquely out of shape, to the point of almost reversing the meaning of the play. In a newspaper article at the time, Mr. Serban wrote that "The Cherry Orchard" was "a poem about the universal inability to recognize change." The fact is, of course, that Chekhov took pains to let us see that *every single person* in that doomed household—from the Paris-besotted young valet to the old and dying Firs—recognizes change; a few of them are able to do something about it, and the rest are not. It is the continual tragicomic attempt to accommodate to change that makes up the subject matter of the play. (This production of "The Cherry Orchard" will be playing at the Vivian Beaumont starting June 28th. Despite my reservations, it deserves to be seen, and not least because Irene Worth will again be starring as Mme. Ranevskaya—a memorable performance.)

If I do not quarrel as vehemently over Mr. Serban's manipulations of Aeschylus as I do over his manipulations of Chekhov, it is in part because I know so little about how Aeschylus himself staged his tremendous drama all those centuries ago. Some of the liberties that Mr. Serban takes are probably needed in order to engage the attention of a contemporary audience, which is accustomed to seeing violence onstage and would be ill-content with merely hearing about it. In the original play, terrible deeds—the sacrifice of Iphigenia, the murder of Agamemnon, and the like—were rendered sufficiently vivid by description; that would not suit us at all, especially since the powerful language of the original would be lost upon most of us, and I've yet to read a translation that seemed both lofty enough and robust enough to do Aeschylus justice. His words are like iron nails being driven, one by one, into an oak plank and singing as they go.

Rather oddly, Mr. Serban, when he consents to fall back upon words, mingles what appear to be snatches of ancient Greek with snatches of an English translation of "Agamemnon" by Edith Hamilton; we can scarcely make out the content of the snatches, for the emphasis in this production is upon a series of ritual processionals, accompanied by Miss Swados' eerie musical cries and by candlelight, torchlight, and a choreography not unlike that of a band of shaven-headed Hare Krishnas sashaying down Fifth Avenue. Aeschylus' mighty theme in the "Oresteia," of which his "Agamemnon" is only a third, sinks without a trace. Athens in the fifth century B.C. was a highly sophisticated city-state; when Aeschylus drew upon Homer for his characters and much of his plot, he was going back in time at least as far as we would go if we were drawing upon Shakespeare. Mr. Serban has leapfrogged over Aeschylus and Homer to bring us bewitching glimpses of a civilization that is much more nearly Minoan than Greek. The effect is at once spooky and mindless, and therefore as pleasing but as little nourishing as a good ghost story.



The leading performers in the large cast are Priscilla Smith, who plays Clytemnestra and Cassandra; John Cazale, who plays Agamemnon and Aegisthus; and George Voskovec, who plays the leader of the chorus. The ingenious tripled-decked setting is by Douglas W. Schmidt, the costumes are by Santo Loquasto, and the lighting is by Jennifer Tipton. Mr. Serban has made admirable use of what must be every square foot of the Vivian Beaumont stage and backstage area. He is a clever young man, and I suggest that you go to "Agamemnon" and pick your own quarrel with him, or with me. We can be sure that Aeschylus will survive us all; as Max Beerbohm once said, the members of the House of Atreus are a strange and tense family, and they will be making the flesh of audiences creep a thousand years from now, when Lincoln Center is dust.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Portrait of the Artist as a Young Husband

JAMES JOYCE's "Exiles," at the Circle Repertory, was written in 1915, right after "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man." It is about a man who puts to the test his ideas about freedom and love and the male's sexual possession of the female by refusing to stop his wife from having an assignation with his closest friend—and is devastated in the doing. He is devastated not because the affair is physically consummated, which it is not, but because of his own strong feelings about the loss of "virginity of the soul" by the "piercing of the heart." The man is Richard Rowan, an Irish writer, recently returned to Dublin with his wife, Bertha, and their child after having bolted to Rome nine years before. The friend is Robert, a journalist who has arranged for Richard's return and is even now

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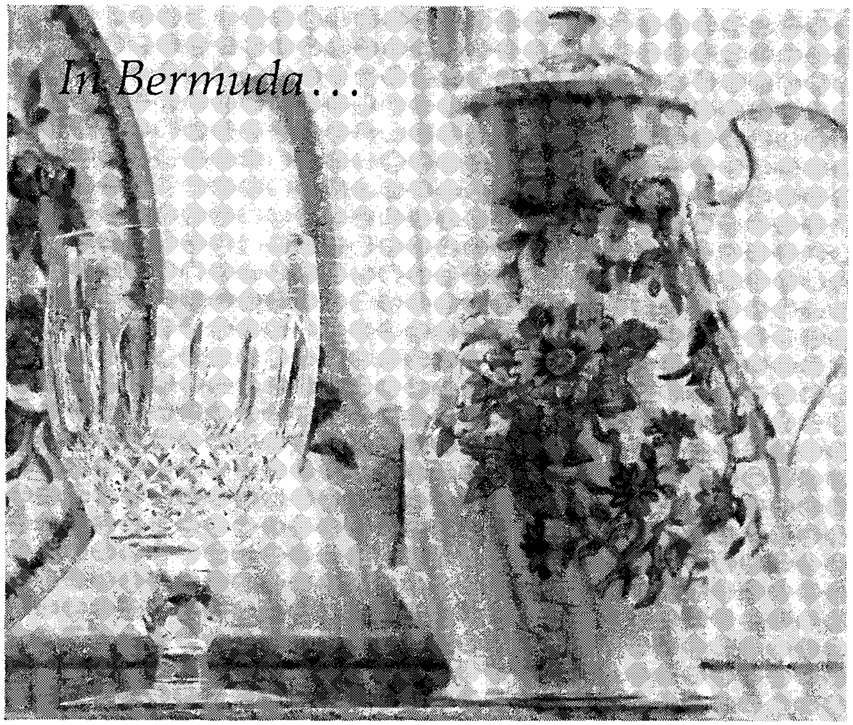

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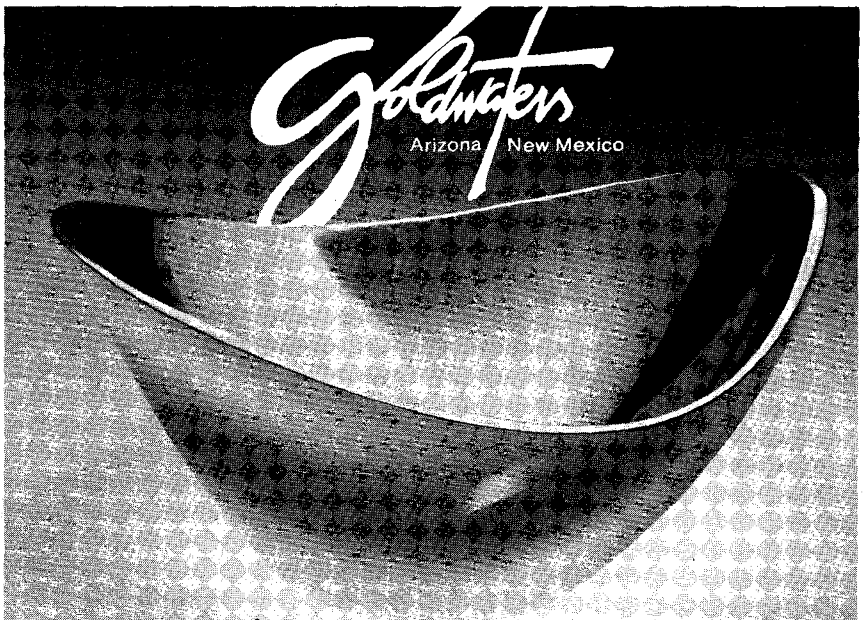

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arranging with the vice-chancellor of a university to have him appointed a professor there; Robert, we soon learn, has been in love with Bertha since the three of them met many years ago. The script is more quadrangle than triangle, the fourth member being an intellectual woman named Beatrice who was once, in a repressed way, in love with Richard.

In the first act, Robert, in a roundabout way, tells Bertha that he loves her, or at least wants her, and there is a love scene of sorts. ("Give me a kiss," says he. "Take it," she replies.) Bertha, in her openness and simplicity, is a beautifully drawn character, and she is very well played by Stephanie Gordon. The question is whether Bertha should meet Robert alone in his cottage that evening. Richard, appealed to for a decision, refuses to help; she must make up her own mind. So she goes. There is talk of love between her and Robert, and some cursory love-making, but eventually Bertha firmly puts on her cloak, wrapping it around her as the lights dim. In the last act, at home at dawn, she is sitting at a window, disconsolate. The final scene is a confrontation of husband and wife. She is miserable and hurt at having been abandoned by him, and he is permanently wounded by doubt. She has lost the virginity of her soul, and he cannot be reassured or comforted.

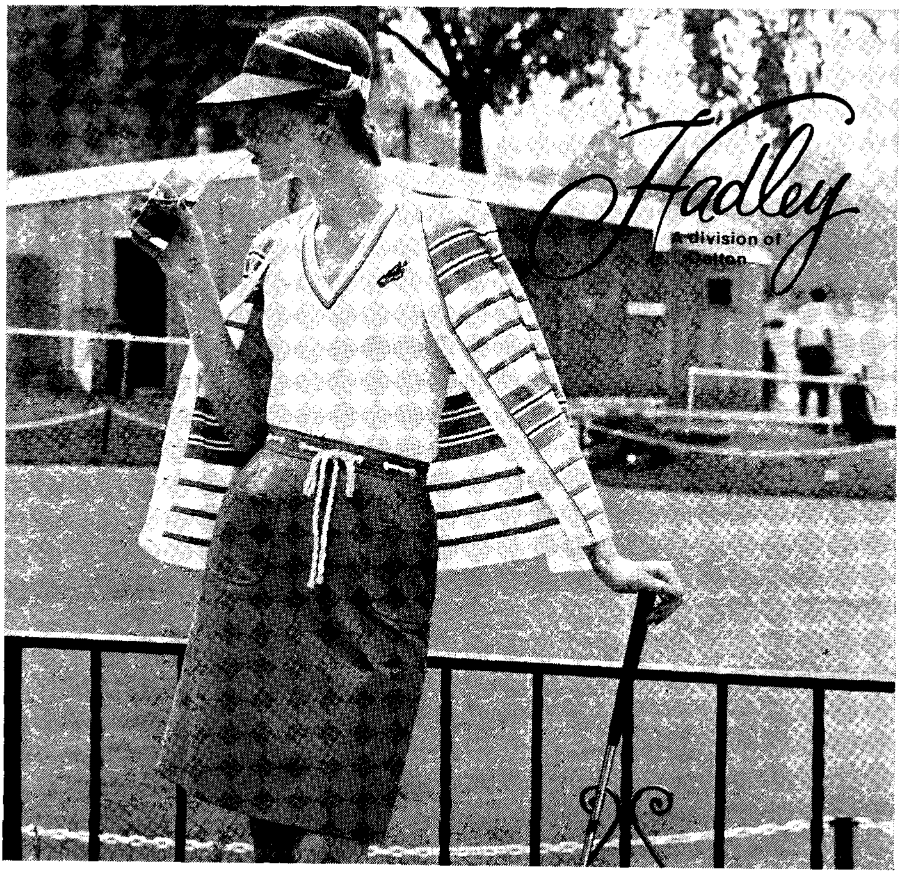
The play is a wonder: profound in its emotional probing, utterly convincing in its portrayal of Bertha and Richard—their storms and lulls and the grief they share over what has been lost between them—and often funny. It is impossible to avoid the feeling that it is also a very personal play—not in its episodes but in its portrait of the artist and his Nora Barnacle. The performance, under Rob Thirkield's direction, is believable and engrossing, its only weakness (and perhaps the playwright's, too) being the character of Beatrice, who doesn't seem to count for much. Nancy Killmer does as well as possible in this thankless part, and Alan Jordan and Neil Flanagan are good as Richard and Robert.

In the edition of the play published by Viking Compass Books, there are some marvellous recently discovered notes that Joyce made while working on the script. I quote two of them: "The play is three cat and mouse acts," and "Europe is weary even of the Scandinavian women . . . whom the poetic genius of Ibsen created when the Slav heroines of Dostoievsky and Turgenev were growing stale. On what woman will the light of the poet's mind now shine? Perhaps at last on the Celt.

Vain question. Curl the hair how you will and undo it again as you will."

RICHARD WESLEY'S "The Last Street Play," at the Manhattan Theatre Club only through May 29th, is a tragedy about displaced persons—a tragedy written with considerable wit and humor, along with sympathy and understanding. Its hero is a middle-aged man named Frankie, once the leader of a black teen-age street gang called the Mighty Gents and still the leader, in a way, of its three remaining members, who, caught in a romantic adventurous past that never existed, have wasted their lives, hanging around street corners drinking wine, quarrelling, and singing their old gang song. They are bums—"obsolete," as one of them puts it—and well on their way to becoming derelicts. That their plight is not of their own making need hardly be said; they can't get decent jobs. What they might have become is personified by a former member of a rival gang who is now a rich, dapper hustler in drugs. What they might yet become is personified by a drunken, pesky old panhandler called Zeke, who unexpectedly reveals a shaft of steel within him that precipitates the lethal climax of the play. The action—a matter of conversation and song and monologues directed straight at the audience—moves from the streets to the room where Frankie lives with his old girl, Rita, a woman so damaged by time and loneliness and drink that her only link with reality is her love for him. She sits endlessly trying to knit a scarf and repeating, almost as a litany, "Know what I want to do . . . know what I have to do to get what I want . . . just can't do it." Yvette Hawkins, her own beauty blotted out by makeup, is extraordinary in the part.

This skimpy résumé does scant justice to a powerful, ironic drama. Mr. Wesley, who wrote the film script for the comedy "Uptown Saturday Night" and also wrote "The Black Terror" and "The Sirens," among other plays, is eloquent, precise, and controlled, never hitting a false note. Every moment of the production is made clear and vital under Thomas Bullard's direction. The performances of Roscoe Orman as Frankie, Maurice Woods as the hustler, and, especially, Morgan Freeman as old Zeke are remarkable, and Brent Jennings, Richard E. Gant, and J. Herbert Kerr do very well as Frankie's cronies. An earlier version of "The Last Street Play" was originally done as a staged reading at the O'Neill Playwrights Conference, under the title "The Mighty Gents." —EDITH OLIVER



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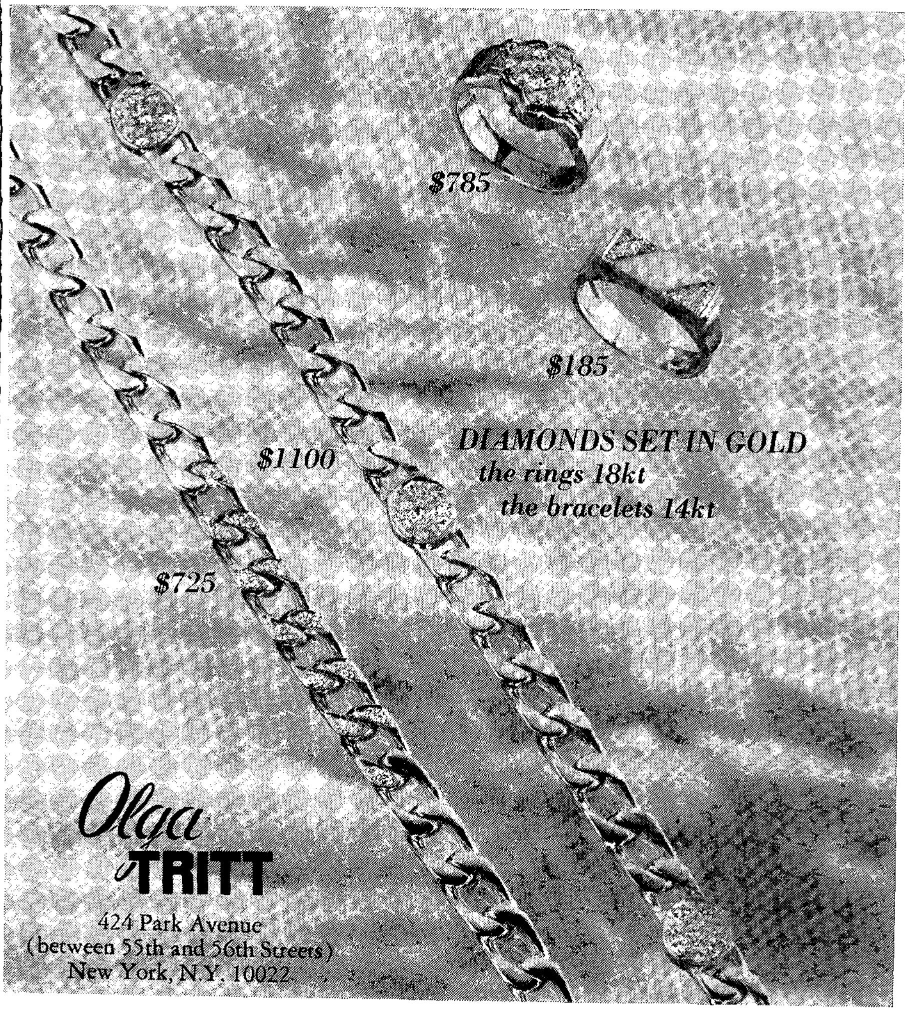

MUSICAL EVENTS

Living Masters

IN the second week of May, from Sunday to Sunday, Carnegie Hall housed festival fare—three concerts by a great orchestra, the Chicago Symphony, under a great conductor, Sir Georg Solti, at the peak of his powers; and two Beethoven recitals by a great pianist, Alfred Brendel. These were events I would not have swapped even for the Salzburg Easter Festival, which this year consisted of Mahler's Sixth Symphony, Bruckner's Fifth, the "Matthew Passion," and "Il Trovatore," done by the Berlin Philharmonic under Herbert von Karajan. Both Solti and Brendel are artists known the world over for their recorded performances; they are "well documented." So is Karajan. But whereas Karajan's concerts in recent years have often seemed like trailers for or live demonstrations of his exquisitely finished records, these Solti and Brendel concerts provided reassurance that in a concert hall more wonderful things can happen than are possible in a recording studio. I am not one to underrate the importance or the musical rewards of the phonograph. Life would be poorer if we could not still listen to Schnabel, Toscanini, Furtwängler, and the great singers from Adelina Patti onward. But this is hard on today's executants. Earlier artists could be weighed only against living memories. (They were commonly found wanting, since the memory of sounds heard in youth tends to acquire a patina of gold.) Today's artists are assessed against precise aural evidence collected from all over the world since recording began. In the nineteenth century, Stendhal and Henry Chorley could bewail in words the decline of vocal accomplishment; in the twentieth, critics like Desmond Shawe-Taylor and John B. Steane can demonstrate it. What Maria Mikhailova did in St. Petersburg in 1900 may be held up as a model for some Mary Michaels in St. Pancras or St. Paul to follow.

However, I do not intend now to compare, movement by movement, section by section, bar by bar, Solti's performances of the Brahms Second Symphony with Mengelberg's, Weingartner's, Toscanini's, and Furtwängler's; or Brendel's of the last Beethoven sonata with Backhaus's, Schnabel's, Solomon's, and Kempff's. If someone taped the Carnegie performances, that could be done—and it would be worth doing. But each of these five concerts—it was their particular glory—was on a level to make one forget other readings, other interpreters, and respond only to the sound and sense of the great music that was being so vividly played. And if, afterward, any discs came to mind, they were likely to be of the same works recorded by the same artists, remembered only as steps on the way toward the live performances one had heard.

Nearly thirty years ago, at a time when records went round seventy-eight times a minute, Solti recorded Haydn's Symphony No. 103, the "Drumroll," with the London Philharmonic Orchestra. About sixteen years ago, he recorded "Tristan und Isolde" with the Vienna Philharmonic. About seven years ago, he recorded Mahler's Fifth Symphony with the Chicago Symphony. The "Drumroll," the Prelude and Liebestod from "Tristan," and Mahler's Fifth all figured on the Carnegie bills. The recorded and live performances that were closest in spirit were those farthest from one another in time—those of the Haydn symphony. The young Solti was a classical conductor of rare excellence. His sense of proportion and balance was almost unfailing. Tempi were right. Energy and lyricism were in equilibrium. A "Zauberflöte" he conducted in Frankfurt in the early fifties remains for me a model of Mozart opera conducting. And although memory may have gilded the impression that that performance made—of buoyancy without hard driving, jollity without hecticness, and nobility without pompousness—the early "Drumroll" remains to show similar virtues. In the sixties, when, after a decade at the Frankfurt Opera, Solti spent a decade as musical director of Covent Garden, there was often a critical note mingled with the praise of his powerful, high-tension performances. His declared ambition was to make Covent Garden the best opera company in the world, and he pushed hard. His work was often found obtrusively dynamic, overassertive—sometimes too fierce, bright, and insistent, sometimes "emotional" in so obvious a way as to be schmalzy. A recent review of his "Meistersinger" recording, which was published last year, sums up what used to be, and still is, said: "Solti cannot escape the compulsion to spend much of his rostrum career in one extreme or another. If accelerandos start too soon, if the entry of the masters in Act I is hustled, if we go too slowly into the quintet, all is the fault of a demon which will not allow the music its natural flow. Wagner was a master of transition; Solti is not." Nevertheless, having said that, the reviewer continues, "Yet one does ill to carp. The noble work is presented with . . . power and conviction." Ill doing or no, when reviewing a Solti performance one did carp, despite the power, the excitement, and the brilliant technical execution. Sometimes the demon was dormant. Sometimes, especially in Richard Strauss works, it seemed to be tamed, harnessed to the service of a score. But not until this series of Carnegie concerts did I feel it had been exorcised. In them there was nothing—well, almost nothing—to carp at. Everything did flow naturally. And to this natural flow were united the superlative playing, the fine details, the liveliness, and the enthusiasm that have always marked Solti's performances.

Solti and the Chicago Symphony have become a combination such as Szell and the Clevelanders were and Karajan and the Berlin Philharmonic are, in that one feels nothing can go wrong when they make music together. Yet there seems to be a difference. Where Szell enforced discipline, Solti inspires coöperative confidence. It is rather as if, where Szell's first horn, say, would not have *dared* to make a mistake, Solti's first horn simply cannot. (Dale Clevenger's big horn solos in the Mahler symphony were bold and glorious.) On the other hand, there is not the prepackaged smoothness that can remove all savor from Berlin Philharmonic concerts—when all difficulties have been so thoroughly solved in rehearsal that giving the first beat is rather like lowering the needle into the first groove of a record. Although Solti is a more relaxed conductor than he was, he is as keen and alert as ever. Busoni once wrote to his wife after a recital in Amsterdam, "The concert was one of those rarely fortunate ones when every bar is successful in the way one wishes, new ideas come as one plays and immediately sound right, and the instrument is responsive. I may be wrong, but from beginning to end it seemed to me perfect and effortless in technique and at the same time free and full of swing." I may be wrong—only Solti can say whether "new ideas" did indeed come while he conducted—but it seemed to me that, reading "orchestra" for "instrument," his three concerts can be described in the same way.

The first of them opened with the "Drumroll" and ended with Brahms's

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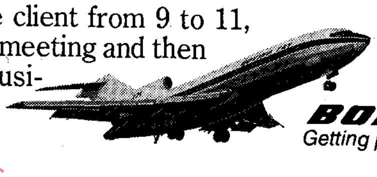

BOEING
Getting people together

Second Symphony. They were both rich performances, and both perfectly in style. For Haydn, the string forces were reduced, though not by very much; their tone was light and lithe, their articulation clear. The woodwinds played without romantic vibrato, cleanly and classically. Ideally, perhaps, Solti should have breached the row of unbroken strings that spanned the front of the platform, to let his woodwinds stand out even more—but that would have been largely a matter of improving the "visual" acoustics; the balance to the ear was good. For Brahms, the orchestra found that glowing, "saturated" tone associated with the Vienna Philharmonic at its best, full but not fatty, smooth but still muscled. As the cellos played the theme of the Adagio, using portamento of a kind that most modern orchestras have forgotten about, the great days of the nineteenth century seemed to have come again. Between the symphonies came the "Tristan" Prelude and Liebestod. The Prelude was overwhelming, and Solti was neither overbearing nor injudiciously excitable. Wieland Wagner once remarked that Solti's Wagner would come to a climax every few bars; but in this performance of the Prelude everything led securely to the single, tremendous, but unexaggerated climax. To hear the Liebestod without an Isolde, the accompaniment without the vocal line, is disconcerting in these days when "Tristan" has become a familiar opera. (I recalled that six years have passed since I last heard Solti conduct a "Tristan" in the theatre, and I felt a yearning to do so again.) Beckmesser himself could have found no more than two faults in these executions: in the "Tristan" excerpts the harp was placed forward, out of the proscenium arch, on the left of the platform, and its sound did not blend into the texture of the final pages; in the Brahms the exposition of the first movement was not repeated.

The second concert began with the "Jupiter" Symphony, performed in the poised, alert way that the Haydn was—a little more grandly, as befits the work, but not at all heavily. Then came Mahler's Fifth Symphony—its seventh performance, at least, of the season. (Leinsdorf conducted it in the Philharmonic's Mahler cycle, David Gilbert conducted it four times in the subscription series, and Bernard Haitink conducted it with the London Philharmonic.) Mahler quickly shows up any shortage of romanticism in a conductor's personality, and, equally quickly, any tendency to excess. "Supercharged," "overblown," "persistent whipped-up frenzy," "little more than sonic splendor, and energy rather too lavishly expended" are words that were used of earlier Mahler performances by Solti and the Chicago Symphony. They did not apply to this one. On the simplest level: the brass did not leap out of the frame, to scorch listeners' ears, whenever the music became loud. On a subtler level: a score that falls apart if the constantly changing tempi are not coherently related flowed as if in a single impulse—except in the Adagietto. There a basic pulse failed to establish itself, and the harp accompaniment trickled uneasily.

The third concert was devoted to Beethoven's Missa Solemnis. It is unlikely that anyone will ever hear the great Mass in the context for which it was initially conceived—liturgically performed at the installation of a Royal Cardinal Archbishop. I have in fact once heard it at Mass, in Westminster Abbey; the office was carried out with much ceremony, but it was Beethoven who stole the show. Perhaps the piece is best left in the concert hall; as Willy Hess remarks in the preface to his edition of the miniature score, "the insertion of liturgical units . . . must have the effect of implanting foreign bodies into a unified organic work of art, and as such they will impair the overall musical and artistic impression." Carnegie acoustics are better than those of most cathedrals, and Beethoven's music is grander, and to an unbeliever possibly more inspiring, than any ritual, which must inevitably become its accompaniment.

At the end of Solti's performance, there was an awed silence; just a few people began to clap, and then stopped short. The silence was tribute to a performance that had transcended mere proficiency of execution. Applause began only when people returned to earth. It is easier to declare a performance ineffable than to find words to describe it. Perhaps a few things can be accurately said. Beethoven's score is made of contrasts: the splendor of royal ceremony, and a kneeling individual worshipper; omnipotence and eternity, and our fleeting, insignificant life. After the blaze of "gloria in excelsis," the composer's gaze drops to earth with the soft, low "et in terra pax." After another spacious climax at "filius patris," there is the descent to "qui tollis peccata mundi." Solti neither exaggerated nor understated these contrasts. His soloists gave just the right intensity to the recitative pleas—marked "*timidamente*"—of the Agnus Dei, set against

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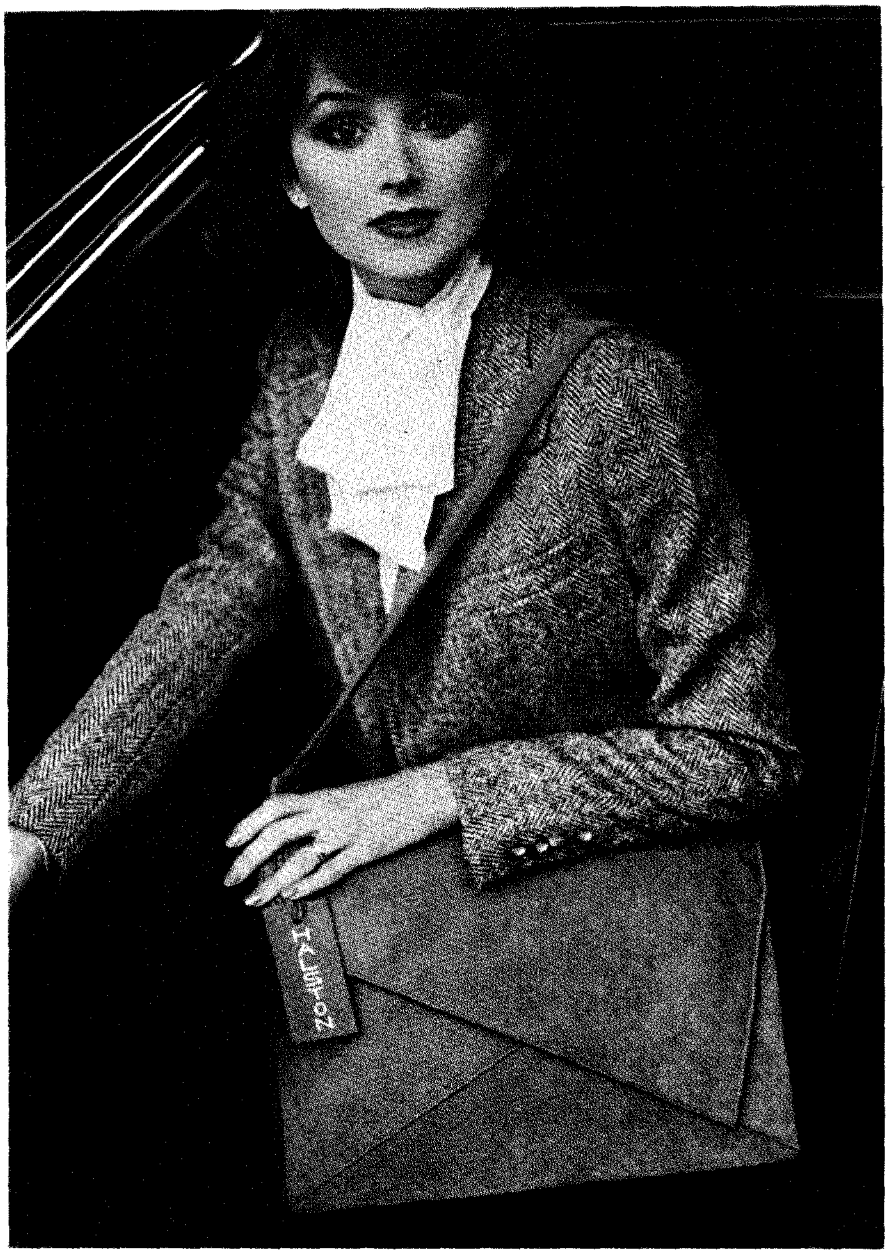

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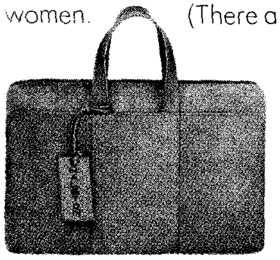

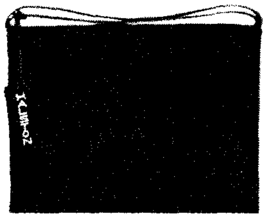

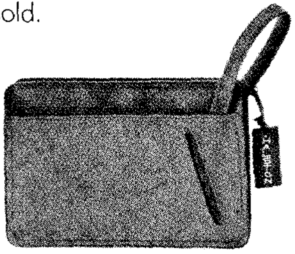

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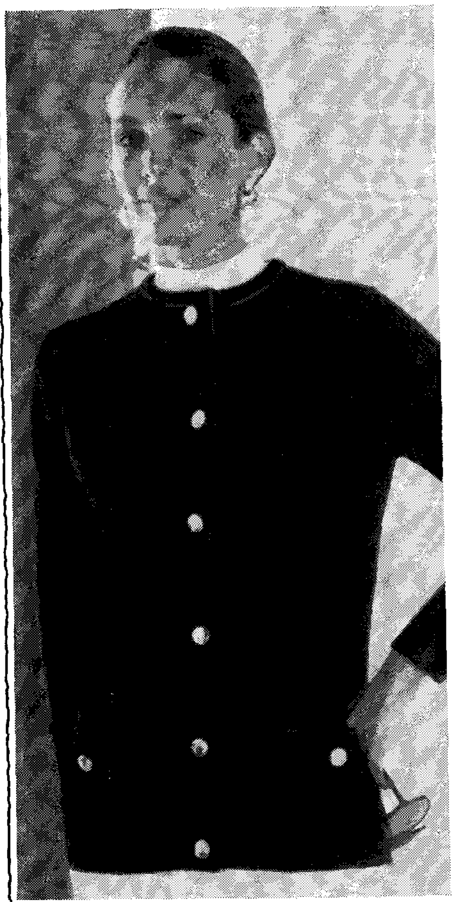
the fanfares of gathering inward and outward strife. If they are sung too operatically, these phrases draw attention away from the work and onto the particular soloist. But if they are undercharacterized, the effect of Beethoven's shift from corporate to personal prayer is lost.

The performance was noble and classical—"classical" in the sense of attaining to power, eloquence, and beauty through balance, proportion, and contrast of parts, not through rhetorical emphasis on particular phrases. The tenor, Mallory Walker, was not quite on the level of the other soloists—Lucia Popp, Yvonne Minton, and Gwynne Howell completing the vocal quartet, Victor Aitay as violinist in the Benedictus. The Chicago Symphony Chorus, trained by Margaret Hillis, is a choir worthy of the great orchestra. The Latin text was not italianized but pronounced with the hard German consonants that Beethoven knew. All that was missing was, in the Praeludium, what Tovey called "the miraculous depth of one of those thirty-two-foot pedal notes which only the organ itself can produce." Carnegie Hall now has no pipe organ, only an electronic substitute.

FOR five years, Alfred Brendel has been coming to New York to give a series of Carnegie Hall recitals. In 1973, they were of Beethoven, Schubert, and Liszt; in 1974, of Beethoven, Haydn, and Schumann; in 1975, of Beethoven, Mozart, and Schubert; last year, of Beethoven, Bach, and Liszt; this year, of Beethoven. Between 1958 and 1964, Brendel recorded all Beethoven's piano sonatas for Vox, and he is now just over halfway through recording a second cycle, for Philips. This winter, in London, he played all the sonatas in the course of seven Elizabeth Hall recitals. For New York, he distilled three programs, devoted to early, middle, and late periods.

Each generation has its particular Beethoven pianist. I never heard Artur Schnabel in the flesh, but his records represented, and represent, what might be called the standard interpretations, were not "standard" far too prosaic a word for Beethoven playing inspired and unsurpassed. In recitals, there was Wilhelm Backhaus, who seemed to embody some great survival of a more openly romantic, pre-Schnabel era; there was Edwin Fischer, poetic, unself-conscious, an ideal middle-period player; there was, and is, Wilhelm Kempff, blending charm, caprice, and profundity in unpredictable fashion. And today there is Brendel. (Lest champions of Arrau, Ashkenazy, Barenboim, Bishop, Gieseking, Gould, Serkin, Solomon, and a dozen or two more be reaching for their pens, I should add that the list is not intended to be encyclopedic.) Brendel is a pupil of Fischer, whose style and personality he writes about in "Musical Thoughts and Afterthoughts," a collection of essays and occasional pieces just published by Princeton. Other thoughts are about recorded versus live performances, about Liszt and Busoni, about pianos (with technical advice on how to voice them), and about Ur-texts. Brendel is a thinking pianist. But in the second sentence of an essay entitled "Form and Psychology in Beethoven's Piano Sonatas," he says, "Although I find it necessary and refreshing to *think* about music, I am always conscious of the fact that *feeling* must remain the Alpha and Omega of a musician; therefore my remarks proceed from feeling and return to it." He wrote that seven years ago. The year before, after hearing him, at the York Festival, play Beethoven's last three sonatas in a single program (he did so again last week, at his third Carnegie recital), I wrote of his performances as "intellectual, certainly—and yet ablaze with feeling." The fires of feeling burned lower—at any rate, their warmth did not always reach the public—during the early seventies, when he seemed to be playing, and thinking, his way through a period of speculation and experiment. Then, sometimes, his performances sounded like propositions, even hypotheses, about the way a particular work might go. But today his playing has regained all its old confident spontaneity, and his readings are more richly engrossing than ever.

I missed the first recital. The middle-period program consisted of Op. 31 Nos. 1 and 2, and then Op. 54, 79, and 81a, with the Minuet of Op. 49 No. 2 and the Scherzo of Op. 31 No. 3 as encores. Brendel stressed the middle-period variety of textures, devices, and forms, by giving to each movement a very sharply defined character—or characters, as in the Minuet of Op. 54. The Allegro Vivace of Op. 31 No. 1 poured out at a speed too vivacious for the sixteenth notes to be clearly heard; the swift dashing and tumbling of the torrent was Brendel's concern, not any dainty, detailed plotting of its channel. In the Adagio Grazioso of the same sonata, tune and "plucked" accompaniment were sounded in boldly, even fiercely different timbres. In his book, Brendel says of pianos, "The rounder . . . the tone, the less chance one has to color it, to mix timbres, to detach one



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layer of sound from another. Faced with the choice between a concert grand with an inherently beautiful but invariable tone and a less noble but more colorful instrument, the pianist will usually prefer the more colorful one." His care is for sense rather than for sonic charm. There can be charm in his playing, but it is likely to be some delightful point of rhythm or phrasing, not of pure sound. Declaiming a line, he is a Scofield, not a Gielgud, making his subtle and powerful effects by timing and inflection, unenhanced by sheer beauty of timbre. Yet he does have an exceptional command of chiaroscuro, pierced by sudden flashes of hard-edged light.

Brendel is still growing. One cannot yet say of him, as Edward Dent said of Busoni, in the last sonatas:

> Never for a moment, even in the most thundering passages or in the intricacies of the fugue, did he lose sight of his unique beauty of tone-quality. To hear him play these sonatas was an almost terrifying experience; dynamic and rhythmical relations were treated with such vast breadth and freedom that one seemed taken up to heights of perilous dizziness and made, as it were, to gaze steadily into the depths until one's vision became serene.

That suggests a combination of Schnabel, Solomon, Backhaus, Ernst Lévy, and Kempff at their greatest. In Beethoven's last sonatas there are summits of lofty grandeur and serene, sublime spiritual realms to which Brendel has not yet led me. But, as pianists go, at forty-six he is still young. It was only in Busoni's later years, Dent said, that "his interpretations had that indescribable dignity and beauty of which he alone . . . possessed the secret." Schnabel was fifty when he began recording his sonata cycle, and sixty when he recorded Op. 109 and 111 (published only last year, by RCA). In any case, while Brendel played, one did not measure his achievement against others'. His own intentness, his power, his tenderness, his fingers (and feet) schooled by practice and pondering to give shape to feelings and form—these cast a spell. After Op. 111, he, too, won the tribute of brief, rapt silence.

—ANDREW PORTER

•

TOKYO (AP)—Japan's first experimental stationary satellite continued to function normally and appeared to have shifted to a circular orbit from an elliptical orbit Saturday afternoon, the National Space Development Agency said.

Her lawyers, in the meantime, were given until 2 p.m. Monday to appeal.—*Staten Island Advance.*

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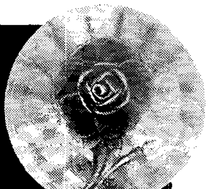

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THE RACE TRACK

Two Down, One to Go

WELL, undefeated Seattle Slew won the hundred-and-second running of the Preakness Stakes at Pimlico last Saturday, and moved a step nearer to the Triple Crown. His performance was more finished than it had been in the Kentucky Derby. It was also more exciting to watch, and it was run faster—things that pleased the critics. At the end of the mile and three-sixteenths, he beat Iron Constitution, winner of the Withers mile at Aqueduct the Saturday before, by a length and a half, with Run Dusty Run—second in the Derby—two lengths away. But before that, he had had to race Cormorant, the speed horse of the lap, into submission, running the mile in 1:34⅘—old clockers say that this is the fastest mile ever run in a Preakness. He disposed of Cormorant as easily as he had disposed of For the Moment in the Derby, and then withstood the challenges of Iron Constitution and Run Dusty Run in the stretch. Actually, it was a two-horse race. Cormorant, starting close to the rails, was quickest away, but Seattle Slew, who had the eighth post position, was right with him as they went past the stand for the first time, round the clubhouse turn, and down the backstretch. At the half-mile, they were eight lengths ahead of the others. Cruguet didn't make his move until the turn for home, and, as a watcher put it, the Preakness was over right there. The time was 1:54⅖—only two-fifths of a second off the track mark set by Canonero II, the winner in 1971. It equalled the time set by Secretariat when he won in 1973. The fractional times were 0:22⅗, 0:45⅗, 1:09⅘, 1:34⅘, and 1:54⅖.

First money was $138,600, bringing Seattle Slew's earnings in eight starts to $608,640. Now he's at Belmont Park, waiting for the Belmont Stakes on June 11th, the last of the Triple Crown races. I thought he looked well in the parade to the post for the Preakness. He certainly wasn't in the state of nerves that he'd been in before the Derby, for this time he had been saddled in the open in front of the stand, away from the crowd. (That awful turmoil in the saddling shed at Churchill Downs could send any horse up the wall.) By the way, he had a spot of "bute" (the horsemen's name for phenylbutazone), a non-stimulating medication used for pain and inflammation which is permitted in many states but barred in New York. Seattle Slew no doubt had a lot to do with the setting of an attendance record. In delightful weather, a crowd of 77,346—the largest ever to see a horse race in Baltimore—came out to see him. They bet $4,148,453 in the tote. There were forty thousand people in the infield, at four dollars a head (it is ten dollars at Churchill Downs), and there was no hoopla. Slew paid $2.80 to win and $2.80 to place. As the crowd was leaving after the last race, a painter put the final touches on the yellow-and-black racing colors of Karen Taylor, Slew's owner, with which he had arrayed the little metal horse atop the stand in the infield. As is traditional, the colors will remain there until next year's Preakness.

The Black-Eyed Susan Stakes, the day before the Preakness, brought out only five three-year-old fillies. Small Raja, who won her last time out at Aqueduct, came from fourth place in the stretch to beat the odds-on favorite, Northern Sea. This had been designated Cauthen Day at Pimlico. The seventeen-year-old apprentice, who has been called Wonder Stevie, Bionic Jock, and other names by his following, didn't have one of his better afternoons in the saddle: out of six mounts, he had one winner, three seconds, and one third. He took it all in his stride.

FOREGO, three times the Horse of the Year, had been expected to make his first appearance of the season in the Roseben Handicap at Aqueduct last Saturday, but he didn't. He had no place to run. The mutuel clerks had walked out at the close of racing at the Big A last Thursday, the cards on Friday and Saturday had been cancelled, and Forego stood in his stall at Belmont. Frank Whiteley and other trainers, along with countless horseplayers, tuned their TV sets to the Preakness. —Audax Minor

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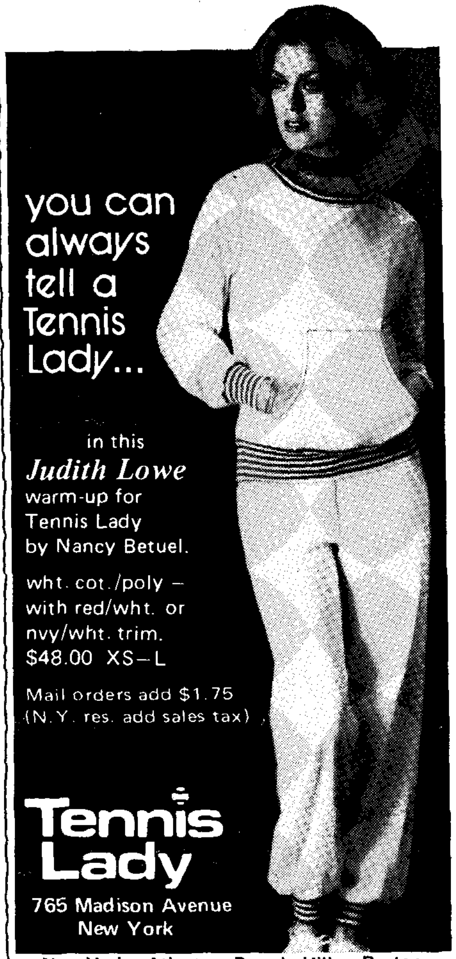
9:30
10—Nixon Interviews with
Robert Frost
—*TV listing in the Santa Rosa (Calif.) Press Democrat.*

Something there is that doesn't love a stonewall.



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AROUND CITY HALL

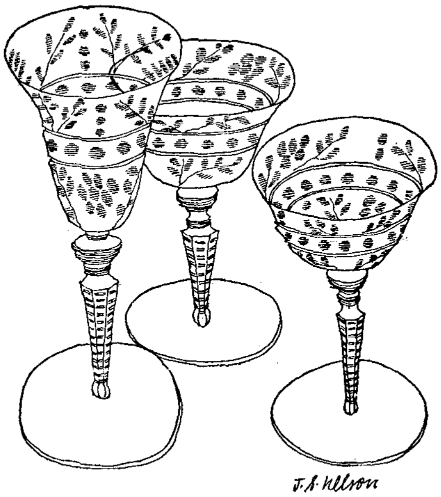
BEYOND THE PALE

BACK in the days when government leaders in the nation's capital seemed to be largely preoccupied with such matters as passing the Hawley-Smoot tariff and deciding whether to overthrow the head of still another banana republic, Washington was a distant scene to most of this city's politicians. The details of confrontations between the President and members of Congress might be of historical interest, but unless they had to do with a possible declaration of war or some vital issue like Prohibition they had hardly more practical local significance than debates in the British Parliament, three thousand miles away. In fact, congressional debates were on occasion of less interest here than debates in Parliament, since the families of such a large share of the city's politicians had recently come over from places like County Mayo and County Clare, and what the London frontbenchers were saying about the Irish Question was of critical concern here. Early in the century, Big Tim Sullivan, the famous Tammany boss of the lower East Side, was elected twice to the House of Representatives, but he found the proceedings there so beside the point that he declined renomination and returned to his headquarters at the Bowery and Broome Street, where he could devote most of his time to the weighty matters—such as the dispensing of jobs, free meals, help with landlords, and advice on whom to talk to in which city department—that made Tammany leaders the powerful figures they were in the days before there was a Department of Health, Education, and Welfare or a federal Comprehensive Employment and Training Act.

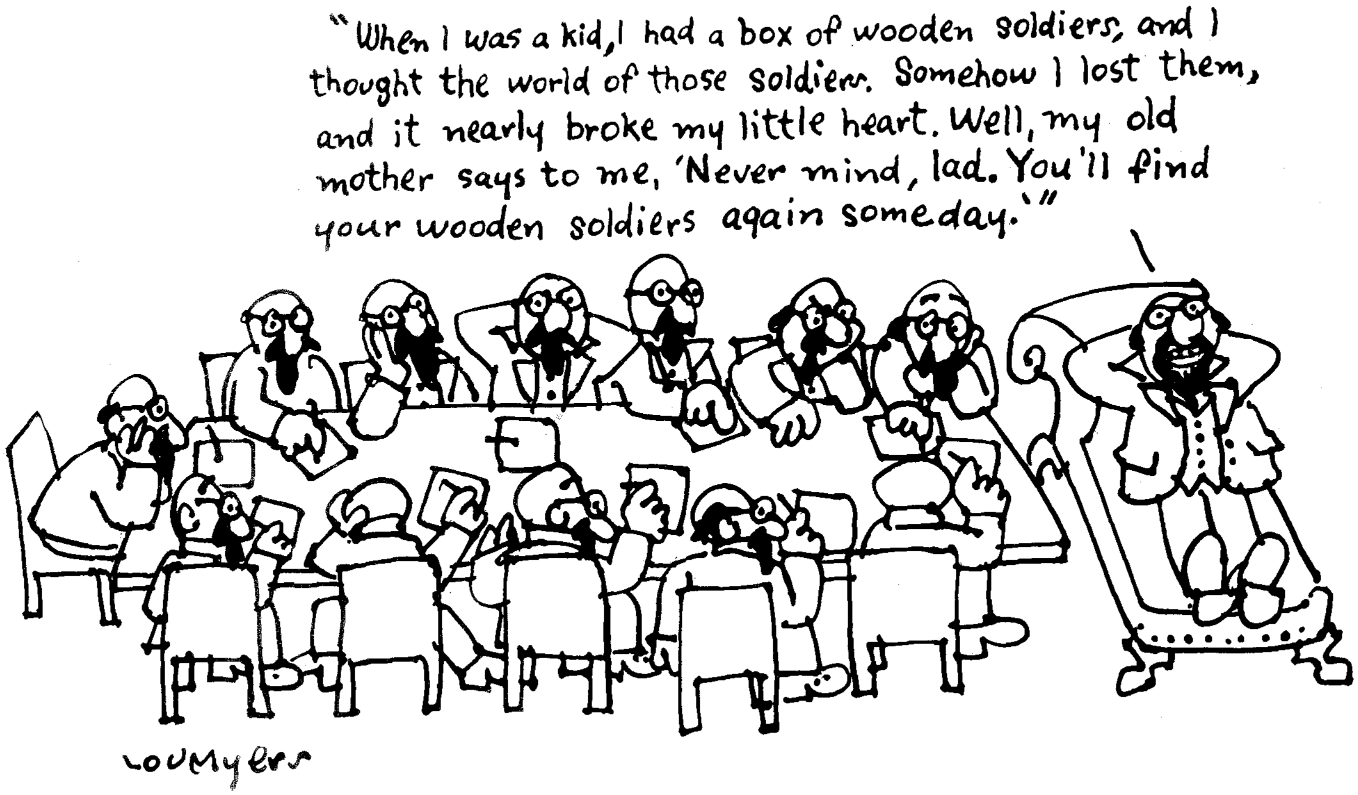
In this city's insular political world, mayors and their allies understood that the only out-of-town officeholders they had to keep a sharp watch on were those in the state capitol in Albany, where the legislators from upstate districts—who, thanks to skillful gerrymandering, outnumbered those from the more populous city—regularly sponsored laws and levied taxes that discriminated against the five boroughs, in keeping with the constitutional principle that the city was the creature of the state. In one respect, however, New York politicians, upstate and downstate, were usually in agreement: In Albany, as at City Hall, the day-to-day operations of the federal government were rarely worthy of attention.

This view has changed dramatically over the last four decades or so, with the ever-increasing reliance of local governments on Washington, especially in economic matters. The many reasons for this growing dependence include the discovery of the clause in the United States Constitution which enumerates among the powers of Congress that of raising taxes "to provide for the . . . general welfare"—a clause that the United States Supreme Court first construed as meaning what it said in a 1937 opinion upholding the Social Security Act—and the recognition of the marvellous efficiency of the federal income tax as a central means of collecting money, which could then be dispersed according to the prevailing congressional view of local needs. In the city's thirteen-billion-nine-hundred-million-dollar budget for the fiscal year beginning July 1st, twenty per cent of the total is federal money, not including two billion three hundred million dollars that will be available in federal loans in the course of the year. Most New Yorkers, in and out of politics, now feel some obligation to keep track of the shifting philosophies on either side of the aisle in Washington and of the motives, moods, and quirks of character of the President and leading congressional figures which might affect pending legislation in ways that could throw the finances of the state, of the city, or of individual residents of Astoria or Flatbush into at least temporary shock.

AS local citizens keep a wary eye on events in the nation's capital and at the same time try to avoid being scammed by the familiar tergiversations of city politicians, comparisons between the political spectacles in the two towns are inevitable, and the advantage does not always lie with the leaders at City Hall. The general impression conveyed in the first weeks of the Carter Administration of freshness, vitality, and a willingness to break with tradition—an impression that, for the most part, survived the almost daily exposés demonstrating that it was in some measure fraudulent—undoubtedly contributed to the local sense of dreariness about this year's municipal election, which promised to feature so many of the same old players, who seemed to have been running for one local office or another on the same platforms for as long as anyone could recall. The early predictions—which may still prove valid—were that after a noisy and vituperative campaign the various challengers would fail by a small margin to unseat the incumbent, Abraham Beame, who has run for either mayor or city comptroller in every local election since 1961, and whose self-proclaimed chief qualification for the mayoralty that he finally won in 1973 was his fiscal expertise, a credit so belied by revelations during the city's subsequent financial crisis that it is never mentioned by others now except as a point of black humor and is never mentioned by Beame at all. Early in January, Beame met at Gracie Mansion with all five of the city's Democratic county leaders, and it was indicated afterward that he would have the support of all of them when he finally announced that he would run for reëlection. "Mayor Beame has not yet declared his candidacy. He may never have to," the *Times* commented the next month. It was believed that any rivals who could defeat him might well decide not to run for the often thankless job. At the end of a column headed "THE OLD GRAY MAYORALTY . . . ," Sam Roberts, of the *News*, asked, with feeling, "Won't someone who can win say yes?"

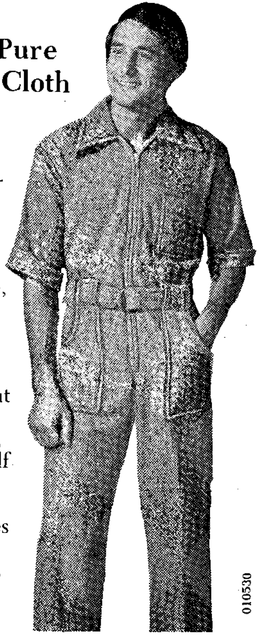


There is some speculation that New York's Governor Hugh Carey felt that he was taking a less grave political risk than was first judged to be the case when he intruded himself into the local mayoral campaign this spring, and thus called up visions of Albany treating the city as its creature once again. He was apparently counting on the fact that the thought of there being no way in this city of powerful and talented people to prevent Beame and the old politics he represents from winning a new lease on City Hall had depressed enough New Yorkers to make his actions popular—especially if they worked. His first move, made early in March, was to veto a bill that would have shifted the party primaries from September to June—the June date being


"When I was a kid, I had a box of wooden soldiers, and I thought the world of those soldiers. Somehow I lost them, and it nearly broke my little heart. Well, my old mother says to me, 'Never mind, lad. You'll find your wooden soldiers again someday.'"
Lou Myers

the one favored by Beame, because, as one of his staff remarked, it would mean "less time for opponents to crawl out of the woodwork." Having insured an extra three months for opponents to emerge from whatever quarter, Carey set about luring into the Democratic primary race his old friend Mario Cuomo, who, although he had been serving in Albany as secretary of state, had no real clubhouse affiliations and had run for office only once before—in 1974, when he unsuccessfully sought the Democratic nomination for lieutenant governor. After Cuomo informally agreed to enter the race in mid-April, by which time the announced candidates already came to four, the Governor arranged for his allies in the small but strategically powerful Liberal Party to give Cuomo their endorsement. "They found a godfather who made them an offer they couldn't refuse" was the bitter comment of Manhattan State Senator Roy Goodman, who had long been expected to get the Republican nomination, and who had been scheduled to get the Liberal endorsement before Carey started meddling. The Governor also announced that he would help Cuomo raise a hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the initial stages of the campaign, and this news apparently had a stimulating effect. By the time Cuomo formally announced his candidacy, on May 10th, he was reported to have pledges worth half a million. The Governor's backing also may have helped persuade Patrick Caddell, President Carter's polling expert, and Gerald Rafshoon, his advertising consultant during the long drive for the Presidency, to sign on for the Cuomo campaign. Caddell and Rafshoon, of course, have had previous experience with a candidate whose stock in trade is representing something new and different in Democratic politics.

However, to the clamor from the other mayoral candidates, declared and undeclared, who charged that as Carey's handpicked choice Cuomo, if he should win City Hall, would be no more than the Governor's puppet, Carey's response was politically tried and true. His only purpose in persuading Cuomo to run, he said, was to make sure that the people had a chance to vote for an alternative to the candidate of the political bosses, and he noted that it was "the people" who had chosen *him* over the bosses' nominee during the race for the Democratic nomination for governor in 1974. This antibossism credential, which the Governor thus high-handedly bestowed on Mario Cuomo, with the implication that he was the only one of Beame's possible opponents deserving of it, is of immense value in politics in New York, where, by tradition, the underdogs and the good guys are the ones who run against the descendants of Tammany Hall. This tradition persists although it is now television, rather than the clubhouse chiefs, that most candidates rely on to bring out the voters, and although, except for Beame in 1973, no man sponsored by the Democratic bosses has been elected mayor in nearly twenty years. The anti-bossism label is so valuable that in 1974 there was a suspicion that some of the Democratic county chairmen had collaborated in Carey's cause by only pretending to back his opponent, so that he would have the benefit of appearing to run against them. The down-with-the-bosses line is also one with which Caddell and Rafshoon are familiar. Only fourteen months ago, before and after his humiliating defeat in the New York Democratic Presidential primary, in which he was not supported by a single Democratic leader in the state, Carter denounced New York as "a horrible example of gross political bossism." Later, during the election campaign, he was delighted to have the support of the same bosses, as will no doubt be the case with Cuomo if he should win the Democratic mayoral nomination. Asked if he was turning his back on the city's five Democratic county leaders, whose help he will badly need in his own reëlection campaign next year, Governor Carey said no. "It would be dangerous to turn your back on some of them," he said. The charge that he was plainly the Governor's stooge seemed to irritate Cuomo only a little more than the frequent comment that he was widely acknowledged to be a very nice man. "The question is: Can a nice man run New York City?" said one interviewer. "I punched the last person who called me a nice man," said Cuomo. A few days later, Victor Gotbaum, who is the head of District



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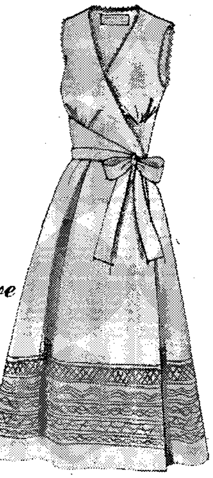

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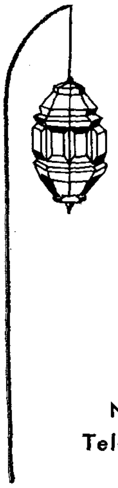

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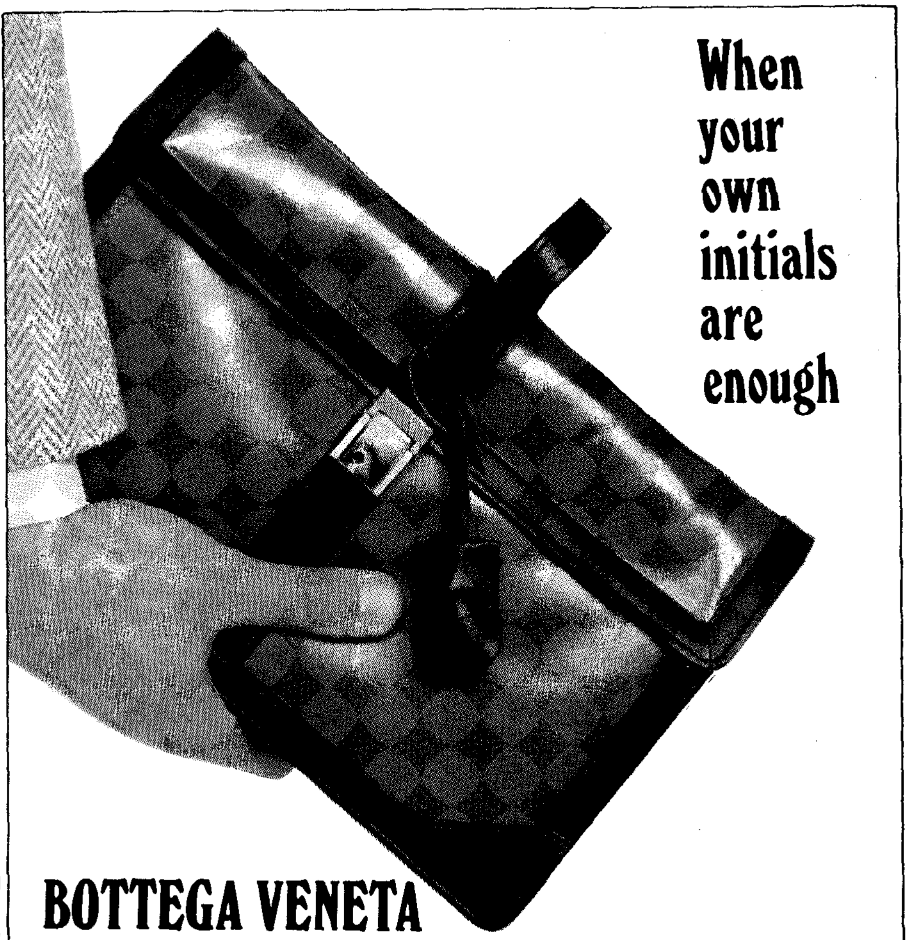
Council 37, the city's largest municipal employees' union—he has described Beame as "scarred," and has urged him to drop out of the race in favor of First Deputy Mayor John Zuccotti—called Cuomo "a lovely, dignified human being." So far, this has not led to any fisticuffs, but there is no doubt that in the last weeks the New York political scene has turned into a livelier show.

SOME contrasts between the events in New York City government and the latest bulletins from Washington continue to be striking, however. While the statements out of the White House this spring often dwelt on the virtues of retrenchment and austerity, on facing up to fiscal reality, and on sacrifices to come, the press releases from the Mayor's office have been steadily upbeat, in tune with Beame's recurrent announcements that the city has "turned the corner." ("He has turned so many corners that even he must realize he's going around in circles," Senator Goodman commented.) The purpose of all this calculated optimism is evidently to persuade the voters that they had better stick with a winner. Unless some outsider insists on bringing the matter up, no mention is made at City Hall of the series of reports from the General Accounting Office predicting that if the federal seasonal loan program for the city is allowed to expire on June 30, 1978 (safely after the election), as it is now scheduled to do, the city will face a precarious, and even desperate, financial future. Carey has indicated privately that his belief that the Mayor was not up to the challenge of the critical period ahead (which would mean that the state Emergency Financial Control Board, of which the Governor is chairman, would have to continue its oversight operation for many years) was what persuaded him to meddle in the mayoral race.

The word out of Washington last month that Carter was determined to pursue what he described as the sober, difficult, and thankless task of persuading Americans to conserve their dwindling energy resources even if it meant that he would not be reëlected was a reminder to some that a report of an equivalent lack of concern for political implications at City Hall was hard to conceive of at any time, and in this election year was almost unimaginable; it may, of course, become unimaginable in Washington three years from now, when Carter is actually facing the question of running again. Here, in these last months, in a city with a vast number of infinitely complex long-range problems that must be resolved, the total energies of city government often appear to be concentrated on highly visible programs that can be announced at ceremonies whose results will be pictures in the next morning's papers of the seventy-one-year-old Mayor wielding some kind of prop—a shovel, a broom, a sledgehammer—and thus demonstrating that he is vigorously involved in turning New York into a safer, cleaner, more livable city. The sites of the Mayor's demonstrations of personal involvement are carefully selected, however. Last month, Beame moved Arlene Wolff, his chief campaign party-giver during his 1973 race for mayor (she has been on the city payroll since soon after he took office, under one title or another), into City Hall—in fact, into an office two doors away from his, right next to First Deputy Mayor Zuccotti's. Her new job was to make sure that the public events scheduled for the Mayor in the future would receive even more press attention. "How can we get press coverage for an event staged in a swamp in Queens?" asked one of Beame's assistants.

From the point of view of press coverage, the most successful acts of local government in recent months were those, a long way from the swamps of Queens, in which the Mayor invaded Times Square to "Stamp Out Smut," as the message read on balloons that bobbed around him on one such occasion. On these excursions, he was accompanied by squadrons of police, staff aides, irate clergymen, and reporters, plus the television crews that draw the big crowds a mayor might not attract on his own. To the charge at one point that it might all be just a campaign stunt, Beame said, "I only do what a mayor must," as he helped paste a closing notice on the door of a pornography parlor (which was open for business again the next day). Not all the onlookers in Times Square approved of the Mayor's priorities. Indeed, some of those uttering catcalls from the sidelines sounded as if they might be working for his rivals in the mayoral race—or perhaps for pornography merchants who wouldn't mind having attention diverted from the area. "What about the slums in the South Bronx?" they cried, and "What about *violent* crimes?" One elderly man asked, "What about the muggings of senior citizens?"—invoking the plight and power of the age group whose habit of voting heavily means that its problems have to be high on the priority lists of all candidates.

A program to fill summer jobs in the Parks Department won Beame more press attention than he doubtless would have preferred. When a federal project to provide fifty-eight thousand municipal summer jobs for youths from an estimated five hundred thousand eligible low-income families was advertised last month, thousands of young people stood in line all night to apply—a response that seemed to refute those who argue that the reason the unemployment rate among teen-agers in this city is about twenty-five per cent is that the kids don't want to work. On May 3rd, the *News* revealed what it called a "squalid scheme" in which twenty-two hundred jobs in the Parks Department were not being advertised but were being doled out to teen-agers with politically well-connected friends. (Not everything in this city has changed since the days of Big Tim Sullivan.) Deputy Mayor Stanley Friedman, described by the *News* as the "chief political lieutenant and spoils dispenser for Mayor Beame," had sent to Parks Commissioner Martin Lang a preliminary list of two hundred names. Donald Manes, the Queens Democratic county chairman, was reported to have sent City Hall a hundred names. Meade Esposito, the Brooklyn Democratic boss, said he had asked for "as many summer jobs as I can get." The Parks Department has long been treated as a patronage dumping place, and this is part of the reason for the present wretched condition of the city's parks. Commissioner Lang's predecessor, Edwin Weisl, resigned in September, 1975, after publicly complaining that the Beame administration had refused to hire minority youths, as it had announced that it was going to do, and had forced him to load the department with relatives of politicians and "the kind of political hacks that no decent government agency should have." Commissioner Lang (who has since announced his intention to retire) explained that the present arrangement of having just one list come from the Mayor's office was "simpler." Otherwise, he said, he'd have all kinds of politicians calling him. Friedman explained that he'd really done it this way for humanitarian reasons, for "if we publicly announced the jobs, literally thousands of people would have been fighting to get just the few hundred that we have." When the story broke, the Mayor was out of town, leaving Zuccotti in charge of City Hall. Zuccotti, whose obligations to the politically well-



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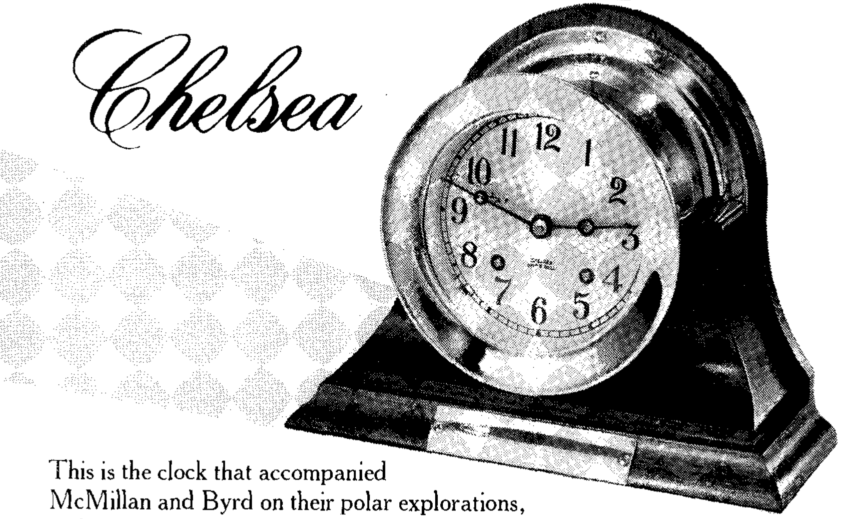

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connected so far are less firmly established, immediately ordered Lang not to hire any of those whose names were on the Friedman list. The Mayor announced that, no matter what Commissioner Lang had said, the intention had been to hire strictly on merit. From now on, he said, the available summer jobs in the Parks Department would go mostly to the elderly.

ALTHOUGH there are those who will say that it could be because he doesn't have to run for reëlection until next year, one New York politician—Governor Carey—*is* becoming known for not always appearing to act with his own political advantage uppermost in mind, and this is a development that has greatly taken aback many local citizens who in 1974, from the evidence of Carey's seven terms in Congress, were under the impression that they were sending to Albany an affable Irish-American Brooklyn machine politician of no particular distinction. Last year, the Governor risked future retribution at the polls by the Right to Life movement (from whose wrath even a Catholic father of twelve is not immune) for vetoing, as clearly contrary to the ruling of the Supreme Court, a bill that would have forbidden a girl under eighteen to have an abortion if it was opposed by her parents. Late in December, he pardoned all those prisoners, state troopers, and guards who still faced charges in the 1971 Attica uprising, in which forty-three guards and inmates were killed; five years after the event, the condition of the evidence would prevent fair trials, he declared, and, in any case, it was time to "close the book" on this tragic episode in state history. For this action, he has not been forgiven by a number of law-and-order groups or by others who continue to regard the handling of the events at Attica as Nelson Rockefeller's most admirable moment in government. ("At least he shot up those guys in Attica, which most of us agree with," Texas Senator John Tower told a caucus of delegates at the Republican Convention in Kansas City last summer.) Early this month, there was Carey's announcement that he would veto any bill that imposed the death penalty—which is now favored, according to polls, by most Americans—since he did not believe that either he or the state had the right to take a human life. This position caused William F. Buckley, Jr., to accuse him of confounding the basic intent of the Founding Fathers at the Constitutional Convention. The same week, as the Legislature seemed about to pass a bill that would reduce the penalty for the possession of a small amount of marijuana to that for a parking violation but could still not bring itself to grant any relief to those already serving substantial sentences for the same offense under the harsh previous laws, Carey said that he would take the responsibility and would pardon them. Eventually, the legislators, who are not famous for their fortitude, decided that any reduction in marijuana penalties was politically too risky.

It is possible that the Governor's recent attacks on the Irish Republican Army in Northern Ireland as a malign force whose violent activities should not be financially supported by Irish-Americans will not do him lasting political damage, although it has brought him considerable noisy abuse. Carey had company when, on the eve of St. Patrick's Day, he joined Massachusetts Senator Edward Kennedy, Speaker of the House Thomas O'Neill, and New York Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, speaking as the nation's four most powerful Irish-American political figures, in publicly urging a peaceful resolution of the fighting in Northern Ireland. They particularly urged an end to the American contributions that, the four indicated, were prolonging the bloody conflict. There seemed little doubt that the four, who are courageous men but not political kamikaze types, were convinced that there is widespread support among their fellow Irish-Americans—and not only among those to whom, in their suburban isolation and prosperity, the land of their fathers is too remote to be of concern—for the belief that it was time to find some answer for Northern Ireland besides another generation of killings. Last year, Paul O'Dwyer, the president of the City Council, who is himself an immigrant from County Mayo, and is the only Irishman holding citywide office, ran for the Democratic nomination for the United States Senate as the designated candidate of the state Democratic organization. O'Dwyer has been a strong supporter of the I.R.A. and of the Irish Northern Aid Committee, the agency that collects millions of dollars in this country each year, ostensibly for food and clothing for members of the I.R.A. and their families, and he has acted as attorney for a number of men here who got into legal trouble during investigations of gunrunning to the I.R.A. In the Senate race, he carried only two of the hundred and fifty Assembly districts in the state.

Carey was alone, however, in Dublin on April 22nd, when, having been invited to address the Royal College of Surgeons, to which he and his children have contributed recreational facilities in memory of his dead wife, he delivered an impassioned speech calling for an end to the killing in Northern Ireland by both Protestants and Catholics, which he described as "this mad fascination with killing and maiming and burning" and as "the politics of death." ("Is it human rights that flow from the barrel of a gun?") The justifications for killing on political grounds were well known also in his own country, he said, as in the murders of Martin Luther King, Jr., and the two Kennedys, and in Vietnam, whose war he called a political one "devoid of moral purpose." Although in his speech he pointedly included violent actions by militant Protestants in "the politics of death," the questioning at an airport press conference in Dublin a day later dealt only with the I.R.A., and in his answer Carey was quoted as saying of the two branches of the Irish Republican Army, "If the Provisionals were simply called 'the Irish killers' and the others 'the Irish Marxists,' people would see what they stood for and they wouldn't receive a nickel's worth of support in the United States." He was immediately condemned for this view by the *News'* two resident Irish-American belle-lettrists, Jimmy Breslin and Pete Hamill. Breslin declared that the Governor had "departed from his . . . senses," and it took Hamill three columns to express his contempt for what he called Carey's appalling remarks. "There is no Regine's in Derry," began Hamill, who has been known to frequent fashionable saloons himself, most often lately in the company of the former Jacqueline Kennedy, and he concluded, "I wish I could provide him with the names of some people to whom he could send his apologies. Unfortunately most of them are dead. They died without ever seeing Regine's or '21' or P.J. Clarke's. . . . They died for Ireland. Maybe they were fools. But they were better men and women than Hughie Carey, and it will take someone better than me to forgive him for this one." Tom Duffy, a local representative of the I.R.A., accused Carey of having betrayed those murdered in County Tyrone, home of the Governor's forebears. He agreed that there were Marxists in the I.R.A. but said, "We don't pay any attention to them." Frank Durkan, a leader of the Northern Aid Committee (and a nephew of Paul O'Dwyer), agreed that American money sent to Noraid—as it

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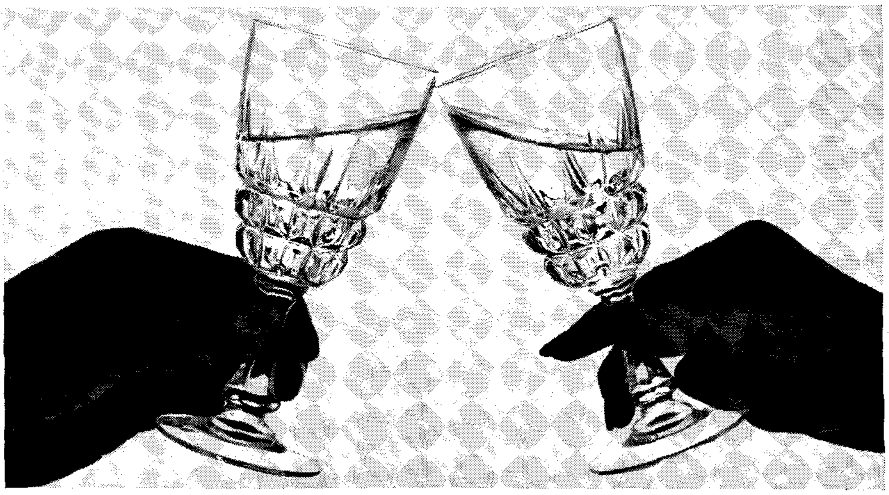

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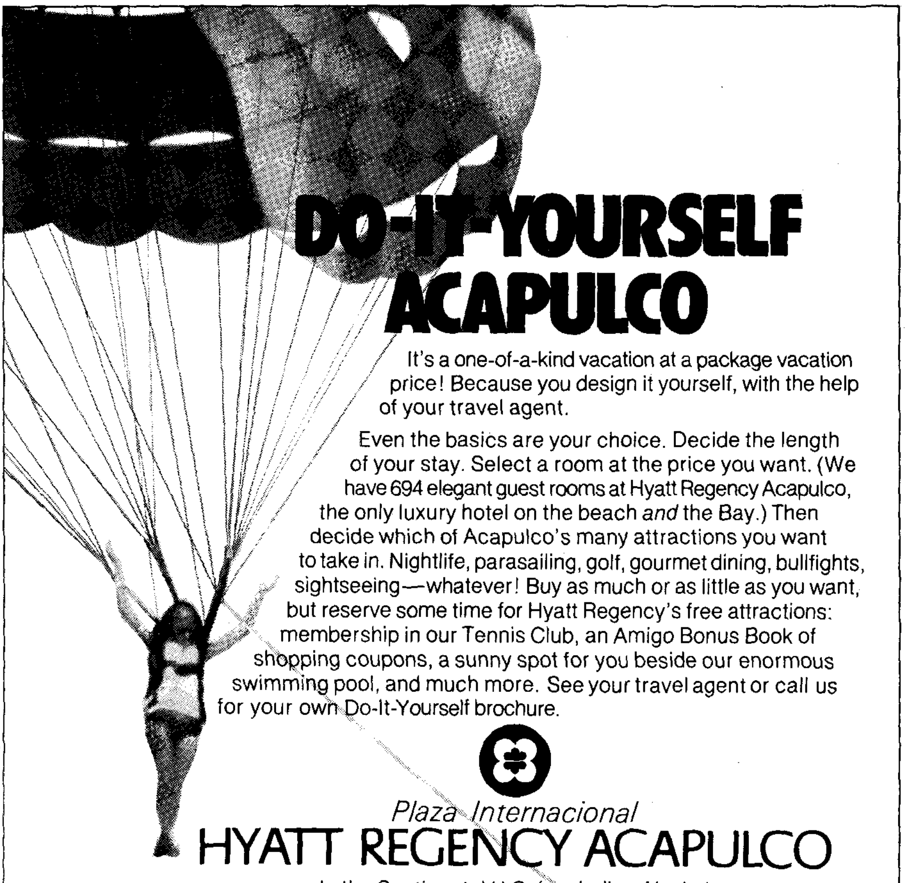

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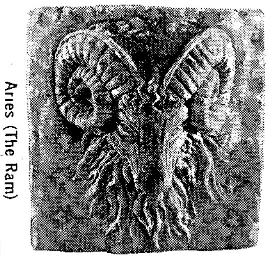

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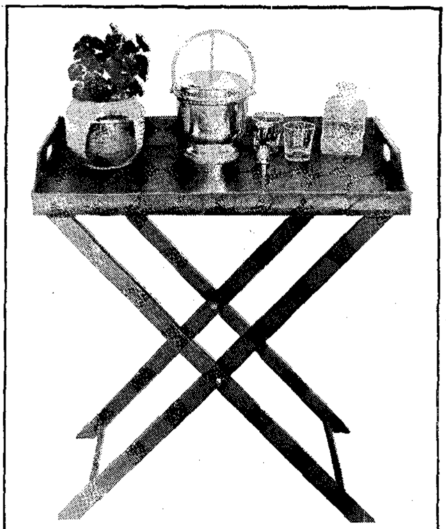
is generally called—might end up providing money for arms. "I wouldn't want to be in Hughie's shoes next year going into some of the clubs," he said. He added, rather sadly, that Irish-American politicians were no longer as sympathetic to the I.R.A. cause as they had once been. The biggest supporters it had, he said, were Jewish and Italian politicians, like former Manhattan Representative Bella Abzug and Bronx Representative Mario Biaggi.

Both Biaggi and Mrs. Abzug were present on Saturday, May 14th, at a demonstration against Carey held in front of the Fifty-fifth Street entrance to his New York City office, which was closed for the weekend. An ad-hoc Human Rights for Ireland Committee, headed by Durkan, had organized the protest to denounce what it called Carey's betrayal of "both the oppressed people of Northern Ireland and the Irish-American electorate." At the height of the rally, which went on for about two hours, several hundred people were on hand, marching up and down Fifty-fifth Street to music provided by bagpipers from Suffolk County, Long Island, and Bergen County, New Jersey. Besides Irish and American flags, the demonstrators, many of whom wore I.R.A. or Noraid buttons, waved hand-lettered signs bearing such messages as "JUDAS IS CAREY—IS HE NOT?" and "BENEDICT ARNOLD IN ALBANY" and "CAREY—U.S. REDNECK." On one placard had been pasted color photographs of badly beaten I.R.A. members above the legend "CAREY'S IDEA OF HUMAN RIGHTS FOR IRELAND." There was a constant chant of "Carey must go!" But many of the signs also denounced as traitors O'Neill, Kennedy, and Moynihan, and often there was an accompanying chant of "Moynihan must go!" New York has both an Irish-American governor and an Irish-American United States senator, but this circumstance, which is, in fact, a remarkable one for an ethnic group whose proportion of the electorate is diminishing, clearly brought no joy to the group on Fifty-fifth Street. There were women and children in the crowd, and some younger men, but a large share of those at the rally were white-haired men, with eyes full of old dreams, who seemed gentle sorts until, at intervals, they suddenly let out fierce cries of "Up the rebels!"

Not a single Irish-American member of the Legislature or of the New York congressional delegation was there, nor was any Irish-American politician from the city except Paul O'Dwyer, who, as many of those pres-



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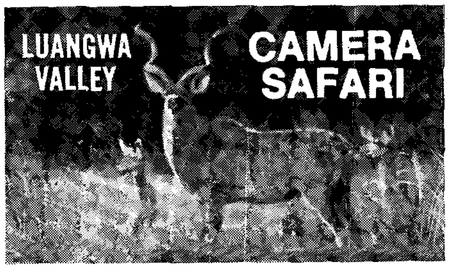

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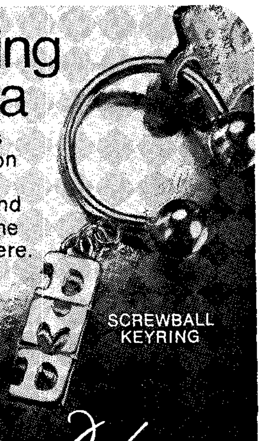

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ent could remember, is the younger brother of William O'Dwyer, the seventh, and last, of the Irish mayors who, interrupted only by Fiorello LaGuardia, presided over City Hall from 1910 to 1950. There are no Irish-Americans in this year's mayoral race. However, three of the half-dozen speakers from the rally's platform—a flatbed truck—were announced or about-to-announce candidates for mayor. The announced candidate was Manhattan Borough President Percy Sutton, the only black member of the Board of Estimate. The first speaker was Biaggi, who agreed that he was very likely to be a candidate for mayor and urged the crowd to remember that "I have been involved with you day in and day out, year in and year out." He was followed by Mrs. Abzug. Holding on to her hat (it was a windy day), she said that the Governor and all Americans should support the right of the Irish to be free. After all, she said, "we fought for the rights of the people in Korea to be free," and "we fought for the rights of the people of South Vietnam to be free"—although she had actually been a strong opponent of the Vietnam war. She got a big hand.

The following day, Mrs. Abzug, who many people believe has the best chance of winning the Democratic primary, announced that she would enter the mayoral race in a week or so. So far, State Senator Goodman is the only formal candidate for the Republican nomination. His advertising consultant is John Deardourff, who performed the same role for President Ford last fall. Mayor Beame finally became an official candidate on May 18th at a vast photo-opportunity session in the Gracie Mansion garden (no roses). He said that the city had weathered the storm, and suggested that any of his rivals who expressed a more pessimistic view would be knocking New York, "the greatest city in the world." When a reporter asked him whether, considering his age, he would have the energy to run the city for four more years, the Mayor challenged the questioner to a race around the block. —ANDY LOGAN

•

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Prodigy

IN the chill world of the prodigious young Rainer Werner Fassbinder's films, everyone is an immigrant. There is something fugitive about all his characters. They belong nowhere. Their lives seem rehearsals for death. Fassbinder (German), in spite of what one might expect from his tremendous output, was born after the Second World War, but guilt weighs on him all the same, often in the form of a fierce and tacky humor. He would like to know more about the past, you feel, but he is damned if he is going to ask. The construction of the new Germany has much to do with his outpouring, which is an economic miracle in itself, and much to do with his feckless attitude toward politics: by nature, he seems inclined toward East Germany, but a certain moral allegiance or torpor keeps him in the West. There is no question about his artistic brilliance. It is the brilliance of a layabout sunning himself in apparently crass aphorisms whose humanity he prefers to keep hidden.

Child of the Common Market, too young to recall Fascism, he takes shelter in an assumed mood of cool, and concerns himself with the plight of the self-exiled and the out-of-bounds. His subjects are incompetent criminals, downtrodden office workers, scab laborers, noble women with no one to talk to, the children of bourgeois families that are ready to throw their kids to the dogs if they break the rules of respectability. The admirable New Yorker Theatre Fassbinder season this spring and summer is currently showing a fine, frugal example of this theme, called "Jail Bait" (1972)—a translation of a slang phrase meaning "game-crossing"—from a play by Franz Kroetz. A fourteen-year-old girl called Hanni (Eva Mattes) is made pregnant by a nineteen-year-old boy called Franz (Harry Baer) with fifties-era hair. The father, who dotes on her incestuously, asks what sort of government it is that can't defend fourteen-year-olds. Under the Nazis, the boy would have been properly got rid of. "But," says the mother, "the Nazis weren't *all* good." Hanni persuades the boy to murder her father, saying they'll go to the cinema afterward. The child is born deformed and dies. One generation poisons another.

Fassbinder is fascinated by a particular kind of lolling hypocrisy that he finds in our times. "Jail Bait" is a painful statement about the way the sins of a wartime generation can be visited on its offspring. The director, as ever, is beset by the determinist notion that the young are at the mercy of their glands. He sees them as being quite without will, like the headless chickens whirling around in the slaughter room where Franz hoses down the dangling poultry. It is this determinist philosophy that leads Fassbinder to his obsession with power—sadomasochistic, parental, economic—and to films of calculated mannerism, like "Chinese Roulette" (1976), in which a despotic teen-ager whose legs are paralyzed has vicious sport with her parents, who have both planned to have affairs in their castle over a weekend in the delusion that their spouses will be elsewhere. The dislocated family have politely nervy feasts together. Gestures seem patterned; even faces look choreographed. Exaggeration is one of Fassbinder's ways of underlining the ersatz quality and the loneliness that he finds everywhere. In "Jail Bait," the family house is cluttered with the artifice of sanctimony. Replicas of saints and of the Madonna abound, china ducks make a dreadful aviary. Nothing seems real. Not even some of the people.

"Is that too much to ask for, Angela? A little leverage?"

Fassbinder's typical shot is like a stare. The camera hardly budges. People are apparently trapped in doorways or between other vertical edges, unable to move. The style is a reflection of Fassbinder's pity for his characters. We are all immobilized nomads, talismanic objects, he says. Many of his films are about foreigners; there is the Moroccan in "Ali: Fear Eats the Soul" (1973), the Greek worker he himself plays in "Katzelmacher" (slang for "troublemaker": 1969). We are all from somewhere else. When we find it so difficult to be alone, we ought to consider living together rather than parting: this is the undertow of what he is saying. His long, static takes lead to unease, not to boredom. Solitude lays its dark hand even on his moments of drollness.

In "Ali," a thirty-year-old immigrant laborer (El Hedi Ben Salem) in Munich marries a sixty-year-old cleaning woman (Brigitte Mira). There is much petulance from her grasping family. (Fassbinder plays her brute of a son-in-law.) The neighbors say that they don't want real-estate values on the block brought down. Fassbinder gives ferocity to shots that most directors would make meditative. There is murder in his long, thoughtful gazes, a razor blade hidden in the fist of a trivial insolence.

Fassbinder makes no use of suspense or the maudlin. If Godard has influenced him, the most potent effect on Fassbinder's prolific work has probably come from "Vivre Sa Vie," with its theme of exploitation and prostitution in an inarticulate world of outsiders. As in Fassbinder's elegant "The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant" (1972), his characters—his scripts are nearly always his own—make demands that are sadistic or wanton. In other, less highbred films of his in the same vein, we are in a world of autocratic landlords, baleful people in launderettes and supermarkets and corner cafés. He is much concerned with the emancipation of women—the heroine of his magnificent "Effi Briest" (1974) is sister to Ibsen's Nora—though there is also a lot of unwitting misogyny in the way he treats his women characters, turning them into mannequins or squalling witches or pretty toys. At his most true-pitched, he shows us both men and women not as sadists or minxes but as objects of humor and pity, living out lives of courage in considerable loneliness. His characters are in the dark, consigned to the crypts of their temperaments. One is moved by the Fassbinder pallor of the lighting of their faces. They inhabit frighteningly empty landscapes. When lyricism comes, it gives the film a subdued moral glow, which floods the screen. Margarethe says in his "The American Soldier" (1970), "Happiness is not always gay."

Fassbinder shows us in his films that people who mix with the aspiring bourgeois are generally cheated by them. He seems to feel that he would prefer to live in a society in which it wasn't necessary to be an artist, though I doubt whether it would be easy, or right, for this prodigy to stop making films. Half of his apparent rebelliousness, like the insolence of his colors, is a gauntlet thrown down. His benignity is concealed, as much as he can manage it. There is unmistakable sweetness in the way the sixty-year-old heroine of "Ali" shows off her lover to her friends. Look at his muscles! What's more, he takes a bath every day! But her innocent wish to flourish him drives him back to his colleagues in a rundown bar.

Fassbinder's films tell us about the entrenched race prejudice of his own middle class. The landlord's son in "Ali" points out that subletting is not allowed. The sixty-year-old woman says staunchly that then the thing is to get married. There is a celebratory wedding breakfast in a restaurant where Hitler used to eat. The waiter turns out to be amiable. But unplaced fear is already devouring the couple's spirit and destroying them from within. It is at moments like these, not at the moments of Fassbinder's nonchalant aggressiveness, that we recognize a cinematic poet, whose topic is the attrition of souls. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

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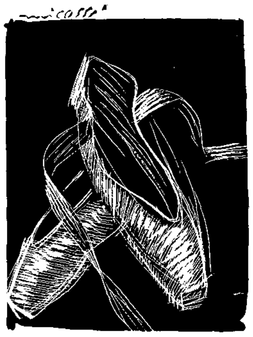
DANCING

Pure and Simple

TWYLA THARP, in her season at the Brooklyn Academy, included parts of old and new dances in an anthology piece called "The Hodge Podge." The new dances, which will be seen later this year on national television, are a solo by Tharp to Paul Simon's singing of "Fifty Ways to Leave Your Lover" and a quartet to a Simon medley, and they represent the current Tharp style at its most casually seductive. It would have been interesting to see, along with these dances, something more representative of the early Tharp than eggs plopping to the floor, a chair being smashed, a hoop turning as someone walks inside it. There were those non-dance incidents in Tharp's work of the sixties, and there were anti-dance incidents—like the relevé in second held during the playing of Petula Clark's "Downtown"—but reviving those antics today in the form of a montage tells us more about the taste of an era than it does about the emergence of Twyla Tharp.



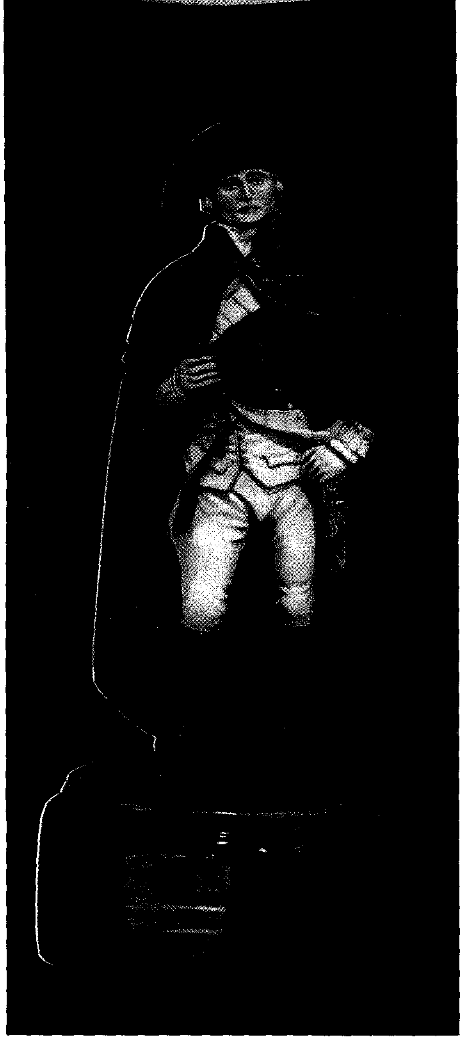
It was in her *dances*—particularly her austere, intricate group dances—that Tharp distinguished herself during the sixties. "The Home Phrase," from a 1969 piece that was made to be presented in museums, is intricate, all right (the dancers exchange clothing and take turns reading aloud while executing the phrase), but it isn't the kind of thing that made Tharp a supremely different choreographer even then. I can't help feeling that the showy performance of it in "The Hodge Podge," which would never have been given in 1969, was an attempt, like the selected bits of Dada, to eliminate any suggestion of severity in the works of Tharp's past. But, of course, they were severe. The best of them ("Generation," "Group Activities") were inwardly directed, too—entertaining us only as a consequence of entertaining their dancers. In the present repertory, "The Fugue" has that kind of inwardness, and "Cacklin' Hen," a piece new last year, has it. Such pieces strike a necessary balance with the more extroverted ones, like "Country Dances" and "Sue's Leg." I don't mean that the dancers enjoy doing the latter works less than the others or that the others are less enjoyable to us; it's a question of aesthetic emphasis. And a work composed with one emphasis doesn't shift easily to the other.

In "The One Hundreds," a dance of 1970, Tharp began to deal in compressed exposition of movement and in space-time ratios. The work is composed of a hundred phrases performed in silence, one after another. The phrases vary widely. Some involve the whole body in far-flung bursts of activity, others are sparsely constructed—a shoulder, a hip, a turn of the head—and cover only a few feet of ground. All the phrases, no matter what they consist of, take exactly eleven seconds each, with four seconds for recoveries in between. Since there are no transitions from phrase to phrase and no music or aural cues of any sort, the dancers have to keep the whole catalogue in their heads. Performance is a feat of mental memory as much as of muscle memory. "The One Hundreds" was originally performed in three sections designed to expose all the material in decreasing lengths of time. Two dancers did fifty different phrases simultaneously. Then five dancers did twenty. Then all the phrases were represented in one grand eleven-second finale as a hundred persons (who didn't have to be dancers) appeared and did one phrase apiece. Practically speaking, the finale was often impossible to achieve (though it could be faked: thirty people appearing for eleven seconds can look like a hundred). The more manageable, cut-down version, called "Half the One Hundreds," that was performed in Brooklyn is in two parts: a solo consisting of fifty phrases followed by fifty persons doing one apiece—or at least appearing to be doing one apiece.

Whichever version you see—and there have been other variations in format—"The One Hundreds" is a fascinating exercise in perception. Tharp once described it as "a study in deterioration." In the way that it sums up many of the leading themes of avant-garde dance in the sixties, it is very much a key work. The importance then of eliminating all gaps between how a work is made and how it is to be performed is a theme we can still respond to today. In works like "The One Hundreds" (and like the "task"-oriented movement games devised in that period by Yvonne Rainer and Deborah Hay), performance as a concept apart from execution is ruled out. The works were so constructed that just to perform them correctly was to explain how and why they were made; the choreographers were, in Susan Sontag's phrase, "against interpretation." Tharp's break with that tradition was also a confirmation of it. In 1971, she began working with music, and to "The Bix Pieces," composed that year, she added a lecture-demonstration explaining "Why They Were Made." But the explanation turned out to be extraneous to the performance. We learned that in order to go against interpretation (of the Bix Beiderbecke-Paul Whiteman music) Tharp had first composed a seventeen-count phrase and elaborated it into movements, which she then set to Haydn quartets. The actual "Bix" dances were Haydn dances transposed and rephrased, and thus (in Tharp's view) safeguarded from the tame interpretative responses that (again in Tharp's view) would have resulted if she'd choreographed directly to the jazz music.

Tharp's "Bix" lecture made public a formal problem that the public had never heard of before, and it proposed a solution that nobody in the profession (except perhaps Merce Cunningham) had ever heard of before. It was a way of explaining to people why Tharp dancing is as good for Haydn as it is for jazz. "Push Comes to Shove," created five years later, for American Ballet Theatre, explained that correspondence one more time. The explanations in the "Bix" lecture may seem mildly defensive today, but we must remember the fears that avant-gardists of the sixties harbored of repeating anyone else's method of making a dance, and we must remember, too, their explicit fear and defiance of the audience. Tharp sometimes goes overboard in accommodating the audience: she lets her theories be known; she fudges her past; she takes on a few too many "celebrity" collaborators; she ingratiatingly performs the "Half the One Hundreds" solo as if the phrases were dramatizable material. But Tharp has in fact achieved the dream of all the sixties purists by making dances that speak, in new accents, entirely for themselves. Her dances have reconditioned our values and swept away the ideological dividing lines between "classical" and "modern" and "pop." We don't need to be told why they were made—much less how. We can see it happening.

"The Bix Pieces," a central work in the Tharp canon, has an introvert-



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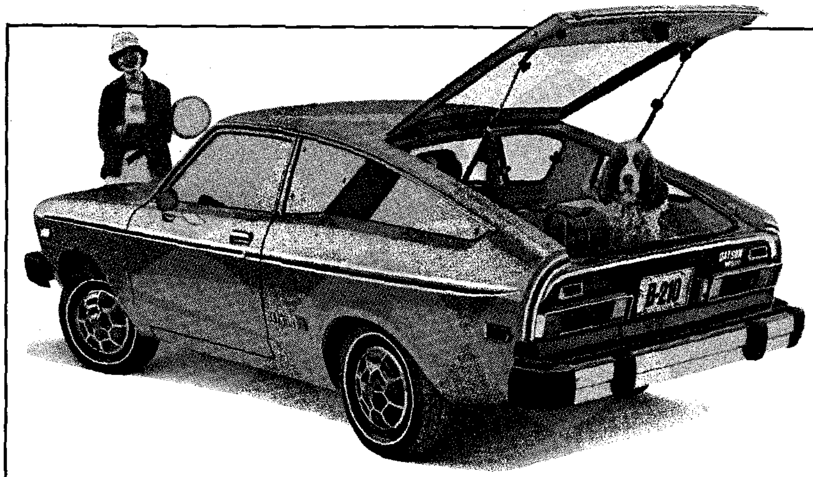

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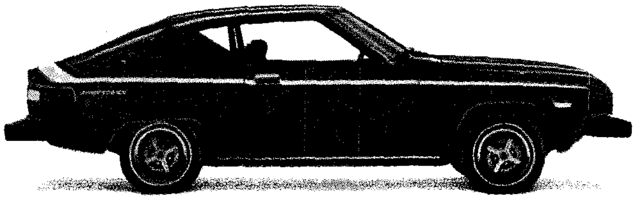

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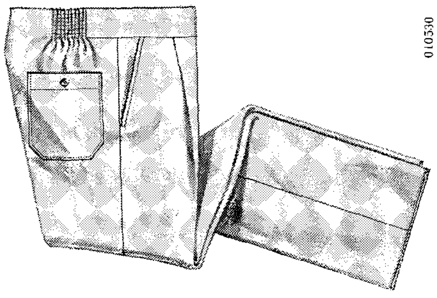
extrovert dual identity that will always be slightly confusing. (Its mixture of subtlety and earnestness confuses the audience these days into laughter at the wrong moments.) But it may be just for that reason that it is especially dear to those who have followed Tharp's career. It was at its best this season when Tharp took over the narrator's role after performing the opening baton solo (and relinquishing the rest of her role to Shelley Washington). The script is in her speech rhythms, terse and flat, and, much as she may try to give it a "platform" quality, it doesn't elevate to false heights, as it can so easily when spoken by others. Other things also helped make this the definitive staging of "Bix": the dark-gold lighting; the onstage musicians partly concealed by a scrim; their rendition, led by Dick Hyman, of the Whiteman arrangements. Among the dancers, it was good to see Sara Rudner and Kenneth Rinker in their old roles. Rinker returned also to "Sue's Leg," and Christine Uchida made a fine impression—fluffy, rascally—in Tharp's role.

"Country Dances" and "Cacklin' Hen," a quartet and a sextet, were done last year with the Joffrey Ballet under the title "Happily Ever After." Though they have music in common and are linked by the presence in both of Tom Rawe, they're a lot to take at one sitting; in Brooklyn they were considerately given as separate pieces. "Country Dances" comes from the make-believe-bandstand world of "The Bix Pieces" and "Sue's Leg." It has Tom Rawe dancing evenhandedly with three women (Washington, Uchida, Jennifer Way), lifting, catching, fishing them out of tight situations. Alone for a moment, he falls repeatedly onto his hands and heaves himself upright. Part of this solo is set to "Cacklin' Hen and Rooster Too," and it's the oddest dance in the piece matched to the oddest musical selection—a steady, wheedling fiddling tune that seesaws in even bar lengths between two notes. The laboring weight of Rawe comes back like an echo in "Cacklin' Hen," during which the music recurs and is extended for twelve minutes while six dancers shamble and lope and spin in off-center balances pitched low to the ground or cross back and forth in crouching runs. Even the jumps look earthbound. There is a particularly beautiful jump series in the pendulumlike sequence that begins with wheeling penchées and builds up swing by adding one new step for every man as he joins in. The cast for "Cacklin' Hen" puts Rose Marie Wright with five men, among them the Joffrey's Gary Chryst. Toward the end, they all line up and execute marching formations, with Chryst playing odd man out. (It will be interesting, as we get further acquainted with the piece, to see what this game is all about.) Wright is as noncommittal toward her men as Rawe was toward his women—she brings them on, yanking them one by one out of the wings, like a cook laying out utensils (or a farmer's wife pulling chickens from their roost?), but in the end one of them (Rawe) freezes her in a backbent kiss. If "Country Dances" is a sleek chromium-plated guitar, "Cacklin' Hen" is a homemade gut-strung banjo; it has the resonance of good folk poetry. I'll postpone comment on a brand-new piece, "Mud," until the schedule allows me to see it again. But so far "Cacklin' Hen" strikes me as the event of the Brooklyn season.

THE sixties avant-gardists carry on. But the reason to go and see David Gordon and Valda Setterfield, who perform in the flat, uninflected tradition of Yvonne Rainer, is their unexampled wit. Like other practitioners of the style, they use an elementary gestural sequence, but they add to it a robotlike performance; often, while moving, they speak tonelessly. In the first part of their latest piece, which they presented in their loft studio on lower Broadway, they suggested a mechanized Babbitt and Bromide, first announcing what they were doing ("Circle arm, step, turn"), then continuing to do it while intoning clichés ("Hi!" "Put it there!") or spouting whole Shakespearean soliloquies. The piece, which was called "Wordsworth and the motor + Times Four," dealt in synchronization. Much of it was asynchronous; the place seemed filled with echoes and instant replays. "Times Four," the centerpiece, was a long series of simple three-step phrases repeated to four sides; it was in immaculate unison. Toward the end, some of the early material was repeated, again asynchronously, while the sound of a motor pulsed through the room. When it comes to feats of memory or feats of absurdity, Gordon and Setterfield are not to be outdone. They are my favorite Off Broadway comedians, but they have a serious core. Among the absolutists and minimalists who continue to throng the downtown lofts, they are the non-performers who have the most to teach about performance.

—ARLENE CROCE



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BOOKS

Finally, Spain

On certain foreigners Spain has an effect akin to conversion. The elements of that harsh, sunstruck country are so stark, so boned down, its inhabitants so separate and durable, its rituals so essential and so graceful that being there feels like a purification. In the remoter parts of the country, the quality Spaniards have of being able to do with less, to wear lack with a kind of grace, often seems to more sophisticated eyes a positive and proud resistance to the trappings of civilization—the cosmic shrug and the stoic proverb take on the aura of nobility. But for a foreigner to try to assume a Spanish identity is something of a romantic indulgence: for him it is a choice, whereas for a Spaniard it is a fate; and that fatefulness is hard to feel, let alone enter. I think that this is the real allure Spain holds for foreigners—that in attitudes like their almost mystical attachment to their land, to their village, Spaniards still feel with an intensity and tenacity that other people are no longer capable of. To the outside eye, the Spanish experience seems at first like a simplification devoutly to be wished; only time and experience reveal how much torment lies beneath that bare, taciturn surface.

If the foreigners should be writers, they will soon find themselves tantalized by contradiction. Committed to making sense of Spain, they discover that the whole cloth has a most complicated weave, that all conclusions are likely to be paradoxes, that Don Quixote and Sancho Panza are less archetypal Spaniards than polarities in the Spanish mind. As the paradoxes flesh out, they get to know well the "Spanish sickness," which is to be forever divided against oneself, to be loyal to opposites, to be a fatalist who is simultaneously an anarchist of the will, to cultivate death as the clarifier of life. Pride and resignation are one, less simple than defiant. A Spaniard knows what he must do, without necessarily understanding; but to the observer the understanding *is* necessary, though often incalculable, and his last resort is to impose his own order on Spain, to make it over in his own image. In consequence, we have many written Spains, some of them perceptive enough; but for anyone attempting to put Spain into words there is always the baffling feeling that the experience itself will escape either explanation or incarnation, that Spain will remain no more than setting or backdrop, forever out of reach.

The uncrossable gap is precisely that between the Spanish Civil War as event and as experience. Its brutalities cut Spain to the bone, and Franco saw to it that the wound did not heal, traumatizing an entire generation into an ashamed, muffled silence, a long, gray aftermath. On top of that was enacted the indignity of tourism, on a country that, under Franco, stood still, and so suggested permanence. As Spain had been a theatre during the Civil War for the extremes of European political passion, so it became a stage again, a setting for the indulgence of others, the landscape plundered as background for movie epics, its people perpetual extras in an alien script, the whole country apparently for rent. Tourism was close to prostitution, generating a further contradiction, between the old ways and the new. For a long time, Spain felt as if it had lost its soul, which makes it that much more of a relief now to see it shudder into being again.

But, in truth, even in the Spanish language we do not have more than a handful of books that attempt to convey the deep wound of the Civil War as people bore it through the gloomy limbo of the Franco years. Censorship sat so heavy on Spain for so long that it transformed itself into self-censorship, paralyzing Spanish writing into abeyance; only now are the books and films of that wary time beginning to come into being. In English, there have been innumerable books about Spain, yet "about" implies distance and explanation, even though books as genuinely wise and perceptive as Gerald Brenan's "The Spanish Labyrinth" and V. S. Pritchett's "The Spanish Temper" stand as correctives to any simplification. Hugh Thomas's definitive and exhaustive "The Spanish Civil War," a study much admired and worried over by Spaniards, best illustrates the dilemma. The war is there, from causes to events, but one feels that its emotional consequences, which registered themselves in a deep layer of the Spanish spirit, somehow escape. The book is a map of the war, in black and white, on graph paper. The blood is missing, and the long, painful aftermath.

"I *am* *trying to share my feelings with you, damn it!"*

It is in fiction that the

gap might have been crossed; yet novelists writing about Spain seem always preoccupied by their own relation to the country, writing themselves in as characters, much as tourists have themselves photographed alongside gypsies and garlic sellers. To love Spain does not absolve one from understanding it. The elected representative of such fiction, Ernest Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls," demonstrates its shortcomings well. To a lot of Spaniards, it is a ludicrous book, for it is Hemingway's Spain, and to take it in at all you have to like Hemingway more than you like Spain. Hemingway's Spanish outlaws are less simple people than wishful simplifications of Hemingway himself in Spanish dress. In flashes, Hemingway often did intuit things about Spain, in a deep sense, but he did not *notice* it very carefully—his eyes and ears are at fault, and his Spain remains half backdrop, half mirror. Besides, Hemingway enjoyed the war, which was something of an indulgence, for he did not have to bear its consequences. His war was not Spain's, and in his novel the gap remains uncrossed or, worse, unrealized.

Now, at this late stage, comes a novel by Douglas Day, "Journey of the Wolf" (Atheneum), which sets out again, on foot, across that tormented landscape. Day is lucky in that he is looking at Spain from a perspective that was not possible until now; for only when Franco died could the war be said to be over, and the rekindled interest in it in Spain is a sign of healing. Day's context is the brutality of the war and its terrible aftermath, for those crippled by it, and for Spain. Well aware of the gap between foreigner and Spaniard, he has attempted to close it in the boldest way, by taking as his protagonist a Republican veteran of the Civil War, an Andalusian from a village in the Alpujarra mountains, south from Granada, who has passed the Franco years in resigned and dispirited exile in France, and who decides, on whim, to walk, along the beeline of his will, back to Spain, back to his *pueblo*, which he left as a young man, thirty-seven years previously. The year is 1973: Sebastián Rosales, fifty-four years old, who earned himself the nickname of El Lobo, the Wolf, through a mixture of ruthlessness and mountain cunning in the Republican Army of the East, decides, in the extreme desolation of exile, to put to the test Franco's declared amnesty of 1969, which allowed Republicans—in theory, at least—to return to Spain. (It was the same am-

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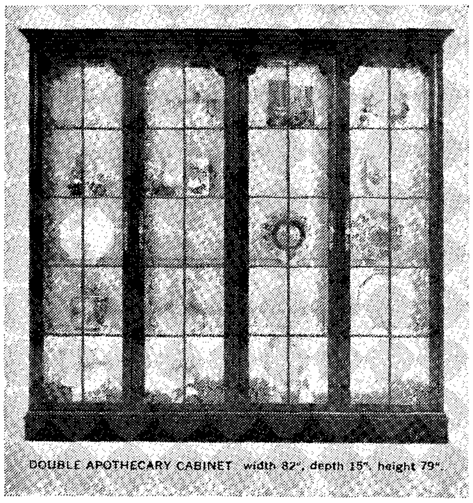
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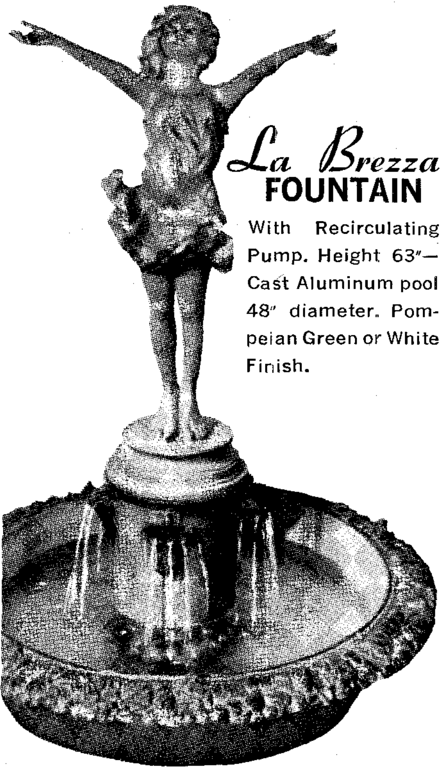
nesty that caused the onetime mayor of Mijas, Manuel Cortes Quero, to emerge from a thirty-year concealment in an alcove in his house.) But Rosales gives no thought to returning officially; he yields instead, with no preparation, to an animal homing, to that primordial longing for their native ground which makes Spaniards the wretchedest of exiles. His progress takes him across old battlefields. The encounters he has on the way are with the layered experience of Spain through all that lost time. He is exposed to, and tried against, all that has happened in the interim, and his perplexity makes vivid its contradictions, and hurts, tangibly. Within five pages, inevitability has set in, and we are not allowed a moment's reflective respite in the march of the book to the doom of its conclusion.

What must first be said about this novel is how wonderfully acute it is in its perceptions: even in the small compass of this solitary pilgrimage, Spain is in no sense a setting but is pervasively present, in detail and in cadence. It comes in through sights, sounds, tastes, atmospheres, through memory, and through the encounters and passing conversations of the journey, in sharp physicality. Rosales has the double vision that comes from reëncountering old territory. He sees things as they were and as they are, familiar and new at once. He breathes in the country again, his senses sharpened by exile; and the proximity of the landscapes and battlegrounds of the war brings back the actions in which he took part with the same sharp physicality. But he has no place in the new Spain. His are the old ways, and they are in constant conflict with the new. He is given various lifts, which to him are revelations—by migrant Spanish workers driving back from Germany, made cynical with money, whose conversation offends his spirit, and on whom he enacts a wolflike revenge; by an American Hispanophile (possibly Day recalling a more naïve Spanish persona of his own) who pumps him on the war, and patiently explains to him its real meaning. His recurring hunger underlines for us the taste of Spanish food and drink. He makes us suffer the desolation of small towns, and the Spanish suspicion of strangers. We feel in his exhaustion the bone cold of the drear Spanish winter, the occasional blessing of sun. The actions of the war are pitilessly and precisely remembered—Day has gone to a lot of unobtrusive trouble to be accurate. Rosales's journey coincides with the as-



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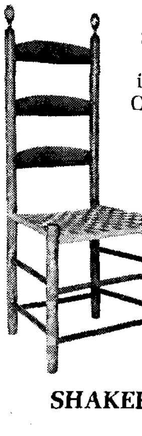

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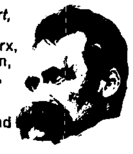

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sassination of Franco's deputy, Admiral Carrero Blanco, in December, 1973, and the police are watching the roads, in the uneasy seethe of that moment. It is a Spain that Rosales neither understands nor recognizes—will not, in fact, accept. His Spain exists only in the vision he has, in memory and in prospect, of his own village, a blunter, simpler Spain whose values went without saying. The book manages to contain, in embryo and in essence, in the irony of its confrontations, the tangled experience of the country through those bitter years, and yet its contradictions are never told to us but enter through the senses, as Rosales's experience.

It is unfair to the novel to isolate the documentary dimension, for it is far from being simply an astute construct. It is in the character of Rosales that the book comes true, closing the gap between us and the Spanish experience. His younger self, whom we encounter as El Lobo, the young man hardened early by killing, in the flashbacks of the siege of Belchite and the running Battle of the Ebro, is completely consistent with the older man breaking out of the resignation of exile in France, which he has fought for but despises—"this woman's country," he calls it—and finally driven to find his own ground, to find some resolution. Rosales himself has never tried to understand the Civil War; he is a survivor, no more. But the war has stopped him in time, maimed him. There is no love left in him, and little affection; it glimmers only occasionally when he remembers the *novia* he left behind in Poqueira, his village, and who later turns out ironically to have been dead more than twenty years. All he has left is to die well, in his own place—ostensibly for his ancient, bare values, his honor; actually because his solitary pride can take him nowhere else. By the time he reaches his *pueblo*, where, in his mind, nothing would need explaining, he finds he has no ground. The old honor that has sustained him is already dead; the ties of blood have weakened; there is nowhere for him to go. Rosales's Spain has been doomed by the passing of time; he himself cannot bend, however. As killing, for him, was not an insurmountable obstacle, neither is dying. What Day has created so well in this book—in its perceptions, in its happenings, in Rosales—is its inevitability.

In "For Whom the Bell Tolls" Hemingway unaccountably invented a simulation of Spanish in English which lends an impersonal sameness to his dialogue, and deprives his characters of any spoken distinctness. Day trusts his ear, and simply puts Spanish well into English—and not all Spaniards speak in the same way, as he makes clear. Day uses the starkness of Rosales's wary senses to restrain his language and perceptions; the book is admirably spare in its writing. Rosales is a man who distrusts words. His utterances are the stony outcrops of his feelings, terse pronouncements, worded shrugs, nods to fate. His is the religion of action, and the narrative allows us no rest, no speculative indulgence, pushing on to the Alpujarras, almost beyond endurance. As a writer, Day travels as light as Rosales does; his bareness is clarity.

Only now, with Spain falling to the care of those for whom the war is history rather than horror, does that wound seem to be closed, that time over. Soon, as Spanish writers unmesmerize themselves, we may see the writing that has still to come from Spain. But in English no one, I think, has contained the feel of Spain, of the war and its corrosive aftermath, of the depth of the wound it left, in such a beautiful, spare compass as Douglas Day has. The book deserves to be the epitaph for that time.

—ALASTAIR REID

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

THE GENTLE BARBARIAN: THE LIFE AND WORK OF TURGENEV, by V. S. Pritchett (Random House). This is a strong and strongly empathetic study. Sir Victor responds to Turgenev both as an artist (his appreciative essay "The Russian Day" of thirty years ago is a classic) and as a man, and it is his achievement here that his sympathetic understanding leads him past mere warmth and affection to a vivid seeing. Like Turgenev himself, he works with little touches, little glimpses. He records, for example, that Turgenev believed "he had a thinner skull than other men," and that he was so tenderhearted that his awful mother could force him to do as she wished by threatening "to beat or humiliate one of the serf boys or girls." (This, by the way, was a woman who "ordered her [serf] orchestra to play dance music in the next room as she died.") He examines closely the lifelong relationship of Turgenev and the famous Spanish soprano Pauline Viardot-Garcia, deciding, on the evidence, that the affair was probably platonic. It is the details that most impress

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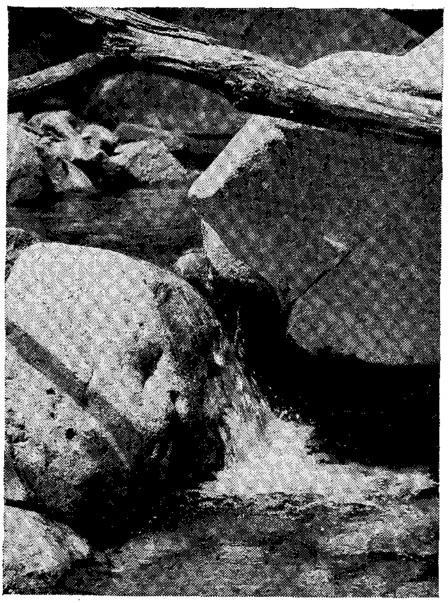

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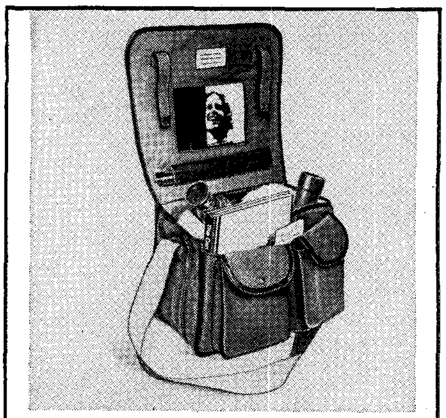
one: "From that fatal moment," he quotes Turgenev as saying on what appears to have been his first meeting with Pauline, "I belonged to her like a dog." And then there is Sir Victor on the strengths and weaknesses of Turgenev's work: "Turgenev . . . is moved by the rise and fall of love and not by the fullness of love realised. Hail and farewell. Spring and autumn. No high summer of fulfilment. Therefore no tragedy, only sadness." There are other glances. To Turgenev, Balzac was "a mere ethnographer," and "War and Peace," he thought, was "based on enmity towards intellect, knowledge, and cognition." Natalie Herzen, turning against Turgenev, said he gave her "the sensation of being in a damp, musty, empty house." Turgenev's friend Flaubert called him affectionately "a soft pear," and on his deathbed "his dreams were monstrous. . . . Gross fish images came to his mind." Sir Victor breaks no new ground (his sources are the standard and accepted), but his observations, his interpretations are his own. The result is a book to cherish—a joyful illumination.

A Capitalist Romance: Singer and the Sewing Machine, by Ruth Brandon (Lippincott). An entertaining dual biography—the story of a man and his machine. The author explains that the sewing machine was invented several times over, but because each device was expensive and all were regarded as threats by men and women who earned their living with the needle, sewing machines didn't catch on until Isaac Merritt Singer (1811-75) assembled the right proportions of inventiveness, capital, and sales ability. Everybody in the book—a large and lively cast—is a foil for Singer's high-handed, open-handed personality. A New York State boy with considerable mechanical aptitude, he started as an actor. Though he was no great shakes onstage, off it he was handsome, personable, and so persuasive that he sired five families by as many women—an unselfconscious sinner with outsize appetites.

Karluk, by William Laird McKinlay (St. Martin's). The Karluk was the flagship of Vilhjalmur Stefansson's Canadian Arctic Expedition of 1913-18, the expedition for whose accomplishments—the discovery of three ice-capped islands—its leader accepted the coveted Hubbard Med-



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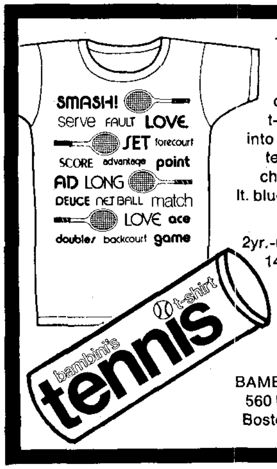

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al of the National Geographic Society of America. Mr. McKinlay was a member of that expedition, and now, at eighty-eight, he is its sole survivor. He is also, after all these years, the first to tell the whole truth about it. It was, he observes—and his book amply documents—"a pitiful, tragic failure." The fault, moreover, was entirely attributable to Stefansson. The expedition was badly planned and organized (Stefansson was too busy giving press interviews), with the result that the supplies were loaded haphazardly aboard the Karluk and its two smaller companion ships (all the winter clothing, for example, was in one of the companions), to be sorted out at a designated Arctic rendezvous—which was never reached. When the expedition ran into trouble (the Karluk was trapped in ice, and the other ships scattered in retreat), Stefansson took the pick of the sled dogs and the best of the supplies and a couple of friends, and went off on his own. From that point on, as far as he was concerned, the Karluk might never have existed. The ship, with Mr. McKinlay and twenty-four others aboard, drifted for half a year, then (not having been built for ice) was crushed and sank, stranding the party on drifting ice in January. The party managed after several months to reach an island (Wrangel Island) almost as barren as those so gloriously discovered by Stefansson, and it was there, on the eve of another winter, with half the group dead of disease, malnutrition, and suicide, that the survivors, by a miracle of chance, were found by a passing trading schooner. Mr. McKinlay tells his gruesome story in fine and vivid detail (he kept a diary), and although he never once raises his voice, he makes no attempt to conceal his contempt for the ego-tripping, muddle-minded Stefansson and the lifelong delusion he celebrated in his famous book "The Friendly Arctic." Magnus Magnusson contributes an authenticating foreward, and there are three maps and many good photographs.

THE PROVOKED WIFE: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF SUSANNAH CIBBER, by Mary Nash (Little, Brown). A fascinating, affecting biography of the singer for whom Handel composed the most touching arias of the "Messiah" and the actress with whom Garrick played best. (They seem to have been one of those magical stage pairings that just hap-

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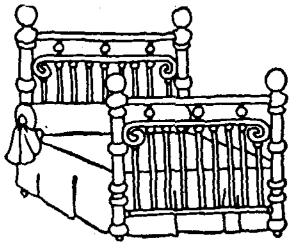

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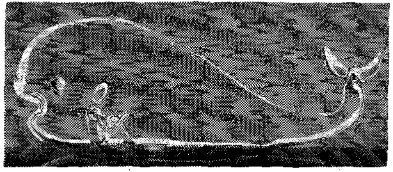

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pen.) Susannah Cibber (1714-66) was the daughter of an appalling father, and her highly gifted brother, the composer Thomas Arne, was no less exploitive; both men expected to make their fortunes off Susannah. At her father's behest, she married Theophilus Cibber, the dissolute son of Colley Cibber, then Poet Laureate and a partner in the Drury Lane Theatre. (The elder Cibber was another horrid father.) Theophilus lived mainly off his wife, but because her earnings could not keep up with his spendings, he found her a lover to support them both. The gentleman, William Sloper, really was a gentleman; he fell deeply in love with Susannah, and, despite Theophilus's lawsuits, persecutions, and exactions, managed to keep her with him for the rest of her life. The penalty Susannah paid for his support and protection was to become a non-person everywhere except onstage. When she and William accompanied their daughter to Bath, a gentlewoman refused to let her daughter dance because Susannah's daughter was dancing on the same floor. Susannah's happiness, then, was almost entirely in performing, but even so her life was intertwined with those of many other persons—some famous, some not—and in Miss Nash's rich account the huge cast demonstrates how much passion stormed through the Age of Reason.

THE CENTER OF LIFE, by L. L. Larison Cudmore (Quadrangle). This is a bizarre and fascinating book. Ms. Cudmore, a biologist, has written a sort of personal monograph on the cell. It is in turn funny, wise, and sad, and sometimes a little foolish. Her monograph is no real substitute for the more foursquare traditional treatise on modern biology, but it serves as a useful start. After reading her chapter on aging and death, many readers may have the urge to pour themselves a good stiff drink.

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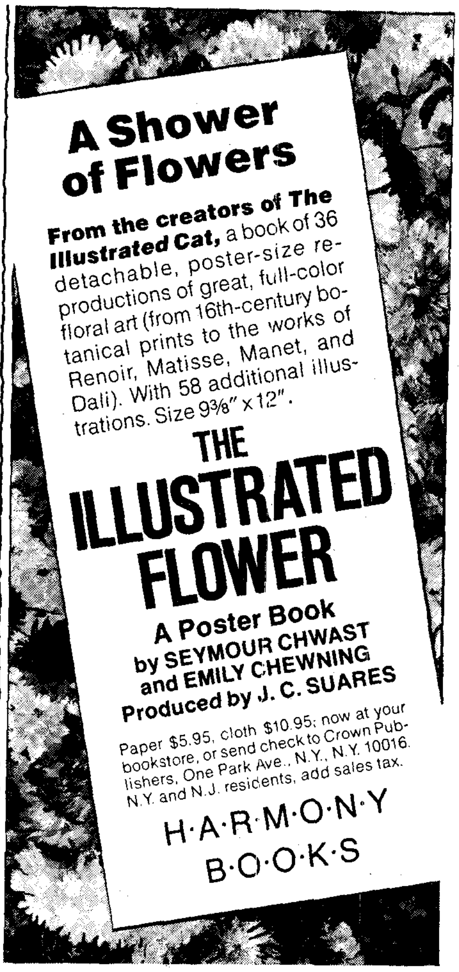

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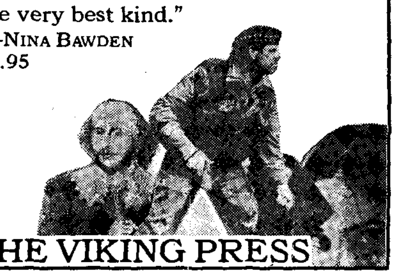

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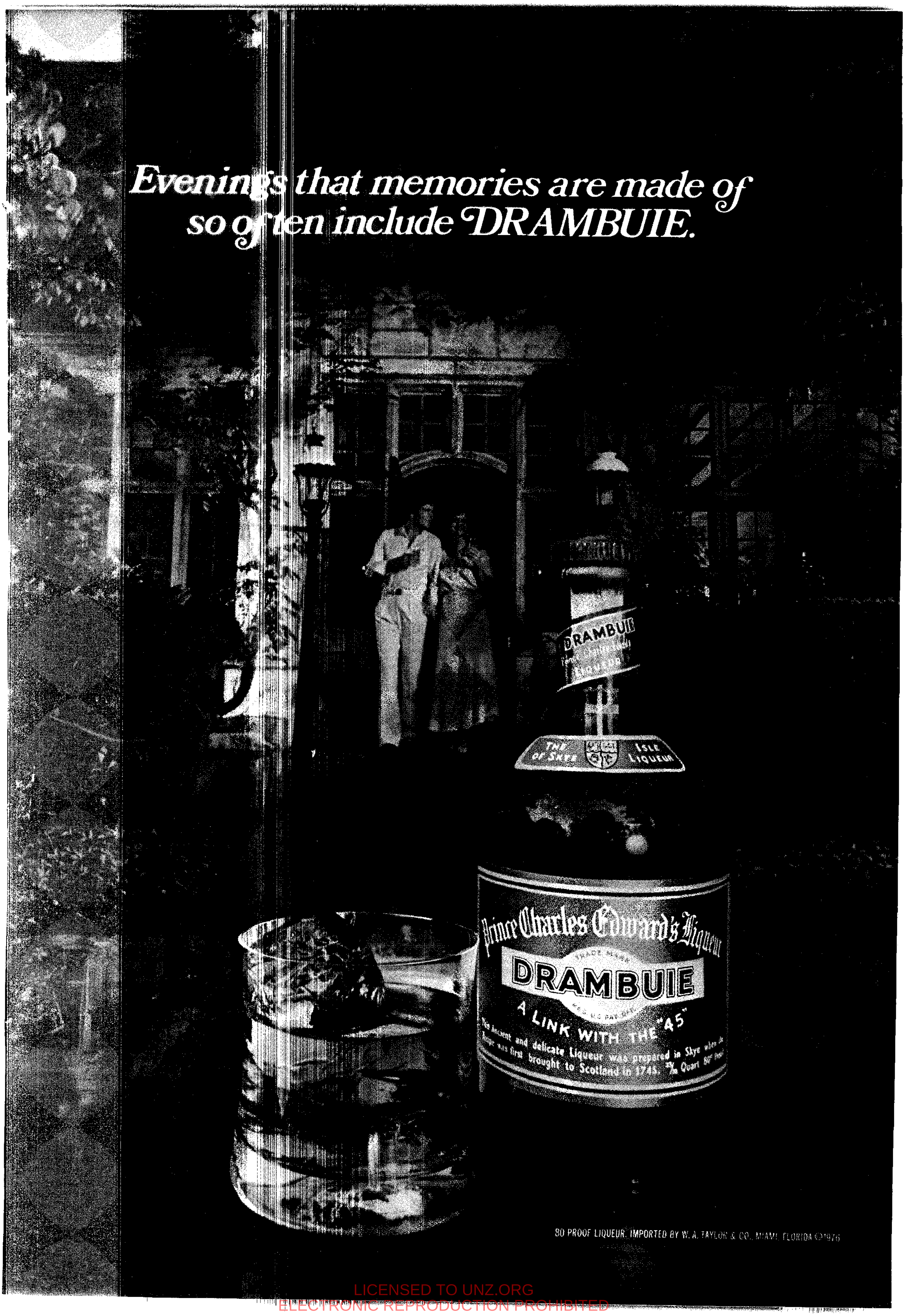
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